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GLENBARR ABBEY, CANTIRE

the Mountain of Beinn an Tuire, in the distance.

GLENCREGGAN:

OR,

A HIGHLAND HOME IN CANTIRE.

BY

CUTHBERT BEDE.

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Illustrated with Three Maps, Eight Chromolithographs, and Sixty-one Woodcuts, from the Author's Drawings.

XA.f.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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THIS BOOK

IS DEDICATED TO

WILLIAM HANCOCKS, ESQ.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF

AN AGREEABLE VISIT AND

MANY KINDNESSES.

PREFACE.

In the following pages I essay to guide my readers to new ground, even to "the Land's End" of Scotland, — for such is the English meaning of the Gaelic word Cantire, *Ceantire*, "the Land's End," which is the southern part of the county of Argyle, and is a peninsula only twelve miles removed from Ireland, washed by the Atlantic, and flanked by the Isles of Arran and the southern Hebrides. I venture to call Cantire new ground, for in truth it is somewhat of a *terra incognita*, and is but rarely visited, and has been but barely mentioned by the guide-books, some of which indeed do not bestow any description upon Cantire, evidently regarding it as a Western Highland district which no tourist would desire to explore.

For, it is a country which must be visited for its own sake; and the traveller, in quest of Highland cele-

brities, need not, on his way to them, pass through Cantire. It lies south and west of the better-known portions of the Scottish Highlands; and although so many thousand tourists annually visit those spots which fashion has very justly pronounced to be so invitingly beautiful,—but which, rather more than a century ago (as they were hard to be got at), were deemed to be the types of all that was uninteresting and repulsive,—yet not even a driblet of this annual stream is filtered through Cantire. It lies out of the beaten track; it is somewhat of a journey to get at it, to get through it, and to get away from it; and, in these days of rapid locomotion, when the British tourist can breakfast in Glasgow, and "do" Dumbarton, Loch Lomond, Rob Roy's country, Loch Katrine, the Trossachs, and Stirling, within the limits of one summer's day, and can sleep in Edinburgh the same night, he can get more for his money and for his after-conversation out of such a tour as this, than he can do by going out of his way to see a district of the Highlands, which must consume at the very least three or four days of his time to get to and away from, and in which his home friends will probably not take the slightest interest. For the British tourist is a gregarious and sheep-like animal,

and Brown's instinct leads him along the beaten track, where he is sure to meet with Smith, Jones, and Robinson, and where railways, steamers, coaches, and well-appointed inns fit into each other with ease and comfort.

And thus, although the Western Highlands have been so much visited and described, the peninsula of Cantire has well-nigh escaped notice. It is true that when compared with certain other better-known districts, the scenery of the Land's End of Scotland must (in some particulars) take an inferior rank; but it only fails when put to the test of comparison; and after all this test is but a variable one, dependent upon the diversities of taste, and for all practical purposes next to worthless. Brown's remark, that the Fall of Foyers is a hundred times as big, or ten times as stunning, as that tiny cascade in the glen which honest Smith is admiring with all his artistic heart and soul, is no real depreciation of the smaller fall. Nor ought the satisfaction with which Robinson, prone in heather, regards the Cantire panorama from his hill twelve hundred feet above the Atlantic, to be in any way damped by the sneer of travelled Jones: "Ah! you've never been up the *Coolliñs!*"

But whatever may be said of the general scenery of Cantire, when compared with that of better-known districts in the Western Highlands, yet it has its distinguishing characteristic of a peninsula to mark it out as *sui generis;* and as the peninsula, in its widest part, is not more than ten or twelve miles, the sea is a main object (this is mentioned as a fact and not as a pun) in all the Cantire views. Stand where you will, unless buried deep in the winding glens, and you have abundant sea-scape as well as landscape. Traversing the centre of Cantire, and forming the back-bone of the peninsula, is a range of hills and mountains, averaging about twelve hundred feet in height, but including greater altitudes, and crowned by Cantire's "monarch of mountains," Beinn-an-Tuirc, "the Wild-Boar's mountain," whose summit is 2170 feet above the sea. The view from nearly every heathery moor is panoramic in its extent, and varied and beautiful in its details. To the west is the great Atlantic, its broad bosom studded with the Highland gems of the southern Hebrides; to the east is Kilbrannan Sound and the Firth of Clyde, with the torn peaks of the lovely isle of Arran. Further north is Loch Fyne, the Isle of Bute, and a mass of mountains, among which Ben Lomond is plainly to be discerned.

Due north may be seen Ben More and the mountains of misty Mull; and to the southward lies, like a blue cloud upon the sea, that portion of the northern coast of Ireland that extends from Fair Head to the Giant's Causeway. Every way there is a sea-view, diversified for the most part with islands; and when we combine this with the varied inland scenery, we might almost apply the words of Milton to this Highland ground of Cantire, and say:

> "All is here that the whole earth yields,
> Variety without end; sweet interchange
> Of hill and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,
> Now land, now sea, and shores with forest crown'd,
> Rocks, dens, and caves."

The "forest-crowned" shores are even found here and there, though the greater part of the sea-board is destitute of timber. The Mull of Cantire,—the veritable "Land's End,"—is peculiarly bare, and is for the most part a wild region of heath-covered hills, girdled by ragged rocks, against which the waves of the Atlantic, after their three-thousand-mile race, are dashed with a furious roar, that has been heard (so it is stated) at a distance of forty miles. The highest mountain upon the Mull is Cnoc Maigh, which attains an altitude of 2063 feet, and which has apparently been named

Cnoc Maigh, or "the Hill of the Plain," on the *lucus à non* principle, as it rises from a confused pile of mountains, some of which are but little its inferiors in altitude, and from all of which the views are varied and magnificent. To the wildness of the scenery in the southern portion of the peninsula, the soft beauty of the northern affords a marked and agreeable contrast, and the loveliness of West Loch Tarbert is like a confused memory of Loch Katrine and Windermere.

But, whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the scenery of Cantire, there can be but one opinion as to its being a district which yields to no other in the Western Highlands both in interest and importance. Cantire was the original seat of the Scottish monarchy, and its chief town was the capital of the Scottish kingdom centuries before Edinburgh existed. It was the first part of Western Scotland where Christianity took root; for in Cantire St. Columba's tutor, and then St. Columba himself, preached the Gospel before it had been heard at Iona, or in any other part of the Western Highlands and Islands. From its nearness to Ireland it was subject to other invasions than those by the Danes; and from its being one of the chief territories of the Lords of the Isles, and having within its boun-

daries some of their most important strongholds, its soil was the scene of perpetual feuds and chronic wars. In the following pages these points will be found to be treated, I trust, with conciseness and clearness, but yet with sufficient fulness.

My visit to Cantire was made during the months of August and September, 1859; and since then I have been at considerable pains to collect from reliable sources a large body of information, statistical and archæological, on every point that would illustrate the history, antiquities, scenery, and characteristics of this interesting Highland territory of the Lords of the Isles, as well as the dress, manners, customs, sports, and employments of the inhabitants, together with their moors and glens, their lochs and rivers, their towns, villages, churches, castles, farms, and cottage dwellings. In short, so far as in me lay, I have endeavoured to give a full and informing sketch of the peninsula and people of Cantire. I have also added a description of the route to and from Cantire by the Firth of Clyde, the coast of Arran, Kilbrannan Sound, Loch Fyne, and the Kyles of Bute; together with a brief account of Islay and Jura, and those other islands of the

Southern Hebrides that lie off the western coast of Cantire.

My knowledge on many points must necessarily have been but slight and superficial, and I therefore gratefully pay testimony to the kindness of those Cantire friends who have so readily assisted me with information. I have acknowledged my obligations to them in various portions of my book; and I need here but mention the names of the Rev. Duncan Macfarlane of Killean, Keith Macalister, Esq., of Glenbarr Abbey, the Hon. A. H. Macdonald Moreton, of Largie Castle, and William Hancocks, Esq., of Glencreggan, without whose kindness and hospitality this book would not have had an existence.

I would also wish to especially acknowledge my obligations to Mr. Peter McIntosh, of Campbelton, for the greater part of those curious and characteristic tales and legends with which my descriptions are relieved. During a long and well-spent life Mr. McIntosh has turned his attention to the collection and preservation of the fast-dying records of past customs and beliefs, and has been a pioneer in that movement which Mr. Campbell has so well inaugurated in his lately-published volumes of the "Popular Tales of the

West Highlands," to which I have frequently referred in the following pages, although their mention of Cantire is confined to five brief passages.

Greatly aided, therefore, by Mr. McIntosh, with slight help from other sources, both public and private, I have been enabled to collect upwards of fifty popular tales relating to Cantire: the titles of the principal stories will be found (under the head of *Story*) in the Index which I have prepared for the book, and which, without being overladen with references, will I trust be found sufficiently compendious for all useful purposes.

Cantire has hitherto been very imperfectly and incorrectly mapped, and it is hoped that the map given in the present work will be found to surpass its predecessors. If the truth must be told, it has given me more trouble than all the rest of the book. I compiled it from various sources, — my own observation, private charts kindly placed at my disposal, and the best published maps. The coast lines have been adopted from those in the Admiralty charts,—("Scotland, West-coast; Sheets 2 and 3, — 1966, 2159 — surveyed by Captain Robinson;") and the mountain ranges and other portions are chiefly based upon Mr. Keith Johnston's

large map of Southern Argyleshire, which (the Ordnance Survey not having mapped Cantire) is said to be the best map of the peninsula. There are many errors, however, in Mr. Johnston's map, and considerable differences and discrepancies will be found on comparing his map with that in the present work. This is notably the case with regard to the names of places, and in this respect I encountered considerable difficulties. Scarcely any two maps agreed upon this point, and when I went to original authorities, and to people upon the spot, the Gaelic name has been spelt for me by my Celtic informants in so many different ways, (owing chiefly to the variations in dialect) that after all, I have had to choose between several varieties, and to select that name which seemed to me to have the best title for correctness. In this dilemma, I have generally been guided by the author of the "Statistical Account" of each parish, who, from his local knowledge and acquirements, could speak on this point *ex cathedrâ*. I also received the valuable assistance of Mr. Edward Weller, F. R. G. S., under whose careful superintendence the map has been engraved.

A Route Map, and a Geological Map, have also been added. For the latter I am indebted to the kindness

of an eminent geologist, whose name (were I allowed to mention it) would be a sufficient guarantee for its correctness. That it greatly differs from Macculloch's map is attributable partly to the older map being limited to "the general features" of the Cantire geology, and partly to the science having been somewhat revolutionised since Macculloch's day.

With regard to the Illustrations, those in colours have been copied in chromo-lithography from my large water-colour drawings, a task which has been performed by the Messrs. Hanhart, with great skill and fidelity, to my own satisfaction, and I trust, to the gratification of my readers, who will be enabled to judge from them, better than from any verbal description, how wild and picturesque is the scenery of Cantire. The woodcut illustrations (engraved by Mr. Branston) are from my own sketches, assisted, in a few instances, by photographs specially taken for this work. The greater part of the landscape illustrations have been drawn upon the wood by Mr. J. Willis Brooks, and are denoted in the Lists of Illustrations prefixed to the volumes. For all the other woodcuts I myself am answerable.

My thanks are due to the publishers, who have not spared pains or expense on the production of this work;

and I trust that by their aid my sketches and descriptions may tempt some of the numerous Highland tourists, who have never had an opportunity of seeing the originals, to take as pleasant a tour as I myself enjoyed in the land of the Lords of the Isles — Cantire — the "Land's-End" of Scotland.

June, 1861.

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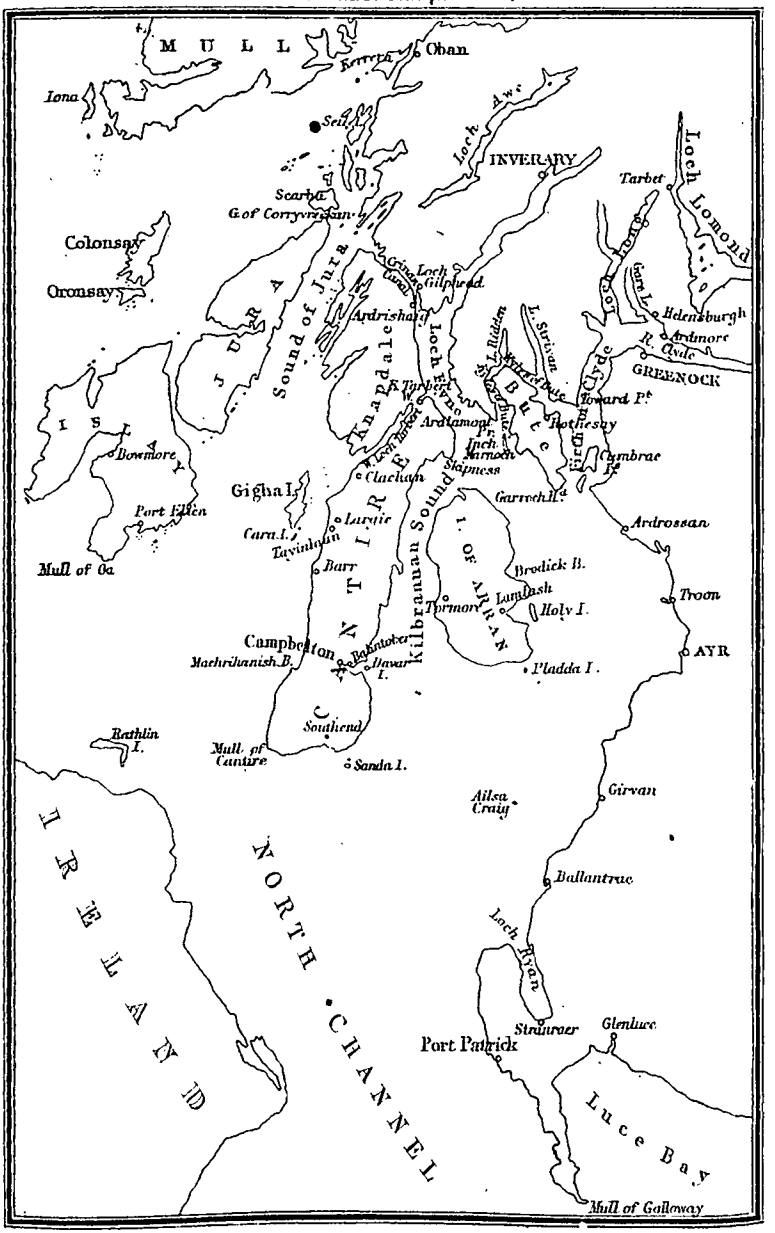
ROUTE MAP TO ILLUSTRATE "GLENCREGGAN."



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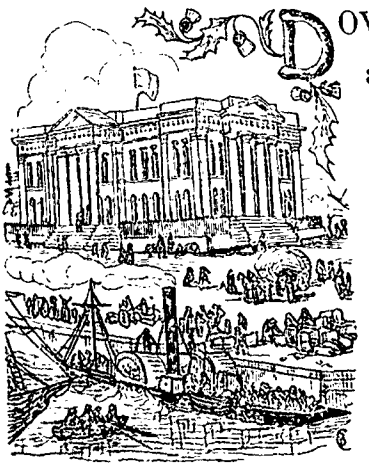
GLENCREGGAN.

CHAPTER I.

THE SCENERY OF THE CLYDE.

Greenock no Wapping, but the first Seaport in Scotland. — Greenock's Glory and Greenock's Lament. — A pleasant and reliable Author. — Down the Clyde. — Roseneath and Gourock. — The Kempoch Stane. — Trade Winds. — Witches and Sailors. — Sir G. Head's Opinion. — Loch Long and Holy Loch. — The Hieland Hills. — Clyde Scenery. — One of the Northern Lights. — Watering-Places on the Clyde. — Burns and Kelly-Burn. — The Frith of Clyde. — Sketching Difficulties. — Amateur Sailors. — Sic Transit. — Garroch Head.



DOWN by the Custom-house at Greenock,—a building in the Grecian style, with a large portico, — the handsomest structure in the town; and here we are amid all the bustle of the quays. They are three in number, with their harbours and dry docks filled with the manifold evidences of the present prosperity of the town. A little more than two centuries since it was but a

small fishing village; then it acquired a name for herrings, and from its dealings in this little fish, laid the foundation of its present importance; then it did a good business in the matter of tobacco, and was made a custom-house port; then it was accused by its jealous rivals of London, Bristol, and Liverpool, of defrauding the revenue, but came off with flying colours; then it steadily increased its exports and imports until it attained its present rank as the first seaport in Scotland.

"No one ought to pass Greenock," says Macculloch, "as if it were a mere receptacle of rum and sugar. It is a splendid seaport, and it is no less beautifully situated. . . . The middle ground is occupied, first by the broad expanse of the Clyde, gay with shipping, in every position, and in every variety of form, and still nearer, by the port of Greenock, crowded with masts and sails and buildings; while the town itself, and the high rocky and wooded banks that tower above it, produce foregrounds as appropriate as they are various and picturesque. Those who may have expected to find it a kind of Wapping deserve to be confined for their lives to that odoriferous region, if they leave Greenock with the same impression as they entered it. The beauties of the shore on this side, whether along the road, which is so judiciously conducted near the margin of the water, or from the water itself, are not often surpassed; while the whole coast, even

as far as Largs, is varied by villages and houses, by ordinary marine villas, or by rural ones of higher antiquity and claims, by wood and by cultivation, and by land of ever-changing forms. From a line of coast thus intricate, the Clyde, always spacious, and always covered with its shipping, offers a scene of life and brilliancy, unparalleled on any of our sea shores, and enhanced by the majestic screen of mountains to the north, for ever varying under the changes of a restless atmosphere, but, under all these changes, for ever magnificent." *

Greenock is indeed no copy of dirty Wapping, but is a shining, fresh, and clean seaport, that worthily bears its honours as the first in Scotland. Those huge dredging machines, with their endless treadmill of dirty buckets, that, through the facility afforded by their successful operations to large vessels of sailing right on to Glasgow, have received the *sobriquet* of "Greenock's Lament," or the "Terror of Greenock," — those dredgers are constantly at work, scouring and deepening the bed of the river, and making it fit for its work. There are steamers from here to Glasgow and back, in as great frequency as the trains; and others constantly coming and going, on their way to and from Glasgow, or the immediate watering-places, or to the Highlands, Liverpool, Ireland, and America. On a summer's day, then,

* Highlands and Western Isles, vol. ii. p. 5.

in the height of the touring season, the view from the Custom-house at Greenock is exceedingly animated. Our destination is Campbelton, Cantire; and here comes our boat, The Celt, greatly puffing from the effects of her run up from Glasgow. She swings broadside on to the quay; and, after ten minutes have been consumed in rattling of chains, and holding on and casting off of ropes, and embarking heavy packages, and no small amount of bad language in a foreign tongue, we find the Custom-house and the quay slipping from our side; and by the time that we have made ourselves comfortable on a deck seat, we begin to realise the fact that we have left Greenock behind us, and that we are steaming down the Clyde, and past those pretty watering-places that make the shores at the mouth of the Clyde seem like a succession of Scarboroughs and Llandudnos. "If a man had nothing else to do than to make tours," says Macculloch, "I know not where or how he could better spend his money and his time, than in wandering up and down and about the shores of the Clyde, and those of all the lochs that open into it, and in ferreting out the endless corners and nooks in which it abounds. Castles, towns, ships, islands, rocks, mountains, bays, creeks, rivers, cascades, trees, lakes, cliffs, forests, country seats, cultivation — what is there, in short, which may not be found on the shores of the Clyde? and what is there of all these which is not

beautiful? Scotland has not such a house as Roseneath, and scarcely such a park as the park of Inverary. Few of its towns are so beautifully situated as Greenock and Campbelton, and not many of its sea lochs exceed Loch Long and Long Fyne. Dumbarton Castle has not many equals; the Kyles of Bute resemble nothing on earth; Ailsa is unmatched perhaps in the world; and if Arran, in parts, has more than a rival in some parts of Skye, it has none, as a whole, throughout all the Western Islands. But every inch is beautiful, even from Dumbarton Castle to the Mull of Cantyre; nor is there a creek or a point in all this long space, that does not present something new, and something attractive."* So much by way of a sharpener of the mental appetite, to enable us the more to appreciate those dainty bits of scenery, which, during the next few hours, will, in succession, present themselves to our view. Our route is the very one thus indicated in the foregoing quotation, and we are truly thankful to be favoured with such propitious weather, and with such brilliant sunshine. It is evident that we shall see the scenery to perfection, and that the only drawback will be, that it will all be hastily seen from the sea, and not leisurely explored from the land. So, I am the more glad that we brought Macculloch on board. As the advertisements say, "No tourist should be without it." I do not mean his "De-

* Highlands and Western Isles, vol. ii. pp. 1, 2.

scription of the Western Islands," wherein his vivid and picturesque descriptions are hidden away under trap veins, sandstone dips, and calcareous strata, sufficient to affright any reader but a severe geologist *, but that book published five years later, his "Highlands and Western Isles," written in letters to Sir Walter Scott, and a model of pleasant writing and extensive reading. If you ever catch him tripping, it is not through drowsiness; for Macculloch is one of the liveliest of authors on the Highlands and Western Isles, and his book, despite its forty years of age, is still the best book on the subject.† I am glad that we brought with us so plea-

* Lord Teignmouth has truly said of this valuable work, "Dr. Macculloch's account of the Hebrides, the result of several expeditions to those islands, is the best which has appeared; but the information is partial, and, unfortunately, so overloaded with adventitious matter, that few but the learned will search it out; and often, when our curiosity is excited by the announcement of his arrival on some island which had been reached not without difficulty and peril, our eyes straining to the full extent of vision, are suddenly blinded by the dust of a hundred folios."

† Few books of such a comprehensive nature can be wholly free from mistakes. My opinion of the work, however, is as a whole; and is not shaken by the perusal of the second edition of "A Critical Examination of Dr. Macculloch's work on the Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland" (1826, price 8*s.* 6*d.* pp. 320). Of the character and spirit of this publication the reader will be enabled to judge from the following phrases taken at random from various parts of the book, and which I here transcribe on the *audi alteram partem* principle, and as a good example of the *perfervidum ingenium*. Macculloch's book is saluted with such expressions as "lying volumes, miserable and libellous

sant a fellow-traveller, though I could have wished him less bulky; but his services will amply repay any slight inconvenience that we may experience from his size. Keeping him by our side for occasional reference, and with sketch-book in hand, let us now glance at the Clyde scenery.

We stand well out into the middle of the four-mile-wide river, in order to avoid the great sand-bank that reaches from Dumbarton to a little below Greenock; and we appear at first as though our course was directed for Helensburgh, a watering-place, whose shining houses are gleaming on the opposite coast at the entrance of Gaer Loch. There is Roseneath, too, with its Duke of Argyle Castle, embosomed in soft woods, for visitors to admire; and its "Wallace's Loup," for visitors

trash, impertinent scurrility, injurious ribaldry, malignant slanders, the dirty scrawl of a tenth-rate author, an abortion with manifold pollutions and iniquities," &c. And Macculloch himself is termed "an impudent stone-doctor, an insidious libeller, a miserable toad-eater, a puppy, and a brute who ought to be kicked for his insolence, an impertinent mendacious jackanapes, a wholesale accuser and calumniator, a modern Mandeville, who has all the venom of Pinkerton." And his character is summed up at pp. 302, 303, in similar "prave worts." Dr. Johnson is called a "scrofulous literary despot," whose "road to his heart lay through his stomach, which it was not always practicable to appease," and whose book, therefore, is "full of grumbling, saucy, ill-natured observations, the spawn of a mind contracted and illiberal, deeply imbued with prejudice, and incomparably more enamoured of antithesis than truth, the whole being delivered in that pompous domineering tone of insolent superiority which, from long habit and slavish acquiescence, had become habitual and natural to him," &c. (pp. 8, 9).

to wonder at and speculate how the patriot survived that leap of thirty-four feet that was fatal to his horse. But bearing away from them, and standing in for the Renfrewshire coast, we pass on our left hand Gourock bay and town (the bathing-place for Glasgow's citizens), and Ashton, and the long line of houses and villas that stud the coast to Kempoch Point. We are not unthankful when we have rounded this point; for, we cannot but recal the painful fact that it was here where the Catherine of Iona steamer was run down on the 10th of August, 1822, when only four people were saved out of forty-six on board; and here, also, three years later, that a similar accident, with equally fatal results, befel the Comet.* The promontory is a porphy-

* On October 21, 1825. I find various versions of the number of lives lost by this sad accident — "upwards of forty," "upwards of fifty," "about sixty," &c. Black's "Where shall we go," and also their "Guide to Scotland," in its notice of this calamity, says, "The Comet was the first steamboat that sailed upon the Clyde" (p. 415). Granted; but not this Comet. Henry Bell's Comet had but engines of three-horse power. They are still preserved, and were exhibited at the meeting of the British Association in Glasgow in 1840. There is a passage in Macculloch, too long for quotation here, which speaks of the extraordinary and intricate nature of the currents at this portion of the Clyde, which may have something to do with the accidents that so frequently occur hereabouts. "At the same instant of time," he says, "there were four fresh breezes blowing from four opposite points of the compass." See his "Highlands and Western Isles," vol. ii. pp. 18, 19; also his "Description," vol. ii. pp. 329, 330, where the passage occurs in his account of the Isle of Arran.

ritic mass, terminating in a columnar rock called "the Kempoch Stane," from whence a saint was wont to dispense favourable winds to those who paid for them, and unfavourable to those who had not the necessary money or confidence in his powers. But, whether or no this wily old gentleman, like Macbeth's witches, dealt in winds from

> "All the quarters that they know,
> I' the shipman's card,"

and sold them (and thereby the buyers of them) done up in bladders, and labelled "warranted to keep in any climate," we are not told. When the Innerkip witches were tried in 1662, one of them named Mary Lamont, a girl of eighteen, declared that she and others, who had made a compact with the enemy of man, had met at Kempoch in order "to cast the long stone into the sea, thereby to destroy boats and ships." Some portion of this superstition, we are told, may yet linger, for the sailors prefer Gourock ballast to any other; but, they may well have a liking for putting into Gourock for ballast, for Gourock bay affords them the safest anchorage on the coast.

The scenery down the Clyde is beautiful and grand, and very varied, and still "romantic," despite what Campbell said to the contrary.* "In case it were possible," says Sir George Head, "to compensate a tra-

* See his "Lines on revisiting a Scottish river."

veller for the pain of sea-sickness, by the splendour of a marine or inland landscape, it is here within the British dominions, where the changing horizon displays every variety of mountain scenery, and magnificent features of land and water in the freedom of range and distance, create in the mind an impression of trans-atlantic magnitude. I was particularly reminded, espe-

FRITH OF CLYDE.

cially about the entrance of the Clyde, of the regions of the Great St. Lawrence." * We are steering now for the Frith of Clyde. Close before us to our right is the entrance to Loch Long; a little further on is the opening of Holy Loch, with its watering-places of Kilmun and Strone. A crowd of vessels of every description

* A Home Tour through various parts of the United Kingdom p. 97.

make the river thick with masts. Steamboats are plying up and down, backwards and forwards, and churning the water into waves. "Argyle's Bowling-green" fronts us; the mountains are before us and on each side of us, stretching away into the misty distance, piled up and confusedly-massed together, their groupings constantly varied as we steam along, and their pictorial effect as constantly changing under the floating pageantry of alternate light and shade. What mountains are these? We may make answer in the words of Bailie Nicol Jarvie, "They are the Hieland hills! the Hieland hills! Ye'll see and hear eneugh about them before ye see Glasgow Cross again!" Yes, but not too much! We are longing to be on them now, and revelling in their heathery summits, with the grouse and black game whirring in their level flight, and the pure mountain breeze bringing fresh life and vigour to the frame. We are in sight of those "Hieland hills," and are nearing them as rapidly as the powers of steam will permit; and, the motion of the vessel not being (as yet!) overpoweringly unpleasant, we feel exultant and delirious, and murmur, as in a mad moment, something about our heart being in the Hielands, a chasing the deer and a following the roe; which statement, so far as we can keep our brains clear to guess at its meaning, may be a possible pun upon the heart, or hart, as having some affinity with the

deer and the roe; or it may perchance refer remotely to the belief in the transmigration of the soul.

Where is Macculloch? I cannot resist here quoting him — especially as the reader would have some difficulty in discovering the passage amid the mass of geological matter in which it is imbedded, for it is to his first published book that I now turn. "It would be unpardonable," he says, "to conclude the description of the islands of the Clyde, without pointing out the extreme beauty of this river, from Dumbarton, to its gradual and final termination in the open sea. The shores of the western boundary are everywhere characterised by cultivation, by woods, scattered trees, towns, and villas; displaying, with all the marks of wealth and high population, innumerable scenes of picturesque effect. On the opposite coast, the mountains of Argyllshire present the reverse character, that of wildness; the sea margin being still skirted by occasional patches of natural wood, and ornamented by the houses of the opulent proprietors. On this side, the intricate inlets of Loch Long, Loch Fyne, the Gaer Loch, and numerous others, will conduct the traveller to all the varieties of mountain scenery which Argyllshire affords in perfection; these being occasionally further diversified by the castles of ancient times. Those narrow straits are often peculiarly striking, from the height of the land immediately enclosing them, and

from the picturesque disposition of the rocky and woody precipices so often occurring along the shores, while their tortuous courses produce a never-changing variety of scenes. The islands alone present objects of endless diversity, whether examined in their interior, or by coasting their shores;—or, when forming parts of the distance, they combine with the perpetual variations of the surrounding land. If to all this be added the effects produced by the variable atmosphere of the western coast, and by the life and movement of the shipping that navigate the Clyde, it may without exaggeration be said that no portion of Scotland presents greater attractions to him whose pursuit is that of picturesque beauty." This, in a great measure, is our pursuit at the present time, and that we have attained our object thus far, the foregoing quotation — which, though lengthy, I cannot have the heart to abbreviate— will prove.

But here we are at the Cloch Lighthouse, one of those "Northern Lights" of which Sir Walter Scott was a commissioner.* It shines white and lustrous in

* It is to this family of the Northern Lights, of which the Cloch Lighthouse is a shining member, that the world is (in a measure) indebted for a great novel and poem. For it was in his capacity as a "Commissioner of Northern Lights," that Sir Walter Scott paid those visits to the Hebrides, the Orkneys, and Shetland, that resulted in "The Lord of the Isles," and "The Pirate," and popularised so many beautiful scenes that, comparatively speaking, were unknown.

the sun, built on the Renfrewshire coast (to our left) at a point where the Clyde makes a sudden and bold sweep. Right opposite, on the Argyllshire coast, is the fashionable watering-place of Dunoon — a place which has its history, for it was the original seat of the Great Stewards of Scotland, and the ruins of their castle may still be seen. Its situation is very beautiful, and as the accommodation is said to be good, its popularity is not to be wondered at, though an importation of bathing-machines, to take the place of the sentry-boxes on the beach, would be a vast improvement on the present state of affairs. Innellan, another watering-place, is just beyond Dunoon. Now we pass plantations and moorland, on our left, and come to Innerkip, once famous for its witches, and now noted for witching young ladies, being a very pretty bathing-place in a snug little bay. Ardgowan House looks down upon it, and the mingled mass of houses, plantations, and rock, mirrored in the clear waters of the Frith, make up a very pleasant picture. A little lower down we pass by a bend in the Frith, called Wemyss Bay, where is Kelly House, and Kelly Burn, dividing the counties of Renfrew and Ayrshire. The burn flows down Kelly Glen, and touching upon Burns' county, has not been forgotten by the poet, who altered an old ballad, thus :—

"There lived a carle on Kelly-burn braes,
(Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme!)
And he had a wife was the plague o' his days,
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime!)" &c. &c.

What this ballad must have been in its normal state, we may judge from Cromek's anecdote. He had asked the poet's widow to point out the songs that had been filled in, or amended, by her husband. Accordingly she ran her fingers over the pages, saying, "Robert gae this ane a brushing, and this ane got a brushing also." But when she came to the ballad in question, she said, "He gae this ane a *terrible* brushing." The sheltered position of Wemyss Bay, combined with its lovely scenery and many natural advantages, marked it out as an advantageous site for a watering-place. It has its pier and hotel, and other elements for success, and, some day or other, it may fulfil its proud promise of being "the Clifton of the Clyde." To our right is the rocky peninsula of Cowal, with Toward Castle, and the lighthouse, and the entrance to the Kyles of Bute. On our left is Lord Eglintoun's Skelmorlie Castle, and, in succession, Knock Point, Knock Castle, Brisbane House, and the watering-place of Largs—the last, but not the least, of the many watering-places that we have met with on the Clyde; but taking into consideration the beauty and variety of the scenery, and the opportunities now afforded for reaching these places from a dis-

tance, we cannot be surprised at so many pleasant places having sprung up so rapidly and so thickly. With a flying thought on the great battle of Largs *, we quickly lose sight of the town, passing between the Cumbray Isles (where is yet another watering-place, Millport) and Bute, and bearing out from the Frith to the open sea. The day is one of those gloomy days, when purple masses of storm-clouds are hurried across the sky, and, by their own contrasting blackness, serve to make the lights in the landscape more vivid. On such a day as this, a six hours' sail amid such magnificent mountain scenery, is no ordinary delight. Every change in the landscape, or variation in its effect, has its own peculiar charm; and it requires a quick eye to mark the rapidly-shifting scenes in this extensive panorama, and no small artistic boldness to endeavour to transfer them to the drawing-block. Indeed, deliberate sketching becomes a ridiculous failure. By the time that we can look up from our drawing-block, that peaked mountain has slid by us, and has assumed a totally new form. Where, a minute ago, we seized upon an effect that we wildly endeavoured to represent

* They who take an interest in the subject of the battle of Largs, would do well to turn to the "Saturday Review" for Nov. 3, 1860, p. 563, and read its notice of Professor Munch's work, "Chronica Regum Manniæ et Insularum," wherein various popular errors are corrected.

by a splash of indigo and neutral tint, we now see a bright light that we should have counterfeited with king's yellow. The storm-clouds and the sunbeams travel faster than we do, and our pencil fails to overtake them. So, we give it up (for a time) in grim despair, and content ourselves with imprinting upon our brain, through the medium of the eye, our first impressions of the Highland mountains. And we watch all the variations in the landscape, and we note how, every now and then, into the midst of some purple darkness, will float a golden sunshine; and how, up the steep side of some mountain of deep indigo blue, there will travel a bright gleam that is almost white from the force of contrast. The storm-clouds gather their masses, and two brief, but sharp, scuds overtake us; but they are soon over, and the sun shines out again with a power that speedily dries the wet deck.

The power of sketching adds greatly to the simple enjoyment of natural scenery. It enables those who possess it, to detect beauties that would be passed over unnoticed by the non-sketcher, and to gaze upon them with a more appreciative relish than would be felt by those who merely look upon them with a vague and limited pleasure. Macculloch, here at my side, devotes an entire chapter of his Highland work to *Drawing*. I was reminded of it just a moment ago, when we were watching the changing lights. "In the accidents of

light and shade," he says, "the sketcher perceives beauties which those do not know how to feel or value, who are unaware of their powers in giving force and attraction to paintings. In the multiplicity and harmony of direct, reflected, and half-lights, under a thousand tones for which there are no terms, he sees charms which are only sensible to a highly cultivated and somewhat technical eye. It is only such an eye that can truly feel the beauty of colouring, that is sensible to its innumerable modifications, to all the hidden links by which it is connected, and to all the harmony which results from arrangement and contrast." * And as much might be written about "the theory of selection" from an artistic point of view, as Mr. Darwin has said concerning it as discerned from his own peculiar standground. But, the dark storm-clouds have rolled away, and are piled in indigo masses over the Argyllshire hills, and the sun is shining out again with summer fierceness. In a few minutes the deck is as dry as the engineer's throat, or Mr. Tupper's *Proverbial Platitudes.*

Fortunately for all those on board who were but sorry sailors, the aspect of the sea was far from terrible, and left every one at liberty to enjoy the voyage — as much as it is possible to enjoy a voyage. For, whatever outward aspect the amateur sailor may assume, there must still be that terrible vulture of fear pecking

* Highlands, vol. i. p. 233.

at his heart — that shadowy spectre of *atra Cura* jogging his elbow — that harrowing and agonising thought ever uppermost in his mind,—"True, I am all right so far, but, in another hour, or another half-hour, or another ten minutes, how shall I be then? feeding fishes? making a humiliating spectacle of myself before the eyes of the passengers in general, and that young lady in particular, who has got her sea-legs in such capital order, and continues to promenade the deck as placidly as though she were on Brighton Pier. Here am I," thinks this Janus-faced voyager, "putting on a *nonchalant* air — refusing dinner on the most transparent pleas about being too much interested in the scenery to feel hungry — making pretence to be delighted with the seascape as well as the landscape, and yet, dreading every roll and quiver of the vessel, and with my heart in my mouth at every pitch and toss." These are circumstances in which even a Mark Tapley might consider it creditable to be jolly. The poor wretch would willingly shut his eyes to the magnificence of the scenery, if by that act he could ensure a corresponding closing to any sickening sensation within; but, he is unable to bear the close atmosphere of the cabins — his only chance is from the cold air and the sea breeze on deck; and he cannot for very shame shut his eyes, when every one around him is intent upon the landscape, and when, perhaps, he has friends on board, who poke

him up to look at such and such a mountain, or castle, or watering-place, and goad him into a bewildering search into his guide-book and map to find out the name of the place, the number of its inhabitants, its exports and imports, its antiquities and natural productions, and all those particulars that a traveller insists upon being made acquainted with, only to forget the very next moment by an accumulation of fresh statistics. And a very happy thing too, that this total oblivion so rapidly succeeds to this species of information; for, if we retained all that we were told, what a plethora of useless knowledge would be ours by the end of our journey!

But, it is all smooth sailing now; and we need not sigh "*Sic transit,*" but "*Si sic omnes!*" in reference to our sea voyage. Soon we pass those "fairy prospects,"

> "Where Cumray's isles, with verdant link,
> Close the fair entrance of the Clyde;" *

and merrily, merrily, goes our bark, and we can note all the changing features of the beautiful scenery with real pleasure. But (as we discovered on our return from the Highlands) very rough and unmannerly seas may be encountered in the Firth of Clyde; and the general conduct of its waves does by no means resemble that warbled by young ladies in the popular duet,

* Lord of the Isles, canto v. 13.

"O'er the bonnie Clyde we ride." However, for this once, the billows did as "sweetly glide" as they do in the duet, when they float smoothly on the drawing-room air from the lips of two young ladies whose musical "organs" are in perfect accord; and though the steward's invitation to a hot dinner in the hotter cabin was not very inviting, and was rejected with alarm — for, had not the gush of cooking through the cook's chimney been sufficient for us? — yet, we rolled and pitched through the rough water at Garroch Head, and rounded for the Isle of Arran with thankful hearts, and what was more, with serenity dwelling in those regions in the near neighbourhood of the heart.

Garroch Head is the southern point of the Isle of Bute. According to Macculloch, it "consists of a ridgy and rugged group of hills, rising in different places to an elevation which varies from 600 to 800 feet, and composed almost entirely of trap rocks." The loftiest of these is named Ben Varagen, from whose summit there is an unusually extensive view of "superior magnificence."* "This is in every respect a most singular spot; and no less unexpected than it is romantic, and unlike to anything else on this or on any other coast. To the north, we look over the island of Bute, and to the mass of the Argyllshire mountains, which, piled over each other till they vanish in air,

* Description of the Western Islands, vol. ii. pp. 446, 450.

here occupy the horizon. To the south, and on each side, is displayed the beautiful expanse of the Clyde, alive with a perpetual succession of shipping; while, to the eastward, the view is bounded by the two Cumbrays, and the coast of Ayrshire. Arran is here a peculiarly fine object; the whole of its mountain district being displayed in a magnificent manner, and conveying a more perfect idea of the grandeur of this tract than can be obtained from any other position." *

Rounding this romantic point, through the troubled waters that clash in wild uproar at its base, we shape our course towards the red sandstone rocks that gird the north-eastern shore of the Isle of Arran,—

"The inland sea
We furrow with fair augury,
And steer for Arran's isle."

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* Highlands and Western Isles, vol. ii. p. 20.

CHAP. II.

OFF THE COAST OF ARRAN.

Nearing Arran. — Wordsworth and Scott.— The Cock of Arran.—Loch Ranza, and Opinions anent it. — A fernal Parson. — A valuable Suggestion to Tourists. — First Sight of Cantire. — Loch Fyne. — Skipness Castle. — A sturdy Covenanter. — Dr. Johnson and the Minister of Skipness. — The Legend of the Smith of Skipness. — Kilbrennan Sound. — Carradale. — Vitrified Forts. — A Legend of the Great Plague. — The Weeper. — Superstitions. — Bel Teine. — A knotty Bargain.

We near the Isle of Arran, "the island of sharp pinnacles," as its name signifies. And rightly is it called, for it is little else than a rocky mass, whose outline cuts the sky in ragged peaks. * How grand it looked, with

* The etymology of Arran is thus given by Lord Teignmouth, on the excellent authority of the Rev. Dr. Macleod of Glasgow. "Pronounced in Gaelic *Arrinn;* from *ar*, land, or country; and *rinn*, sharp points: hence *Ar-rinn* signifies island of sharp pinnacles, or the land of serrated tops or summits,—a most appropriate name for Arran." Forsyth gives the derivation as "*Air-Inn*, or the Island of Mountains." Martin ("Western Islands") gives the following fanciful etymology: "The name of this isle is by some derived from *arran*, which, in the Irish language, signifies bread; others think it comes more probably from *arin* or *arsyn*, which in their language is as much as the place of the giant Fin-Mac-Coul's slaughter or execution; for *aar* signifies

its dark mountains rising ruggedly out of the waves! and over the nearer ridge, their monarch, Goatfell, with his conical crown, towering nearly 3000 feet towards the sky, and grandly conspicuous in the serrated mountain range. Wildness and ruggedness are the leading features of the scenery, but the herbage, and the heather, and the varied colouring of the geological formation of the hills give a softness to the stern expression of the scenery; and, when we first saw the island, with the dark shadows drifting across it, making the sharply contrasted effects of shine and shade, I thought it one of the most picturesque "bits" of mountain scenery that I had ever beheld. We call to mind how Wordsworth sonnetised the island from his steam-boat point of view, and longed for his favourite hippogriff to bear him to the summit of Goatfell.

"Arran! a single-crested Teneriffe,
A St. Helena next — in shape and hue
Varying her crowded peaks and ridges blue;
Who but must covet a cloud-seat, or skiff
Built for the air, or winged Hippogriff?

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slaughter, and so they will have *arin* only the contraction of *arrin* or *fin*. The received tradition of the great giant Fin-Mac-Coul's military valour, which he exercised upon the ancient natives here, seems to favour this conjecture." The gentleman here referred to is the hero Fingal. Macculloch gives a somewhat similar derivation "*Ar*, a field of battle; and *Fin*, the hero of the Gael. So say the Highlanders. Quidlibet è quolibet."

That he might fly where no one could pursue,
From this dull Monster, and her sooty crew;
And, as a god, light on thy topmost cliff.
Impotent wish! which reason would despise
If the mind knew no union of extremes,
No natural bond between the boldest schemes
Ambition frames, and heart humilities.
Beneath stern mountains many a soft vale lies,
And lofty springs give birth to lowly streams."

It is so here. Many a soft vale lies beneath those stern mountains, "beautiful exceedingly," and affording the richest treat to the lover of the charms of nature, whether he woo her under the guise of poet, painter, botanist, or geologist. When we were afterwards in Edinburgh we saw a highly elaborated Pre-Raffaelitish picture, by Noel Paton, the landscape portion of which was one tangled mass of wood, and water, and rock, and ferns, and wild flowers, and was said to have been "painted on the spot in the Isle of Arran;" and from this picture, as well as from many other evidences that reached me, I could readily imagine what a lovely field for artists is to be found in the interior of the island. But we could discern abundant beauties even from our sail round a portion of the island, and this view of the northern coast of Arran from the sea had its own peculiar charm. According to Macculloch, it is the finest of the Arran views. "The high and serrated forms are peculiarly striking, presenting a rugged

mountainous character unequalled in Scotland, except by the Cuchullin hills in Skye. These mountains are also exceedingly elegant in the outline, and though not attaining to quite 3000 feet of elevation, yet, from their independence, and from their rising immediately out of the sea, their Alpine effect is equalled by that of very few mountainous tracts in Scotland, of even much greater altitude." * The broken masses of rocks are piled upon each other in irregular stages, making every kind of fanciful angle of which a mad mathematician might dream, and assuming every combination of shape, from the grotesque to the grand, and, in many places, presenting a massive sea-wall rising sheer out of the waves, with no white line of shore to interpose between the sea and the rocks; which rise like a rampart from the waters that dash against them as against the dark hull of a mighty vessel. In other places there is a strip of grassy bank, or shingly beach, between the rocks and the water; and, at the Fallen Rocks of Scriden, which have "the effect of a torrent of stones in the very act of motion," and at the rock, or rather large stone, known as "the Cock of Arran," the beach exhibits two well-known landmarks. The stone known as "the Cock," is supposed to present the appearance of bright chanticleer in the act of crowing; but though,

* Highlands, vol. ii. p. 26.

evidently, this particular

> "Cock was of a larger egg
> Than modern poultry drop;"

yet it requires a very powerful imagination to trace any resemblance between this solitary stone and any known specimen of the animal kingdom.

The sternness of the rugged cliffs is softened and relieved by the many accidental touches and graceful embellishments that they have received from the fairy fingers of Nature. Patches of verdure cover the rocks, ledges, and shelves; and on these spots, apparently so inaccessible, the sheep were busily browsing. Here and there pink and purple shades of heather diversified the tints of the grass and rocks. Thatched and whitewashed huts were sparsely scattered on the hill-sides or in the little valleys, high up amid the "tumultuous waste of huge hill-tops,"—

> "A lowly vale, and yet uplifted high
> Among the mountains;"

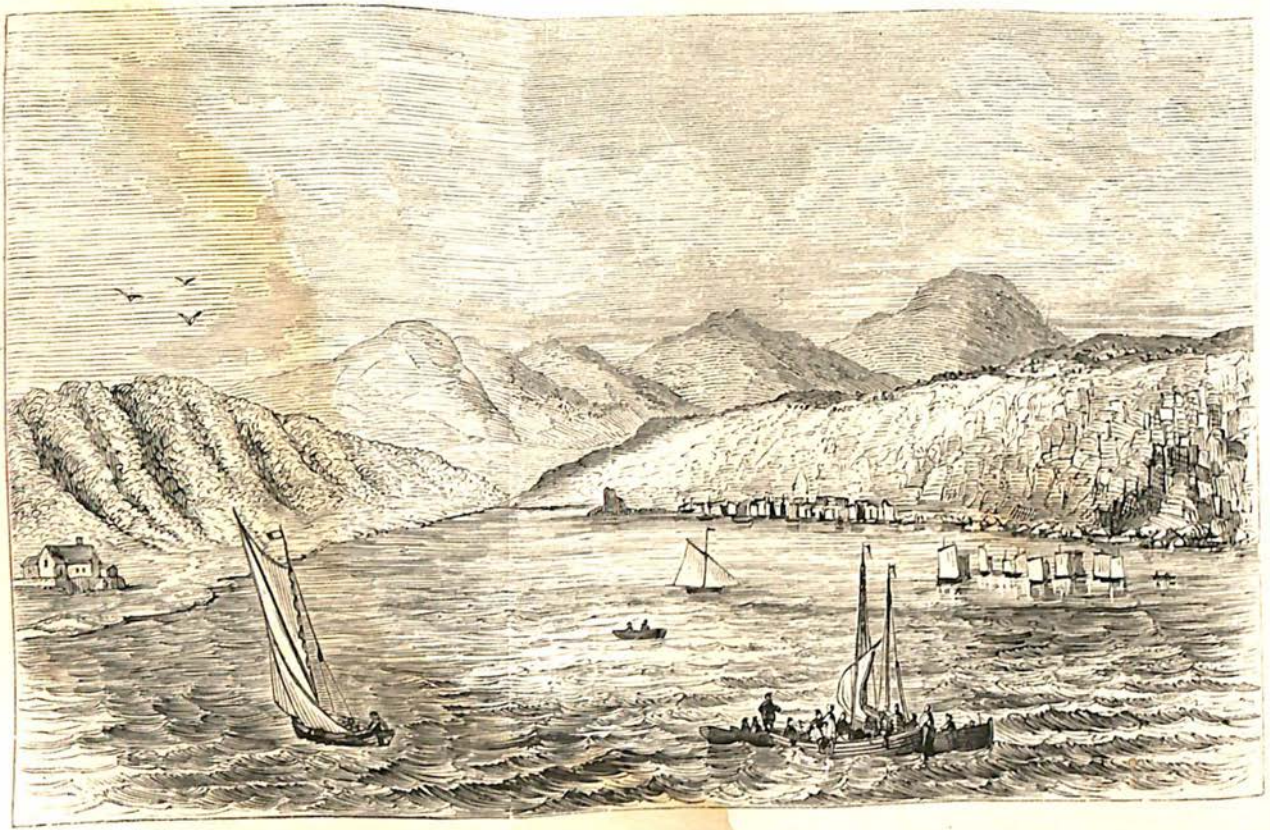
and "we knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled" from their thatch chimneys that those houses on the rocks were peopled places, and that the pot was boiling against the gudeman came hame. We are nearing Loch Ranza now, and fresh beauties await us:—

> "The sun, ere yet he sunk behind
> Ben-Ghoil, 'the Mountain of the Wind,'

Gave his grim peaks a greeting kind,
And bade Loch Ranza smile.
Thither their destined course they drew:
It seem'd the isle her monarch knew,
So brilliant was the landward view,
The ocean so serene;
Each puny wave in diamonds roll'd
O'er the calm deep, where hues of gold
With azure strove and green.
The hill, the vale, the tree, the tower,
Glow'd with the tints of evening's hour,
The beech was silver sheen,
The wind breathed soft as lover's sigh,
And, oft renew'd, seem'd oft to die,
With breathless pause between.
Oh who, with speech of war and woes,
Would wish to break the soft repose
Of such enchanting scene!" *

An enchanting scene in truth it was: far, very far, prettier than the prettiest scene for a theatre painted by the united talent of Stanfield and Beverley. There was the placid bay, taking a sweep of about a mile; and there in the centre, just in the very spot where the artist would wish it, there was the old castle, perched on a tongue of rock jutting into the bay. Here are some opinions "anent" this scene. "The castle of Loch Ransa," says Macculloch, "remains unsophisticated, but its apparent antiquity, if we may judge from the style and execution of the architecture, is not great. It

* Lord of the Isles, cantos iv. xiii. Ben Ghoil is now commonly known by its English name of Goatfell, or Goatfield.



LOCH RANZA, ISLE OF ARRAN.

is, however, said to have been a royal castle in the early part of the fourteenth century. It is still in a tolerable state of preservation, and might, with no great labour or expense, be again rendered habitable. This building is by no means picturesque in design, although in its present situation it conduces much to the picturesque appearance of the little bay in which it is situated, giving a centre of unity to the whole, and offering to the artist a circumstance of moral and historical interest, of which, among these solitary and deserted scenes, he has often occasion to regret the absence."* "The approach," says Pennant, "was magnificent: a fine bay in front, about a mile deep, having a ruined castle near the lower end, on a low, far-projecting neck of land that forms another harbour, with a narrow passage, but within has three fathoms of water, even at the lowest ebb. Beyond is a little plain, watered by a stream, and inhabited by the people of a small village. The whole is environed with a theatre of mountains, and in the background the serrated crags of Grianan. Athol soars above."† "In point of gloomy grandeur no British bay surpasses Loch Ranza, in Arran," says Lord Teignmouth, who, however, it must be remembered, visited this spot in a snowy season, and is speaking of it

* Description of the Western Islands of Scotland, vol. ii. p. 322. See also his "Highlands," vol. ii. p. 38.

† Voyage to the Hebrides, p. 168.

in its wintry aspect; "dark ridges hem it in, and an ancient castle, formerly an occasional residence of the Scottish monarchs, occupies in the midst of it a central and commanding position, on a green projecting slip of land." * But we saw Loch Ranza bay in all the beauties of its summer dress. Goatfell (from whose summit you may see at one view England, Ireland, and Scotland, together with the Isle of Man,) proudly towered above the amphitheatre of mountains. The old castle, the houses in the village, and the scattered huts of the fishermen gleamed all around, and, reflected in the still blue waters of the bay, made therein streaming lines of white. The bright beams of the afternoon sun shone full —

> "On fair Loch Ranza . . . .
> Thin wreaths of cottage smoke are upward curl'd
> From the lone hamlet, which her inland bay
> And circling mountains sever from the world.
> And there the fisherman his sail unfurl'd,
> The goatherd drove his kids to steep Ben Ghoil,
> Before the hut the dame her spindle twirl'd,
> Courting the sunbeam as she plied her toil."

Our steamer had come to a full stop just opposite the centre of the bay, and was putting down passengers

* Lord Teignmouth's "Sketches of the Coasts and Islands of Scotland," vol. ii. p. 390. But it is not possible to please everybody; and the Messrs. Anderson, in their "Guide to the Highlands," say, "Loch Ranza is not peculiarly picturesque, but its old and royal castle bestows on it an interesting character" (p. 378).

into a shore-boat that had been waiting for us. I envied the comfortable-looking divine who was carefully let down into this boat to be rowed on shore; I envied him, for it was his third visit to the island, and he had dilated on the richness of the scenery, and had said that "he believed he had not seen a tithe of its beauties," revealing his profession even in that rectorial expression. He did not look like an artist, and decidedly not like a poet—though, after all, see the picture portraits of Tennyson and Longfellow, and then say in what respects your real poet is like your ideal in his outward semblance. Perhaps he was of a geological or a fernery turn. Indeed, I think he must have been, for I espied a candle-box-looking apparatus among his luggage, destined, doubtless, to contain lovely specimens of that true maiden-hair fern, which grows in "dark Arran's dells" in luxuriant beauty. And this suggests a hint. Gentle reader! if you wish for a summer tour, and know not whither to proceed, go to the Isle of Arran, and spend a couple of healthy hours in each day of your stay there in the agreeable occupation of digging up maiden-hair fern, and transferring the plants to pots. Then, if you have had good luck you will find that you have nearly cleared your expenses; for, if you go to a florist's to buy some specimens of *Adiantum capillus Veneris* for your greenhouse or stove, will you not be charged (at least I find it so) 1*s.* 6*d.* or 2*s.* for the smallest

plant? So that, if you take back with you from the Isle of Arran a couple of hampers of maiden-hair fern, and transmute them into £. s. d. at florists' prices (less the trade percentage) surely you will find that you have botanised to some profit. Q. E. D.

As we lay alongside Loch Ranza Bay, we had breathing time afforded us to study its beauties. There were the white houses, and the dark old castle, and the amphitheatre of mountains mirrored in the still waters of the bay; and, in the immediate foreground (to use an Irishism), was a crowd of boats, with the fishermen in their blue shirts, and here and there a red cap, hearty sun-burnt fellows, whom Hook would paint so well; and these fishermen were plying about, picking up the scarlet herring-boxes, that were being flung out in scores from our steamer, and left to float towards their owners. These red rovers upon the waves made dancing bits of bright colour in the sea-green waters; the fishermen pulled towards them, and lashed them alongside their boats; and boats and boxes alike were tossed about by the movements of our steamer getting under weigh again, and cutting up the parti-coloured reflections by arrowy lines of foam. All this made up a busy, bustling, and picturesque foreground, through the midst of which darted the boat containing the comfortable-looking divine, sitting solemnly in the stern with his eyes upon

Loch Ranza, — where, too, our eyes are fixed, until the mountains have shut in the lovely scene.

Now we get into Kilbrannan Sound, and sail southwards, having Cantire on our right, and Arran on our left. At the head of the Sound, we have already discerned Skipness Point, on the eastern coast of Cantire, with Skipness Castle, a massive square fortress, that dates back to Danish times. This strong old place, backed up by rugged hills, is our first sight of Cantire. Here is the mouth of Loch Fyne, from which we are now sailing — but which we shall sail down before many weeks are over our heads. There is a good view up the loch, with its enclosing mountains drawn out in long perspective.

In order to save time, and to spare the reader a double description, I will speak of the various noteworthy places on the eastern coast of Cantire, as we sail past them. The scene in which the massive castle of Skipness is a leading object, favourably impresses us, at first sight, with this interesting portion of the Western Highlands. Skipness is the Scandinavian for *ship-point*, and the name was given to this place from its having been a central station for the fleets of the Normen, during their struggles for conquest upon this and the neighbouring coast. Skipness and Saddell are the only two ancient castles in Cantire, that are not in a ruined state, though Skipness is somewhat

dilapidated.* Its outer walls are seven feet in thickness; it has two projecting towers, one of which was evidently the keep of the castle, and goes by the name of *Tur in t'sagairt*, the Priest's Tower. This place, like most others in Argyleshire, belongs to the Campbells, and is now the property of Major Walter Campbell. One of the Campbells, called "the Captain of Skipness," was one of the eminent men of Cantire. He studied the art of war under Gustavus Adolphus, was a sturdy Covenanter, and fought against Charles the First and Montrose. Under the command of General Leslie, he pursued a body of the Macdonalds in their retreat to Ireland, as far as the Castle of Dunaverty, a stronghold on a promontory near the Mull of Cantire, that was possessed by the Macdonalds. The Captain of Skipness fell on the first day of the siege; enraged at his loss, his followers compelled the Macdonalds to surrender, and slew them to a man. The mother of the Captain of Skipness, who was daughter to the chief of the Macfarlanes, was hourly expecting her son's arrival. At length, as she thought, she saw him approaching at a quick pace; but it proved to be the messenger with the tidings of his death. The shock was too great for her, and she fell into a swoon,

* See the Rev. John Macfarlane's account of "The United Parishes of Saddell and Skipness."

from which she never recovered. The body of the Captain of Skipness was interred in the old Gaelic church at Campbelton, where the following inscription formerly was to be seen on the stone that covered the remains of this brave Covenanter: —

"A Captain much renowned,
Whose cause of fight was still Christ's right,
For which his soul is crowned.
So briefly, then, to know the man,
This stone tells all the storie;
On earth his race he ran with grace,
In heaven he reigns with glory."

There was a Mr. Donald Macnicol, minister of this parish in 1753, who brought himself into notice by a review on "Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides." "Hum!" growled the Doctor, when he read the work, "these Highland savages write the English language wonderfully well!"

Mr. Campbell, in his "Popular Tales of the West Highlands," * has the following story connected with Skipness (or Skipnish):—"When the people of Kintyre, MUINTIR CHEAN TIREADH, were coming home from the northern airt from fighting against Prince Charles, under their chieftain, the Man of Skipnish, they were going together, each band that was nearest as neigh-

* Vol. ii. pp. 85, 86.

bours. So one little company stayed behind the great band, in CEAN LOCH GILP, Lochgilphead. The one who was hindermost of this company, who was called by the nickname of IAN DUBH MÒR, Big Black John, heard an unearthly noise, when he was come in front of a fall that was at A MHAOIL DHUBH, on the northern side of *Tairbairt Chean-tireadh*, Tarbert (which may be rendered Land's End drawboat). He went on, and in a burn below the fall, a terrible being met him: he drew his blade. Said the being to him, 'Strike me!' 'I will not strike, thou monster!' said John; 'but *brodaidh mi thu*, — I will prod thee!' 'Prod me!' the being would say. 'I will not prod thee, monster, but I will strike thee!' John would say. They fought thus for a great time, till the cock crew: and the being said to Ian, 'thou wilt now be going; but, before thou goest, take thy choice of the two following things — *Ealan gun rath no*, *Rath gun ealain*, — speechless art, or artless speech.' John chose speechless art; and so it happened. He was a blacksmith, as skilful as ever drew hammer on anvil; but he was not much better for that; there was no penny he earned, that he would not spoil, and that would not go in some way that was not easily explained. As an instance of art, he could mend a saw, though thou hadst a bit in either hand, in such a way that it could not be seen where it was broken; and a gun in the same way.

There would be a covering on the smithy windows when he would be mending such things. Big Black John got a great power over witchcraft, *Buitseachas*, and evil eye. There was a man in Skipnish who had made money by smuggling, but he began to lose his trade, for his malt refused to yield its product, till at last he lost the whole of what he had made; and he was a poor man. He went at last to *Ionarair*, Ayr, where John was dwelling at that time. John told him that it was enmity that was doing the ill. He did not learn who was spoiling him. He said to him, 'Go home, and thou wilt get back the produce of the malt;' and so he did. Each *togail*, mashing, he made, began to give more than the other, till the produce he got frightened him. He followed on thus till the loss was made up, and, after that, he got but the usual product."

At Skipness is the ruined church of St. Columba, which, in its entirety, was the largest church in Cantire, except that at Saddell. The greater portion of the building still remains.*

Macculloch does not give any detailed description of the eastern coast of Cantire, from Skipness to Campbelton, but generalises it thus: — "Hence to Campbelton is a succession of sea-coast, which is almost

* See Appendix, "Ecclesiology of Cantire."

everywhere various and amusing, and that, whether we take the high road, which follows the margin of the water, or pursue the line of shore in a boat. The coast, itself, is intricate with hill and dale, and with bays, and promontories, and rocks; sometimes woody, at others populous and cultivated, and, in a few places, bare and open, but still always entertaining. Arran, accompanying it for a long way, forms a fine object in the distance, while the ships, for ever standing up and down the Clyde, add life to the whole." *

We sail on down Kilbrannan Sound, passing Clunaig, with its kirk, two miles north-east of which is Glenristle, and a very entire Druidical circle, of the usual formation. Then we pass Corsaig, and Cour House (where, on the Cour estate, is Loch-na-breach, containing trout of exquisite quality, from two to four pounds in weight), and Sunadale and Barmolloch. Although, by the steamer's regulations, we are requested not to speak to the man at the wheel, we transgress the rule, and find him particularly communicative, though his Gaelic pronunciation of the names of places is sufficiently puzzling to a southron's understanding; but, by the aid of a map, we in some measure surmount the difficulty. The coast-line of the beautiful Isle of Arran now presents a more cultivated appearance, low pasture lands intervening between the

* Highlands, vol. ii. p. 63.

mountains and the sea. Our steamer is under engagement to touch at Carradale, "weather permitting;" and on a fine day like this she has not the shadow of an excuse for shirking her duty; accordingly we stand in for Cantire land, and swing round by Carradale pier, a little pier, but no little bustle upon it. The natives gaze at us, and we gaze at the natives; and we give and take in the matter of herrings, groceries, and other commodities; and we hear a great deal of Gaelic and Highland converse that is altogether unintelligible to us. All the way from Skipness, there are to be seen, on various headlands, ruins of small forts, called *Duns*, probably of Danish origin, and originally used for watch-towers or beacons. The remains of the most important of these we have just seen at Aird of Carradale, built on a high rock over the sea, and inaccessible on that side; and the foundations of a vitrified fort are now also visible, crowning a rocky islet in Carradale Bay. Lord Teignmouth speaks of this fort, and thus describes these architectural puzzles: "At Carradale Point is a circular knoll, presenting externally a regularly-formed surface, but within, a confused but well-compacted mass of artificial rock-work, one of the best specimens of the vitrified forts, illustrating the design of the rude architects, which clearly was to imitate the work of nature, as being more solid and secure than that of art, by reducing the materials which the

coast afforded to the consistency of rock-work by fusion. The whole structure then became one compact mass, and not composed of separate fragments cemented together by masonry."* These vitrified forts have been variously ascribed to the accidental demolition of buildings by fire, to the effect of beacon lights, and to volcanoes! It was not till the year 1777 that public attention was directed to them, and ever since they have afforded matter for conjecture to the curious. So much has been written concerning them, that it is not necessary to pursue the subject here, as it could only cause a digression, which, to be of any service, would be a long one, if not tedious; nor could I hope to add anything novel or valuable to what has already been written on the subject. I may observe, however, that Macculloch, who gives a list of the chief vitrified forts, in which he mentions this one at Carradale, would refer their origin to the aboriginal Celts, or first settlers in Scotland; and he thus concludes a chapter devoted to the consideration of vitrified forts: "After all that we can do or conjecture, the date of these works, and the people by whom they are erected, must remain a problem, and it is one not very likely to be solved. Yet I should be unworthy the office of antiquarian bottle-holder, into which I have unwittingly intruded, if I also did not declare my

* Sketches, &c., p. 385.

own hypothesis, by stating my hope, that some future traveller in the East, will find further reasons to prove that they are among the earliest military works of our oriental Celtic ancestors." *

Our friend at the wheel tells us a legend of this locality. When the Great Plague of 1666 had swept away its thousands in the city of London, it visited Scotland, and was very fatal in Ayrshire. From thence it passed "in a great white cloud" across to Cantire. It was a fearsome time! whole households died, and there were none to bury them, neither would any go near to them; and these houses of the dead were avoided, till first the thatch fell in, and then the walls, and then a green knoll covered all, giving them a burial many, many years after it had been denied them by man. You see there Carradale Glen, where the plantings are, and where the river comes down from the mountains — a bonnie glen it is, where the Haldœans † came some fifty years ago, and preached the Gospel, and were persecuted for righteousness' sake. Well, sir, in that glen, in the time of the Great Plague, there was a man who took the sickness; and, hearing of what I've told you of the people dying in their houses, he feared he should not be buried. So, this fear took such a

* Macculloch's "Highlands and Western Isles," pp. 287—301. See also Hugh Miller's "Rambles of a Geologist," pp. 365, 371.

† *i. e.* the Haldanites.

power over him, that he prevailed on some of his friends to dig his grave; and he went and sat by, and saw it done. And when it was dug, he laid himself in the grave, with his sword by his side; and presently he died; and his friends covered his body with the turf. Mac Caog was the man's name; and they will show you the grave to this day. "Uaigh-Mhic-Caoga" is its Gaelic name, which means "the Grave of Mac Caog."

There is a hill in Carradale (said the man at the wheel) called Sroin-na h-eanachain, in which lives an old creature, who makes a great noise before the death of individuals of a certain clan. 'Tis an awsome noise, and makes the whole glen to tremble. There is also a little fairy dwarf at Carradale, called *Caointeach*, or "the Weeper," and when any one hears him weep, they may be sure that they shall soon be told of a death. I know a woman who saw the Caointeach. He was no bigger than a new-born babe, and was weeping in a feeble tone, like an infant; and, next day, she got the news of the death of a near friend. You'll meet with a many legends, sir, if you'll talk to the Highland people; they're a very superstitious folk, and think much of warlocks, and second-sight, and such like. There are some as have known of a death coming on by hearing the trampling of feet outside the house, and seeing a spectral funeral going by. It isn't long since

that they used to wake the dead in Cantire; and they may do so now, for all I know, in some of the glens and out-of-the-way places. The soul was taken to Flathinnis, or "the Island of the Brave," but the friends used to watch and wake by the body, lest the evil spirits should take it away to Ifrinn, "the dark, cold island," and leave some other substance in its place. When once the body was buried, then it was safe. And it isn't long since they used to keep the Druids' May-day and first of November, in Cantire. The one they called *Bealtuinn*, or *Beil-teine*, which means "the fire of Belus," and the other they called *Samhuinn*, or "the serene time." There was a great fire lighted before sunrise on the top of the highest hill, and when the sun rose, the people came to welcome it, and to worship God; and the chief Druid blessed them, and received their offerings, and gave each of them a kindling wherewith to light their fires; and if he was displeased with any one, or they didn't bring him a sufficient offering, he refused them the kindling; and no one dare give them one under pain of being cursed; so the poor person had to go without fire till *Beil-teine* came round again.

When we were coming down the Frith of Clyde (said the man at the wheel) we passed "the Kempoch Stane," where there once lived a saint who sold winds to sailors. That was in the olden times; but there

were people in Cantire that believed in the same sort of thing till quite lately. There was an old man who died not long since — he was the owner of a fine little smack, with which he trafficked from Campbelton to Ireland, and other places. There was an old woman in Cantire, who sold winds, and he made a bargain with her to give him a fair wind to sail to Ireland. All that she gave him was two strings, with three knots on each string. When he undid the first, he got a fine fair breeze, getting into mid-channel; he untied the second, and got a strong gale; and when near the Irish coast, he wished to see the effect of the third knot, and unloosed it, a great hurricane blew, and drove him on the shore, where it destroyed many houses. With the second string he came back to Cantire, but he only untied two knots, so he had a prosperous voyage home. Oh, yes! when you get to Cantire, you'll hear some strange tales and legends, if you're that way inclined.

To which I replied, that I had an insatiable craving for storied traditions; and that if I met with any that had not been in print, they might prove useful to me. To which I may now add, that I hope they may prove interesting to my readers.

CHAP. III.

IN KILBRANNAN SOUND.

Torrisdale. — Saddell Castle. — Wanton Destruction of national Antiquities. — Saddell Monastery. — The mighty Somerled. — A Highland Chieftain's Rent-Roll. — Macdonald and his Cuckoo. — My Thomson. — How Macdonald entertained his Irish Friends and the M'Leans. — The Lord of the Isles. — Robert Bruce and local Legends concerning him. — Fingal and his Dog Bran.

STEAMING on from Carradale, we pass some flourishing plantations on the Cantire coast, and come to Torrisdale, with its pretty glen, and its modern castle, built by General MacAlister, and now the property of John Hoyes, Esq. It is a fine place, and is well kept up. As we sail on we pass almost under the shadow of Beinn-an-tuirc, the loftiest mountain in Cantire (of which I shall have occasion to speak in a future chapter), and soon we come to the picturesque little bay of Glen Saddell, with its fine woods and thriving plantations. As this is an interest-

ing locality, and that we may not have to go over the same ground twice, I will here refer to it in its proper place, instead of bringing the reader back again to the eastern coast of Cantire when I want to have his company on the western shore.

Saddell Castle is the most perfect of the ancient fortresses of Cantire. It stands near to the sea, on low ground, environed by wooded hills, and commanding an excellent view across the water to Arran. It is of a plain and massive character, quadrangular in form, like Skipness, and with an embattled and machicolated top, with small projecting turrets at the four corners. It was a place of great strength, and had at one time a regular gateway and courtyard, and is believed to have been surrounded by a moat. The castle commands the approach to the glen, down which flows the river, passing near to the castle, and making its channel over the sandy plain, and so into the sea. It is this sandy plain that gives its name to the place, for Saddell, or Sandel (for so it is found written in ancient chartularies), means *sandy plain.* At least so says the Rev. John Macfarlane in his history of this parish*; but the differences of etymologists are even greater than those of doctors, and the Rev. Dr. Macleod says that *Samhdail* is the original

* According to this author, there is a very good field for the botanist in this neighbourhood, and "plants of great beauty and interest" are to be found upon the "sandy plain."

Cuthbert Heade, delt.

Hanhart, Chromo-lith.

SADDELL HOUSE AND CASTLE, CANTIRE

name, and that it "means the quiet peaceful valley;" while other authorities make it out to be derived from *Saigart-dail*, "the plain of the priests," who occupied the monastery a little higher up the glen. All these meanings describe the spot. The castle is on the "sandy plain" of the sea beach, in the "quiet, peaceful valley" of the sequestered bay. An avenue of fine beech trees leads up to the castle, dividing it from the village. A good road is carried over the river by a bridge, and, on the opposite side of the stream, is Saddell House, the modern residence of the proprietor of the castle, which is now inhabited by dependants and old servants. We have a good view of both castle and house as we sail past, and also the picturesque mouth of the glen, but we cannot see the ruins of the monastery, unless, indeed, we see a portion of them in the additions to the old castle, which we afterwards find to be the case. As has been very truly remarked by Mr. Burns, in his "Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Scotland," the landowners of the last century have done more than Knox and his followers ever did towards destroying the antiquities of their native country*; and this was a case in point. Frag-

* There is a sad significance in these remarks of Mr. Burns. "To the last hundred years Scotland can trace more destruction among her antiquities than ever occurred before; and her own children, from no religious or party prejudices, but from sheer motives of gain, have been the despoilers. Did the magnates of the burgh want a few good feasts? the funds were at hand by an appropriation of dressed stone

ments of tracery in the walls told their own tale, and divulged the theft. "After it had for centuries withstood the violence of the solstitial rains and equinoctial gales," says Mr. Macfarlane, "the hands of a modern Goth converted it into a quarry, out of which he took materials to build dykes and offices, paving some of the latter with the very gravestones. He did not, however, long survive this sacrilegious deed, as he soon afterwards lost his life by a trifling accident, which the country people still consider a righteous retribution, and the estate passed into other hands."

As a matter of course, in consequence of these spoliations, there are but few actual remains of the monastery, and they have no particular beauty or architectural interest. The buildings formed a square, in which the main fabric took the form of a cross. The length from east to west was about 136 feet by 24, and of the

from the ready-made quarry presented by the old cathedral or abbey. Did the baronial leader, or the laird descended from him, want farmsteadings, stone walls, or cottars' houses built? the old abbey or castle wall was immediately made use of. Those who wish proof of this assertion may see its evidences, either at the village of New Abbey, near Dumfries, or in the dikes about Kildrummie, in Aberdeenshire. So strong, indeed, was the desire for appropriating such precious spoils in Scotland, that even in a report from a surveyor to the government, some few years back, upon the cost of some repairs to another building, the destruction of one of the most interesting baronial remains in the country (the Earl's Palace, at Kirkwall) was suggested, on account of the saving to be effected by using its materials."

transept, from north to south, 78 feet by 24. The body of the church itself, from east to west, measured 60 feet, and the height of the side walls 24 feet. The extent of the monastic buildings was originally marked out by "consecrated dust" (whatever that may be) "brought from Rome;" as much ground as the dust could be made to cover, so much was to be built upon. This was done by Reginald, the son of Somerled — the "mighty Somerled" of Scott — who was Thane of Argyle and Lord of Cantire and the Isles, and was slain, in 1163*, in an endeavour to subjugate the whole of Scotland, and was buried at Saddell. He had commenced the monastery — which was for monks of the Cistercian order — and it was completed by his son and successor, Reginald, who assumed the title of King of the Isles and Lord of Argyle and Cantire. In conformity with a common practice among the Scandinavian sea-kings, he is said to have lived for three years without entering under the roof of any house where a fire had been kindled, and thus accustomed himself to privation and hardship. The site for the monastery had been well selected in the hollow of the glen, surrounded by woods and rocks, and close by the trout and salmon-stocked river. The churchyard is beside it, shaded by tall ash and elm trees, and containing some very interesting and ancient tombstones,

* As appears from the Chronicle of Melross.

rich in sculptures of abbots, and warriors, and Lords of the Isles, more or less mutilated.

Among the monuments are some in memory of Macdonalds, the former possessors of Saddell. Although the worldly possessions of these Scottish chieftains were so extensive and varied, and their power so great, yet, so far as money went, their income must have been no larger than that of a merchant's clerk. This chiefly arose from their rentals being generally paid in produce —beef, and mutton, and meal, and malt, and cheese, and geese, and poultry, taking the place of pounds, shillings, and pence. The rent-roll of one of the Macdonalds, who was Lord of Cantire, and Lord also of Islay and Rheinds, in the year 1542, was scarcely equal to 140*l.* sterling. And yet these Macdonalds of Saddell were some of the greatest among the great. Our Prince of Wales still bears the title that they held, and in future pages we shall have occasion to make frequent mention of them. Many are the legends of their prowess and power, though the tales told of one of them are more peculiar than pleasing. It is said of this chieftain, surnamed "Righ Fiongal," that he was accustomed to amuse himself by keeping watch from the battlements of his castle, and firing at any suspicious-looking person, with a gun that he called "the cuckoo," the notes of which, as may be imagined, were listened to with less delight than those of the "blithe new-comer

of the spring." There is a legend extant that this proprietor of "the cuckoo" went to Ireland, and not only fell in love with the wife of another man, but brought her back by force to Saddell Castle. The husband followed, and Macdonald made him a prisoner (without the wife's knowledge), and endeavoured to rid himself of the encumbrance by the tedious process of starvation. So he shut him up in a barn; but the poor fellow kept himself alive by eating the grain. Then Macdonald moved him to another place, where a generous hen came daily, and charitably laid an egg for him, by means of which diurnal gift he sustained life. Macdonald then shut him up in the deep dungeon of the castle, where no aid could reach him, when the poor wretch died miserably, after gnawing his hand and arm. But Macdonald gave him burial; and his widow saw the funeral from the top of the castle, and asked whose it was. "It is Thomson's," said Macdonald. "Is it *my* Thomson?" she asked. "Yes!" was the reply. "Wait a little, and I will be with you," she said; and she leapt from the battlements. So they buried her in the same grave with her husband.

This little mishap, however, did not prevent Macdonald's Irish friends from paying him a visit. One day three of them came, and were hospitably entertained. They were housed in the barn, where their host went early next day to wish them a good morning.

He found them asleep, lying close beside each other, with their necks bare. Now, for a long time past, Macdonald had greatly wished to try the strength of his arm and the temper of his blade. Here was a chance not to be thrown away; so he tried the experiment, and found that it answered his most sanguine expectations; for, with one swishing stroke of his sword, he decapitated his three Hibernian friends. It is also told of this disgrace to the Lords of the Isles, that having had to make peace with the clan of M'Lean, he invited M'Lean and his principal chieftains to a feast, in order to cement their friendship. But when they came he threw them into his dungeons; and hung one of them every morning after breakfast, until, the King of Scotland hearing of it, forbad him to gibbet the small remnant of the M'Leans, and to come to the Parliament at Campbelton and answer for his misdeeds. Macdonald went, and was very humble, and swore allegiance; but no sooner had the king sailed away, and before he was out of sight, than Macdonald hoisted a flag of defiance. But one of his ancestors was a man of a far different stamp. This was —

"The heir of mighty Somerled, —
Ronald, from many a hero sprung,
The fair, the valiant, and the young,
Lord of the Isles, whose lofty name
A thousand bards have given to fame:"

though, as Sir Walter Scott explains in a note, the true name of the hero of his poem was Angus Oig*, exchanged for "Ronald," *euphoniæ gratiâ*. How this Angus or Ronald supported the interests of Robert Bruce, we may pleasantly learn from Scott's poem, to which we may add a fact not mentioned by Sir Walter, that Bruce crossed over from Arran, and was entertained at Saddell Castle, and afterwards at Dunaverty Castle, in the Mull of Cantire, and finally removed by Angus in safety to his Island of Rathlin, between the Mull of Cantire and the Irish coast. It was to this Angus, on his arrival at Torwood, near Falkirk, that Bruce addressed these words, still borne as a motto by the lineal descendants of the Lords of the Isles, "My hope is constant in thee." He had waited for him in anxiety; for some had begun to suspect his allegiance, and the King of England, with a mighty army, was at hand. A battle was impending, the battle of Bannockburn, in which Angus nobly repaid his monarch's confidence by his assistance in the final and decisive charge. It is to that juncture, indeed, that the poet transfers the words of Bruce: —

"Lord of the Isles, my trust in thee,
Is firm as Ailsa Rock;
Rush on with Highland sword and targe,
I, with my Carrick spearmen, charge;
Now, forward to the shock!"

* Buried at Iona. See Pennant's "Hebrides," p. 250.

At this point in our passage our friend at the wheel waxes mighty eloquent on the subject of "the Breeyuce," as he terms the valiant King Robert, for recollections of him beset us on both sides. Nearly opposite to Saddell, he points out to us the basaltic cliff of Drummoduin *, on the Isle of Arran, jutting precipitously into the sea. Near this the hungry waves have eaten away the base of the white gritstone cliff, and hollowed it into caves, the largest of which is called "the King's Cove." *The Breeyuce* is said to have made this cave his residence, when, as a fugitive, he first landed upon the island. A rude sculpture on the wall of the rock is pointed out as having been carved by the king, *pour passer le temps*, a tradition thus rejected by the matter-of-fact Macculloch (who, however, takes no notice of any connection between Bruce and this cave, and Pennant and Martin are also silent on the subject): "the sculptures, as they are called, consisting of rude lines scratched in the soft rock, are more likely to be the work of the children who herd the cattle along this open shore." But our friend at the wheel, and all true Highlanders, prefer to father all these things upon their idol, Robert Bruce; and they also call the neighbouring caves by the names of the king's kitchen, the king's cellar, and the king's stable. The chief cave (says

* Or *Druim-an-Duin*, "the Ridge of the Fort," from a round tower on its summit.

Pennant) is 112 feet long and 30 feet high. Lord Teignmouth mentions that Mackinnon, the patriarch of the lay preachers of Arran, was accustomed to preach in this cave; and that, on one occasion, when a woman who heard him had fallen into convulsions, he coolly observed, when they had ceased, "Poor thing! what a struggle she had with the devil!" For then, as in these later revivalism days, a convulsive emotion or external bodily sign was looked upon as an evidence of conversion. Mackinnon, however, was not the first who had preached in this spot; for Martin records that, one hundred and fifty years ago, a minister preached in this cave "in regard of its being more centrical than the parish church."

As a matter of course, where there is anything rather remarkable, whose history is lost in the mists of antiquity, that renowned gentleman Fingal must be thrust forward to play his part. Accordingly, we are told that he inhabited this cave for the convenience of hunting, and that the sculptures of men and animals were made by him, and not by "the Breeyuce." "Fingal's Cave," says Pennant, "branches into two towards the end; within these two recesses, which penetrate far, are, on each side, several small holes, opposite to each other; in these were placed transverse beams, that held the pots in which the heroes seethed their venison; or, probably, according to the mode of the times, the bags

formed of the skins of animals slain in the chase, which were filled with flesh, and served as kettles, sufficiently strong to warm the contents, for the heroes of old devoured their meat half raw, holding that the juices contained the best nourishment." * Which is the reason why the boating heroes of modern times are prescribed the diet of half-cooked steaks. But, as to this cooking of venison for Fingal, hear matter-of-fact Macculloch: — "Near Tormore are to be seen some caves in the sandstone, the supposed habitations of traditionary heroes, not a little problematical. Fingal, like our Arthur, the ubiquarian king and warrior, is said to have occupied them during his hunting excursions. It is not improbable that they have been inhabited in later times, as they are much better adapted for human habitations than almost any caves in the Western islands, being dry, light, and convenient of access, while they are capacious enough to receive a large community. It is not long since the caves of Isla were inhabited, and those of Bridgenorth have been converted into commodious houses in the present days. In such circumstances the holes which, in the caves of Arran, seem to bespeak contrivances for cookery, may have been made." †

* Voyage to the Hebrides, pp. 181, 182.

† Vol. ii. p. 321. In the town of Kidderminster, and within a circuit of four miles, there are scores of houses made in the sandstone rock.

Close adjoining these caves, at Tormore, are traces of (supposed) Druidical circles and Celtic cairns, and there are also three pillars of old red sandstone sunk deeply in the ground, and five yards in height above the soil. Through one of these stones a hole has been drilled, and this hole (according to one account) received the cord that was passed round the victim's neck, and strung him up to the sacrifice*; but, according to another and more innocent version of the story, it was made in order that Fingal's dog, *Bran*, might be tied up to it. (By the way, the adjacent village is called She-dog; but whether this has anything to do with Fingal's dog, or if, indeed, *Bran* was of the feminine gender, we are not informed.) In the notes to Ossian's poems — poems of which Buonaparte was so fond, that they formed the chief portion of his poetical library†—Macpherson says, "there is a stone shown still at Dunscäi, in the Isle of Skye, to which Cathullin commonly bound his dog *Luath*." So here is a companion stone of a companion dog. "Bran is howling at his feet, gloomy Luath is

> "He cross'd his brow beside the stone,
> Where Druids erst heard victims groan;
> And at the cairns upon the wild,
> O'er many a heathen hero piled,
> He breath'd a timid prayer for those
> Who died ere Shiloh's sun arose."
>
> *Lord of the Isles*, canto v. 6.

† See Sir James Mackintosh's "History of England," vol. i. p. 86.

sad;" says Ossian, in "Temora."* And he thus sings of Bran:—"A deer fell by every dog; three by the white-breasted Bran." † "Bran does not shake his chains at the gate." ‡ "There shone to the moon the broken shield of Clatho's son, and near it, on the grass, lay hairy-footed Bran." § *Bran* signifies "a mountain stream;" it is a common name for a Scotch deer-hound. It was to Trathal, Fingal's grandfather, that the fall of the Druids may be imputed. He was the Vergobretus, or chief magistrate, and when a new war arose between the Caledonians and Romans, the Druids, in order to strengthen their position, attempted to resume their lapsed right to appoint the Vergobretus. On the refusal of Trathal to lay down his office a civil war arose, the Druids were conquered, and soon became extinct.

* Book i.

† Fingal, book vi. Cf. "Temora," book viii.

‡ Fingal, book v.

§ Temora, book vi. Macculloch has an interesting chapter on "Ossian" in the second volume of his "Highlands," pp. 190—225.

CHAP. IV.

ON HIGHLAND GROUND.

Ugadale. — MacNeal's Elopement. — A Point of Honour. — The Captain's Bible. — A teetotal Corsican Brother. — Ailsa Craig. — Glenlussa and its Volunteers. — The Sailor's Cup of Tea. — Island of Davar. — Campbelton Harbour and its Scenery. — We step on Highland Ground. — Old and slow; modern and swift. — Highland Porters. — We take our Ease in our Inn.

LITTLE south of Saddell is Ugadale, which also can boast of its traditions of Robert Bruce; but, as the story is chiefly connected with the mountain of Beinn-an-tuirc, of which I shall have occasion to speak in a future page, I need not now say any more concerning it, than that the estates of Ugadale and Arniele were given to Mackay by King Robert Bruce, in consideration of past kindnesses, and of Mackay having hospitably entertained the fugitive monarch at Ugadale. But there are some storied tra-

ditions, of later date concerning the owner of Ugadale, which are worth the telling. During the last century, the estate had come into the possession of the last of the Mackays of Ugadale, an heiress known by her Gaelic name of Ni'-mhic-Caidh, who married a MacNeal, and had a son, to whom, in due course, the estate passed. He was intimate with the Duke of Argyle, and was a frequent visitor at Inverary. There he met with a daughter of the Earl of Crawford, who fell in love with him, and (perhaps it was leap-year, and she took advantage of the ladies' law,) coolly proposed that he should run away with her. He was not altogether unwilling to do this, but being (as the tradition goes) "a very upright and honourable man," he could not commit the crime of eloping with a young lady, who was his fellow-guest at a friend's house. He therefore replied to Lady Lindsay's proposal, that his principles forbad him running away with her, but that he had no objection to her running away with him! which was as great a distinction without a difference, as that drawn by the young lady who would not give her lover a kiss, but would not object to his taking one. Of course, where there was no objection to the plan, the difficulties were smoothed towards its agreeable development. Lady Lindsay procured a horse, set MacNeal upon it behind her pillion, and then they trotted away from the duke's, and went and got

married. When he was afterwards taxed with the elopement, he defended himself by alleging that, in this case, the grey mare was the better horse; and that it was the lady who had run away with *him*. It proved to be a very happy match, and they lived at Losset, a portion of his property on the western side of the Mull of Cantire. This little local tradition, I dare say, is not to be found in the published records of the Lindsays; nor, probably, is the following little anecdote, which is told of Captain Hector MacNeal, the son of the hero who was run away with by a lady. (The anecdote, by the way, is somewhat of "an old Joe," and is laid at other people's doors than those of the gallant captain.) He was captain of a man-of-war in the service of King George the Third. When he first went to sea, his mother gave him a Bible, begging him to be diligent in its perusal. When he returned, she said, "I trust, Hector, that you have read your Bible?" "Oh, yes, mother," was the reply. "Show it to me," she said; and he brought it to her. She opened it, and found that some bank-notes which she had placed within its leaves had not been disturbed. "Oh, Hector, Hector!" she cried; "you have not opened your Bible since you went away." "I would have done so, if I had known that those notes were in it," was the ingenuous reply; "for sometimes I stood in need of them." When he died, however, he left a

good name behind him, especially for charity to the poor. The estates of Ugadale and Losset still remain in his family, as also does Tirfergus, which is near to Losset, and to which we shall subsequently refer.

By the time that these storied traditions can be told, Ugadale is left behind us, and we are steaming on our course, with many lingering looks at Arran's peaks. It would do us a great service if we could "see ourselves as others see us;" but I very much question if the inhabitants of Arran, a century and a half ago, could have recognised themselves in the following description by Martin. "The inhabitants of this isle are well-proportioned, generally brown, and some of a *black* complexion. . . . Their ordinary asseveration is by Nale, for I did not hear any oath in the island."

Steaming down Kilbrannan Sound, and looking, now to right and now to left, at the magnificent Highland scenery on either hand, our walk is arrested, as we pace the deck, towards the torrid zone of the boilers, by a small, circular iron trap-door suddenly opening at our very feet, and the vacancy of the aperture being as suddenly filled with a man's head. Very fortunately for the nose upon this head, our attention is not so entirely taken up by the mountains of Arran and Cantire, as altogether to divert our notice from our path upon the deck. The man's head rises before

our arrested feet, and his body slowly follows it, with the arms pinned tightly to the sides, like the ghost in "The Corsican Brothers." It is not a fat body, or it could not pass through that narrow trap-door; from his grimy appearance we know him to be the engineer. Streaming with perspiration, unctuous with grease, and panting for a breath of cool air, he takes his seat at the side of the vessel, and plunging a tin pannikin into a bucket of cold water, lifts the refreshing draught to his lips with all the *gusto* of a Malvern hydropathist. Having non-hydropathic ideas as to the danger of thus swallowing a pint of icy water, while in a fizzing state of heat, I offer him my brandy-flask — provided (as a matter of course!) for medicinal purposes only — and ask him to qualify his cold water with a portion of the contents of the flask. He thanks me, but shakes his head, somewhat sorrowfully, to decline my proffer: he has taken the pledge, and he therefore cannot do the same by the brandy. But, as I am about to re-pocket the flask and turn away, he stops me with the suggestion that there is a mate of his in the fiery regions below (nodding towards the boilers), who has not taken the pledge, and would, doubtless, be glad to take the brandy. I accept the suggestion, and he takes the flask, and with it a half-filled pannikin of water, and then descends through the little trap-door, *à la* Corsican Brother; leaving me to ponder on the problem

touching the personal identity of the mate, and whether or no these two Corsican Brothers might not be enacted by one and the self-same performer.

But all this time we are pursuing our course towards Campbelton; and the romantic rocks and serrated peaks of Arran are receding from our view, although we shall not altogether lose sight of them until we are safe within Campbelton harbour. If the exigencies of our position permitted us to indulge in unwonted song, surely the most appropriate air would be "Isle of beauty, fare thee well!" Fare thee well, for a time at least, for here we are pushing out of Kilbrannan Sound, and sighting that remarkable rock called Ailsa Craig,

"Risen from ocean, ocean to defy." *

Macculloch exactly describes our distant view of this lion of the Frith of Clyde. "In the distant horizon it forms an object peculiarly striking from its unexpected magnitude in the blue haze, and from the decided and sudden manner in which it rises from the sea. In this respect it presents a solitary feature in Scotland, rather reminding the spectator of the volcanic islands of the distant Pacific Ocean. The effect is often much increased by the position of the clouds, which so frequently involve its summit, adding inde-

* Wordsworth.

finite and ideal dimensions to its altitude." * Its real height is 1100 feet; ships can approach it within a close range, and, if fortified, the defence of the Frith of Clyde would be secured. We have passed Ardnacross, on the Cantire coast, where there is a little bay in which vessels may occasionally anchor, and into which flows a considerable stream. Straduigh Glen is in this locality, and runs from north to south of Glenlussa Glen, a highly romantic spot with a good salmon river. The young men in this glen were considered remarkable for strength and intelligence, and in the early days of George the Third a fine company of volunteers was raised from them, a proceeding which could not be accomplished now, as the glen is almost depopulated.† "About sixty years ago," says a late local writer, "a great many people came on Sabbath to church from this glen, all dressed with home-manufactured clothes, made to suit their shape and size. The females looked beautiful, with their linen caps and silk ribbons round them, far superior in elegance to the mode of dress used by females now-a-days."

In these sequestered Highland glens tea was an unheard-of luxury, long after it had been commonly used among the poor of great towns. At length a sailor, when he came home from sea, brought with him

* Vol. ii. p. 490.

† An excellent volunteer corps has been raised at Campbelton.

a pound of tea, as a present to his mother, who lived in Glenlussa. He went out to visit a neighbour, requesting his mother to have the tea ready made for him on his return. But this conversion of the dried leaves into a palatable article of consumption was as sore a riddle to the old Highland woman, as was the manufacture of the English plum-pudding to the Frenchman, who, being ignorant of the need of the pudding-cloth, served up the Christmas luxury in a tea-pot, and dispensed it in tea-cups to his English guests. But this Glenlussa woman had neither tea-pot nor tea-cup to suggest the method of preparing her pound of tea, so, after much anxious thought, she popped the tea into the pot of water that hung over the fire, and when it was well boiled poured off the water and took the potato "beetle," and pounded the tea as though it had been kale. She then mixed it up with meal, milk, and butter, and served it up in a stodgy mass upon a dish. The sailor was greatly amused, and asked his mother how she liked the tea. The old lady replied that she "did not think much of it, it was not so good as kale." *

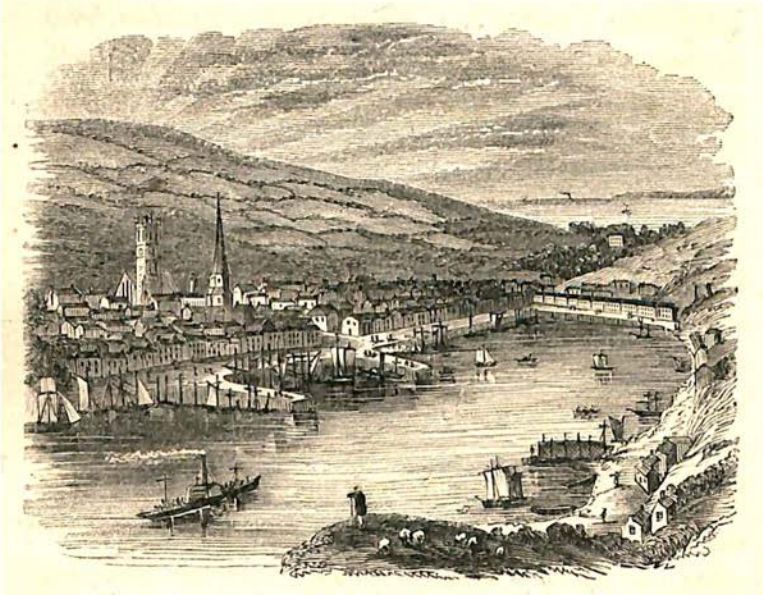
We have passed Glenlussa and other less important spots, and now we leave Arran behind us and steer in

* A tale is told in Sternberg's "Northamptonshire Glossary" (p. 112), of an old lady who boiled a pound of tea with her bacon, in lieu of cabbage, not knowing how to "cook it" otherwise.

for Campbelton harbour. At its very mouth or entrance it is landlocked by the natural breakwater made by the rocky island of Davar, which is an island, however, only at high water, being connected with the land on the south side by a spit of shingle. Davar is about a mile and a half in circumference, and consists of a lofty mass of rock, producing varieties of green and brown porphyry, and covered on its summit with a good grazing ground. The base of the precipitous rock has, on its southern side, been hollowed into caverns by the ceaseless action of the waves. Pennant says that vessels often used to mistake the entrance into the harbour, and steer for the southern, instead of the northern, side of Davar, and find out their error by running aground. But our captain has gone over the ground too often to make this mistake; and, even if it were a dark night instead of a sunny afternoon, there is now a revolving light on the north-east point of the island, to guide the mariner to his destination; so we safely steer a middle course between Davar and Trench Point, and enter the beautiful harbour of Campbelton.

The town was originally called in Gaelic *Ceann Loch*, "the head of the loch," and denotes its situation at the further end of the bay. The harbour widens after we have passed through its narrow neck; it is nearly two miles in length, with a depth of water

varying from five to thirteen fathoms. The largest vessel can enter it at any state of the tide, and approach close to the town. A sweep of lofty hills shuts in the harbour, and the town encircles the further end of the loch in a crescent-like form. It is a town of very respectable dimensions, containing its 7000 inhabitants, with its churches, and its outlying villas bordering the bay, its quays and harbours crowded



CAMPBELTON.

with fishing-boats and vessels in picturesque confusion. As we neared Campbelton, whose white houses and villas were reflected in the blue waters of the quiet bay, the setting sun was sinking over the hills behind

the town, and flooding the landscape with a golden splendour. It was a beautiful scene, and one that would amply repay the toil of a far more troublesome journey than that which we had been called upon to undertake; and its picture will form a *pendant* in my memory to that of Loch Ranza. They are rival beauties, but each deserving a crown of excellence.

In order to fortify my opinion let me here quote Macculloch's authority. "Fertile as is the west coast in harbours, there is not one that excels this; which, besides being spacious enough to contain a large fleet, is perfectly landlocked, easily entered, and has the best possible holding-ground. The high and bold rock of Davar covers it from the sea completely. . . . . Campbelton occupies the end of the bay on both sides, and is a town not only of very reputable appearance, but of considerable extent and population. Some extensive piers serve for receiving the smaller class of shipping; and as it is always swarming with fishing-boats and vessels of different kinds, it forms one of the gayest and liveliest scenes imaginable. Detached villas and single houses, scattered about the shore and the sides of the hills, not only add much to the ornamental appearance of the bay, but give an air of taste and opulence to the whole. A more picturesque and beautiful situation for a maritime town could not well be found; and, from different points, it presents some

fine views, uniting all the confusion of town architecture with the wildness of Alpine scenery, the brilliancy of a lake, and the life, and bustle, and variety incidental to a crowded harbour and pier."* I will not add quotations from less reliable authorities, to weaken the force of this passage. It is sufficient to say that Dr. Macculloch's opinion is echoed by the few writers who have made mention of Campbelton, and (I should imagine) by all those who have visited the town and bay. Certainly no one who saw the scene, as we first saw it, irradiated with all the glories of a brilliant sunset, could have differed with the learned doctor, and would only have amended his description by touching it up with some of those laudatory adjectives, a very *feu de joie* of which was poured forth by the young ladies on board, as we steamed up the lake-like waters of the beautiful bay, — "how charming! how lovely!! how exquisite!!! how splendid!!!! how very nice!!!!! how sweetly pretty!!!!!!"

We steam up between the mountains, and past pretty villas, and detached houses, and fishermen's huts, and rusty-looking nets hung out on high poles, until the houses creep closer to each other, and form themselves into thin lines, and then into a dense crescent-shaped mass, from among which, to the left, darts a weather-cocked spire, while a pinnacled tower, and other signs

* Highlands and Western Isles, vol. ii. pp. 63, 64.

and evidences of a well-to-do-town, make themselves visible above the confused heap of houses. We pass a battery, and the New Quay, and then, plunging in amid a crowd of boats and fishing-vessels, and dashing into reeling ripples the quiet reflections of white houses and painted boats, we swing broadside on alongside the Old Quay. There is a crowd upon the pier, and a nodding of heads, and other telegraphic signals, made by, and to, passengers on board whose arrival has been expected; and there is a mighty bustle, and a throwing out of ropes, and rattling of chains, and gathering together of luggage, and a furious raid upon it by a crowd of semi-savage gentlemen of the hybrid fisherman breed; and we step across the gangway, and, for the first time in our lives, set foot in the Highlands.

It is with no small pleasure that we find ourselves once more on *terra firma*. For, although we could congratulate ourselves on having had so favourable a passage, with no bodily discomforts to mar the pleasures of the day, yet, a voyage of six hours, even amid such romantic scenery as that of the Clyde, and the coast of Arran, will begin to tire poor human nature at the last; and the tourist — especially the lady tourist, unless she be gifted with the masculine powers of "the Unprotected Females" and some other recent female travellers, — will begin to sigh for shore, and the comforts of a room that is not a cabin, and that does not vibrate

to the throbs of a steam-engine. So we hailed the Highlands with a hearty Glad-to-see-you; and set foot on Cantire land with no small joy, and, perhaps, with a small and secret residue of pride that we had shown to ourselves and to our fellow-passengers that we were such capital sailors.

We had need, too, to congratulate ourselves that we lived in these present days when steam has passed into its vigorous youth, and that we had not been called upon to undertake the voyage a quarter of a century ago, when steam was yet but a crawling infant, and when the voyage to Campbelton would have been twelve hours instead of six. Still worse would it have fared with us half a century ago, when the twelve hours would have been twelve days—*if* winds and waves were propitious. But the route was so hazardous, that this momentous little "If" usually interfered to prolong the voyage to an indefinite extent; so that, in some instances, where goods have been ordered from Glasgow, and regularly shipped, and bills at three months drawn from the day the vessel sailed, these bills have become due before the goods have arrived in Campbelton. In those days, people made their wills before they undertook this long and perilous voyage that we have now so comfortably and pleasantly achieved in half a dozen hours. It is impossible that the next generation will be able to point to so marked a contrast effected in so

brief a time, though, since wonderful discoveries are now treading so closely upon each other's heels, that one remarkable invention is nullified in a few months by another still more remarkable invention, which, in its turn, is speedily reduced to comparative uselessness by some cleverer successor,—there is no knowing where this speed of transit will stop; and the next generation may probably be taking their return tickets at Glasgow for a sail down the Clyde, round Arran, to Campbelton to lunch, and back again to Glasgow to dinner, with appetites sharpened by the sea-breeze.

Indeed, something like this was done on the 7th of July, 1860, when the Lord Provost and magistrates of Glasgow, together with their friends, went on their annual inspection of "the Northern Lights," in the Frith of Clyde. They were on board the Glasgow and Belfast Royal mail steam-ship Giraffe, a magnificent vessel, 280 feet long, with double engines, and all the most recent improvements, built by the Messrs. Thomson of Glasgow, and running her birthday trip on that occasion. The day was still, warm, and beautiful; and the sea as placid as ever lay under summer sun; and the party landed at Campbelton pier, amid the ringing of bells, the inspiriting strains of music, and the joyous welcome of the population, who had turned out in great force to do the honours of the town. Then, after a while, they left Campbelton, amid the same demonstra-

tions, and steamed back to Glasgow, at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

We, however, are not on board the Giraffe, neither do we land amid popular demonstrations of joy, save such as ever encounter the tourist from expectant porters, and greedy land-sharks; and, thus, at six o'clock on this sunny summer's afternoon, we stand amid new sights and sounds upon Campbelton quay, while the customary scramble for our luggage is going on. A stalwart, bare-legged woman is the victor, who bodily carries off our bag and baggage to a truck, where she vainly endeavours to persuade us to leave it and speed on our way to our inn. This specimen of the Highlander's beast of burden (for this is but too generally the character of the women) appears to think her honesty impugned when I make answer that our luggage is but another portion of ourselves, and that she might as well attempt to separate us from it, as to detach her husband (who, the work being all over, has now lounged up) from that gill of whiskey, for which he will infallibly ask, when he has trundled up our goods to the inn. So, we form ourselves into a little procession: the husband tugs at the baggage-laden truck; the wife lustily shoves in the rear; and we march up Main Street, and past the Cross, to the corner of Argyle Street, where *the* White Hart receives us out of the evening sunshine, and where Mr. Freeborn soon

sets before us a comfortable tea, wherein the light artillery of plates of biscuits, and glasses of preserves, are mingled, in Scotch fashion, with the heavier metal of cold joints, and chicken, and hot chops.* Refreshed by the meal, with no headache, and but little fatigue, we are glad to wander out in the cool of the evening, and look about us.

* The tourist will find this a comfortable inn, the host and hostess civil and obliging, and their charges moderate. Open cars and other conveyances are kept here, and a couple of days might be very pleasantly passed in driving about to see "the lions."

CHAP. V.

THE LAND'S END OF SCOTLAND.

Cantire, geographical, historical, and antiquarian. — Who knows anything about Cantire? — Maps, Guide-Books, and other Publications making mention of Cantire. — Eureka! a novel Subject. — Scotch Mulls in general, and the Mull of Cantire in particular. — The most southern Northern Light. — Tides. — Highland Vagrants. — Highland Story-tellers. — The Laird of Carskey and his familiar Spirit. — Kilcolmkill and St. Columba. — His History and Miracles. — Modern Miraclemongers. — Columba's first Hebridean Church at Kilcolmkill. — A romantic Request. — Coneglen. — The Fort of the Land's End of Scotland.

OUR first step on Highland ground has brought us to the Land's End of Scotland, — for such is the meaning of the word "Cantire," or, as it is written in Gaelic, *Ceantire*, Land's end." *

Cantire is the southern portion of Argyleshire. It is a peninsula of more than forty miles in length, commencing at Tarbert with a narrow neck barely two

* On the authority of the Rev. Dr. Macleod, of Glasgow.

miles in width, and gradually widening out into the respectable peninsular proportions of some ten or twelve miles about the waist. As you look at it upon the map, this forty miles of land hangs by its neck from Tarbert, and dangles alongside the Isle of Arran, with its foot only prevented from treading on Irish ground by barely twelve intervening miles of Atlantic waves, but with the island of Rathlin for a stepping-stone between it and Ireland. Although Cantire as a whole is not equal to other portions of the Highlands in the grandeur, beauty, or diversity of its scenery, yet it contains many attractions; and, from the peculiarity of its peninsular position, has throughout its length and breadth that which many other portions of the Highlands cannot boast, — a grand sea view. Regarded from a historical point of view, Cantire is fully as interesting as any other part of Scotland; for it was the cradle of Christianity in south-western Scotland, and the original seat of the Scottish monarchy. It was the first land that the Scots possessed in what is now called Scotland, and the capital of their kingdom was the town now called Campbelton. Its nearness to Arran, to Ireland, and to the southern Hebrides gives it another special peculiarity among Highland districts, and also affords the chief reason why its sea views are of so varied and picturesque a character. To the historian, the antiquarian, the geologist, the botanist, the artist, the

fisherman, the sportsman, and to the tourist in search of a healthy climate, sea breezes, and fine landscapes, Cantire will amply repay a visit.

And yet, who knows anything about Cantire? Is there one in a hundred who even ever heard of Cantire? To begin at home, *de te fabula narratur*, I confess my own ignorance on the subject and the locality, until a friendly invitation had paved the way towards enlightening my ignorance. But is not there many a one among my readers to whom these pages will first convey the tidings that there *is* such a country, that its boundaries are so-and-so and its population so-and-so, and that its exports are herrings and whiskey, and its imports English sportsmen. Even the very chartographers, although when they draw you a map of Scotland they must necessarily mark down its Land's-end, yet will tell you little or nothing respecting Cantire; or, if they do condescend to mention its more important features, will do it on their own responsibility, and as it were from information supplied "out of their own heads;" for no two maps that I have seen (and, during the last six months, I have consulted as many maps in number as I could count upon the fingers of five or six of my friends) can agree as to the names of the places in Cantire, or to the method of spelling them. Even Cantire itself is variously spelt Kintyre, Cinntire, Ceantire, Cantyre, &c., while the nomenclature of the villages,

glens, and streams is as varied as it is unpronounceable.* Beginning with the map in the sixpenny *Bradshaw* (which advertises all the Campbelton steamers, but) which does not even mark down Campbelton, and yet gives prominence to the tiny island of Davar; and running through all the maps up to Mr. A. K. Johnston's large ten shilling "County-Map" of Argyllshire, which (on the authority of Mr. Stanford, of Charing Cross) is "the best map of Cantire," we find, on consulting them, so much diversity and so many errors, that it is very evident that we must wait for the Ordnance Survey before we can obtain anything like a

* The natives tell me that there are two ways of spelling the word; viz. Cantire, or Kintyre, either of which is correct. And I see that Mr. Campbell, in his "West Highland Tales," spells it Cantire (vol. ii. p. 36) and Kintyre (vol. ii. p. 53), indifferently. "Cantyre," I am told by Gaelic purists, is a word for which there is no authority, although Scott thus spells it, and Macculloch and others follow his example. Among much that is very interesting concerning the Gaelic language and its dialects, Mr. Campbell says, "It is my own opinion, and it is that of Mr. Maclean, that the Gaelic language is the same from Cape Clear in Ireland, to Cape Wrath in Scotland, though there are many dialects, and there is much variety. . . . An Argyleshire Highlander is known in the north by his accent, just as a Yorkshireman would be found out in Somersetshire. . . . The author of a very good dictionary says, under the word *Coig*, that 'in the islands of Argyleshire every word is pronounced *just as Adam spoke it.*' Dr. Johnson pronounced the whole to be the rude speech of a barbarous people; and the Saxon knew as much of Gaelic as the Celt did of Adam." (Vol. i. pp. cxxvi, cxxvii.)

tolerably correct chartography of the Land's End of Scotland.*

I suppose that it is from Cantire lying so much out of the beaten track of tourists that it has been so little known, or so little described in print. As for the tourist's Guide-books, if they refer to this part of the world at all, they are content with a passing reference to Campbelton, Tarbert, and the Mull of Cantire.† And

* From a private source I have been informed that "the best and most accurate map of Cantire is that by Langlands and Son. It is on a large scale, and copies of it are now rare." This map I have not seen. In Mr. A. K. Johnston's map of Cantire, above referred to, there are frequent examples where names convey erroneous information, even when correctly noted down, as to locality and spelling. Thus, in the neighbourhood of Glenbarr Abbey, there are some names of other houses marked in equally enlarged characters, and with the like representation of a little house, to denote that they are places of unusual importance; and one would naturally conclude that they are mansions of similar dimensions and rank; whereas they are nothing more than miserable farm-houses, of one story high, and not half so important in size or appearance as the generality of farm outbuildings in an English country village, and sink below the level of an English labourer's cottage.

† I must make honourable exception in favour of M'Phun's "Pleasure Excursion to the Highlands," a shilling guide-book, written by Mr. Wm. Wallace Fyfe, and re-published in 1858. I say "re-published," but not re-written; for it is nothing more than an old book in a new cover. The book is identically the same, including the preface (which speaks of "the present edition being enlarged," &c.), with the edition published in 1850 under a different title. Although, from this circumstance, much of the information has not improved in correctness by thus being kept, yet the book is very carefully compiled, and will be found a pleasant and informing companion.

sometimes not so much as that; for the most expensive, and in many respects the best as well as the most popular of all the Guide-books, Black's "Picturesque Guide to Scotland," although in 1859 it had passed through fourteen editions, yet does not even mention Campbelton, or bestow any of its descriptive or illustrative powers upon the peninsula of Cantire. Except from the scanty descriptions in Gazetteers, the curious reader would experience no small difficulty in obtaining much authentic information regarding this interesting Land's End of Scotland. Pennant's account is very meagre: he briefly notices Tarbert and Campbelton, and but little else. Macculloch, in his earlier book, only refers to the geology of Cantire, and in his later work bestows very scanty writing upon Cantire. He briefly notices the Mull of Cantire, but does not even mention Dunaverty; and his account of the thirty miles of country between Machrihanish Bay and Loch Tarbert, is compressed into twenty lines. Dr. Beattie, in his large illustrated work on Scotland, only speaks of Tarbert, and makes no further reference to Cantire.

Lord Teignmouth describes Tarbert and Campbelton and some places (such as Saddell) on the eastern coast, but says, "the scenery on the western side of Cantire is not worth notice.* This, however, is a matter of opinion; and Lord Teignmouth had already said of the Kyles

* Lord Teignmouth's "Scotland," vol. ii. p. 375.

of Bute, now one of the great attractions for Scotch tourists, "The Kyle of Bute offers no scenery worthy of notice."* "A Historical Account of Campbelton" was published by Dr. Smith nearly half a century ago, and has formed the basis for all subsequent accounts; and an illustrated history of "Campbelton and its neighbourhood, by William Smith," in forty-three folio pages, was published in 1833; but I have failed to meet with either of these works in public libraries of nearly 100,000 volumes, and they will probably be unknown to the general reader.† An account of Cantire will be found in the "Statistical Account of Scotland," published in 1843; but this book also would not be easily accessible to the general reader, nor would the information it contained come before him in a very palatable state. From these volumes, however (bringing into use the theory of selection), I will extract, for the reader's benefit, anything that may seem suitable or interesting, duly comparing it with and correcting it by such later information as I have been able to obtain, either by my own observation or by the kindness of Cantire friends, by which means I trust that the reader may gain some reliable information concerning a very interesting but little known country. There is also another account of Cantire that would not come under

* Lord Teignmouth's "Scotland," vol. i, p. 25.

† I have been unable to obtain a sight of Dr. Smith's work; but it is quoted in the Statistical Account, &c.

the notice of the general reader. It is a pamphlet printed (I believe) for private circulation, and not to be bought, written by Mr. Peter MacIntosh, catechist at Campbelton. From this publication, of which a copy has kindly been given to me, I shall have frequent occasion to quote; but although it contains much that is valuable and interesting, its information is not always to be depended upon, and must be used with caution.* When Hugh Miller made his "Cruise of the Betsy," he unfortunately sailed round the Mull of Cantire in the dark, and did not land at Islay until sunrise next

* For example, he says that Beinn-an-Tuirc is "1000 to 1500 feet" above the level of the sea. At the best this is a very loose way of giving the approximate height of a mountain; but it so happens that the real height of this mountain, as determined by trigonometrical survey, is 2170 feet. Cnoc Maigh, on the Mull of Cantire, he very precisely determines to be "but two or three feet lower" than this mountain, whose height he is unable to determine to a matter of 500 feet! Its real height is 2036 feet. (See the "Statistical Account of Scotland," pp. 437, 454.) Of Saddell monastery — the history of which we have already seen — he says, "The church was not erected by St. Columba, but is of a more modern construction, though the date of its erection cannot be ascertained." It is clear that this inhabitant of Campbelton had not access to Dr. Smith's "Historical Account," or to Smith's "History," or he would have been able to have given more authentic information concerning Saddell monastery. But his pamphlet has, in certain matters, afforded me very much assistance, which I here beg gratefully to acknowledge. With this general acknowledgment I shall quote from it, and the other works just mentioned, without confusing or encumbering my pages with useless references.

morning. Sir Walter Scott, in the "Lord of the Isles," makes reference to "wild Cantyre," * and the narrow neck of the peninsula at Tarbert.

Professor Wilson speaks of "the many-based, hollow rumbling western coast of that unaccountable county, Argyleshire," but says nothing specially concerning Cantire. Maxwell, in his "Highlands and Islands," † mentions that he sailed into Campbelton harbour in his friend's yacht, yet he does not say one word as to the scenery or the place, but indulges in a rhapsody on the comforts, and luxuries, and "culinary capabilities" of a first-class yacht. One of the authors of Anderson's (half-guinea) "Guide to the Highlands," appears to have satisfied himself that the distant view of the western coast of Cantire, as seen from the deck of a steamer when crossing from Tarbert to Islay, was quite sufficient for all the purposes of his "Guide." "On passing Ardpatrick Point," he says, "the appearance of the bleak, sombre, heathy hills of Cantire and Argyle is quite uninteresting; and the passenger will feel no reluctance in being carried away from the coast" (p. 350). There is a considerable degree of cool assurance in putting forth such a sentence as this. It reminds us of the legal endorsement, "Bad case: abuse plaintiff's attorney!" If, from force of circumstances in compiling a Guide-book, you are unable to describe

* Canto iv. 12. † Vol. i. p. 32.

a tract of land, from the very sufficient but unsatisfactory reason that you are carried away from it, the easiest way to get over the difficulty is to tell your readers that the country is utterly uninteresting, and need not call for any remark. "Manners, none: Customs, beastly;" let us get away from the place as fast as we can. And so, because Cantire is out of every one's way, and does not lie in the high road to the most familiar sights, it must either be unnoticed or dismissed with a sneer.

But when we have read nineteen pages further on in "Anderson's Guide" (a book which, despite my present fault-finding, I regard as the fullest and best Guide-book to the Highlands, and which without the aid of illustrations has now held its own for nearly thirty years), we find ourselves taken to another "Route," —for this is one of those Guide-books that condemn the tourist to a system of "Routes" or "Tours," from which, if the traveller deviates one jot or tittle, or presumes to commence his journey at the wrong end, he is altogether thrown out, and has to read his Guide-book backwards (as though it were a Hebrew volume), or to puzzle out his journey by intricate references to the Index;—and this "Route" takes the traveller to "Cantire and Isles of Ailsa and Arran," and devotes nearly seven pages to a description of Cantire, in which is the following sentence, describing that portion of the

coast condemned as "quite uninteresting," by the writer of the previous "Route." "From its southern extremity (*i. e.*, West Loch Tarbert), the road running almost all the way to Mackerihanish Bay along the shore, forms a pleasing ride, and commands noble sea views towards Jura and Islay" (p. 370).

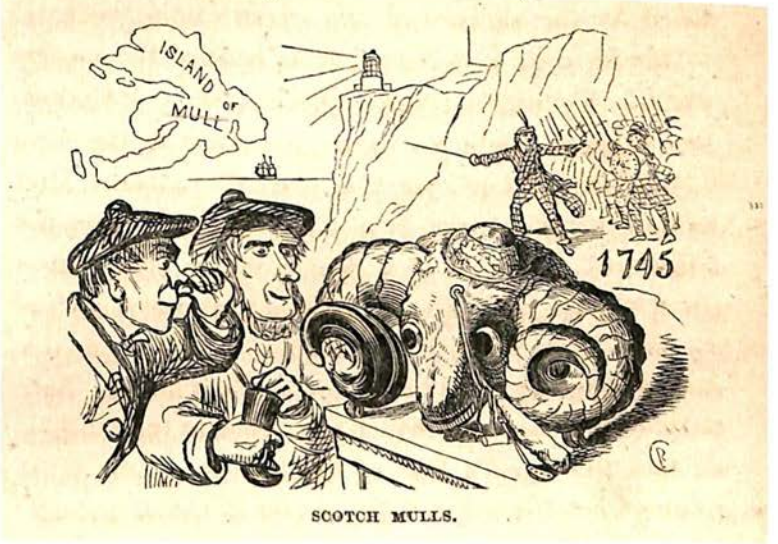
Since the island of Skye has become the fashion, all Argyleshire south of Inverary, and all the Hebrides south of Rum, or "Mull's mountain shores," have been thrown out of the tourist's track. From Dr. Johnson's time to the present day, nearly every "Tour to the Hebrides" that has been published might have been entitled "Highlands, Islands, and Skye-lands;" for the reader might be very sure that "the Hebrides" was a name given only to a small portion of those three hundred Western Isles, and that that portion related to its northern division, and most probably to "the misty hills of Skye." I have mentioned (so far as a diligent search has enabled me to do this) all the books in which the interesting district of "the Land's End" of Scotland is in any way described. Such books, as we have seen, are but very few: their information is either very scanty and incorrect; or else, in those few cases where it is reliable and tolerably full, it is either mixed up with other matters in a form very hard to be digested, or hid away in books which may very safely be pronounced to be unknown to, and unattainable by,

that highly erudite and otherwise well-informed person, "the general reader."

In these days of multifarious pennings of places and people, when the "Complete Letter-Writer," who provides you with a stereotyped form of epistolary communication for every circumstance of life, is altogether outstripped by the complete "Tourist's Guide," who will give you a more or less faithful description of every place to which you may or may not wish to go, it is a rare accident to light upon a virgin spot of earth innocent as yet of much author's craft, and for whom the scribbler's ink has not yet been greatly spilled. Few districts are there in the United Kingdom whose charms have been as yet unsung. Well, therefore, might the author, in search of a subject, shout an *Eureka* when he steps upon Campbelton pier; and, looking northwards towards Tarbert, sees a long stretch of twice twenty miles of western coast, with its villages, and farms, and country seats; its churches, and manses, and schools; its mountains, and moors, and lochs, and rivers; its fisheries and shootings; its good roads, traversed twice a day by a dashing mail-cart, but not once crossed by an obstructive silver-extracting turnpike, — well, indeed, might the subjectless author echo the glad "Eureka" of Archimedes and Mr. Shirtmaker Ford, for he hath lighted on a land of which there is but the barest record in print.

The Mull of Cantire is the veritable "Land's End," the southernmost point of the Peninsula. Pennant says that it was "the *Epidii promontorium* of the Romans, noted for the violence of the adverse tides, compared to the force of a *mill*-race, from whence the modern name." Pennant's etymology, however, is erroneous; for, although there are many meanings to the word "Mull" in Scotland, yet this particular kind of Mull means "a promontory, or point;" though it does not follow that the point of a Scotch jest is synonymous (in slang language) to the *mull* of that jest, notwithstanding Sydney Smith's declaration that it required a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotchman. But, to come to the point,—which is to come to the Mull,—we find this Land's End of Scotland to consist of a group of heath-covered hills, or (for in the Highlands it is difficult to say where a "mountain" begins and a "hill" terminates) to use Lord Teignmouth's expression, "the Mull is a huge pile of mountains." The loftiest of the range,—Cnoc-maigh, or Knockmoy, "the Hill of the Plain," may fairly be conceded to range among the mountains of Scotland, for it is 2036 feet above the level of the sea; although, together with its companion Cantire mountain, Beinn-an-Tuirc, whose altitude is 2170 feet, it is not included in the tabular lists of the heights of mountains given in Black's "Guide" and other works, where mountains of not half

the elevation are mentioned.* The other hills on the Mull of Cantire vary from about 1200 feet down to 200, or 280, the height of the bold rocky cliff on which



SCOTCH MULLS.

the lighthouse is built. This lighthouse, the most southern of the "Northern Lights," was originally erected at the latter end of the past century†, but was

* One of the latest and most compendious of the Gazetteers of Scotland, thus sums up its description of Cantire:—"The long narrow peninsula of Knapdale and Kintyre, extending nearly fifty miles southward, with a mean breadth of about seven miles, rises at its southern extremity to an altitude of about 1000 feet above sea level; but elsewhere is *very moderately*, and even *gently hilly*, has many interspersions of plain and valley, and wears an arable, *sheltered*, and softly picturesque appearance."

† By Mr. Peter Stuart of Campbelton. The light room and the

renewed in 1820 from the designs of Mr. Robert Stephenson, who was the engineer to the Commissioners for the Northern Lights. It has a circular tower forty feet high, domed with copper, and the light can be seen for a distance of thirty miles. Ballycastle, in Ireland, is only eighteen miles distant, and the Irish coast comes still nearer to the Mull. "It is the nearest point of the whole island of Great Britain to Ireland," says the late Rev. D. Kelly, the minister of Southend, "the distance being computed to be only eleven and a half miles between the promontory and Tor Point, in the county of Antrim." This inconsiderable distance would denote the Mull of Cantire as being a favourable spot for laying a submarine telegraph to connect Great Britain with Ireland, unless, indeed, the sea at this point is too perpetually violent for the success of the undertaking. The coast is peculiarly hazardous, and off the Mull there is a great peculiarity in the tides. At the distance of three miles from the shore, a depth

reflecting apparatus were brought from Edinburgh, and carried on men's shoulders over the mountains, for the road through the Mull was not made till 1828. The light was first exhibited on Dec. 1, 1788. "The British Pharos" describes the light as "a stationary light, appearing like a star of the first magnitude at the distance of six or seven leagues." The point of Corsewall bears S.S.E. from this twenty-six miles; Portpatrick Light, S. by E., thirty-seven miles; the Maiden Rocks, S. by W. ½ W., distant twenty miles; Copeland Light, S. by W. ½ W., distant thirty-eight miles.

Cuthbert Bede, delt:

Hanhart, Chromo-lith.

of twelve fathoms is sometimes found. The spring tides run at six miles an hour; the neap tides at about three. Within a mile and a half of the promontory there runs an eddy tide like a whirlpool, and much stronger than that which runs in the channel; as, when the tide runs to the westward, this eddy tide runs to the eastward along shore, and vessels have often been driven on shore from ignorance of this peculiarity. So powerful is the tide that rolls round the Mull, that it throws up the sand and gravel at Carskay Bay, so as to make an embankment, which has turned to the westward the stream that flows down Glen Breckry. The wild and varied magnificence of the rocks projecting into this stormy ocean, and exposed to all the fury of the waves and the outrage of tempests, is peculiarly striking. The solitude of the spot is broken only by the hoarse thundering of the waves, for scarcely a sea-bird is to be seen here; and for the same cause, — namely, the absence of fish who love not the perpetual conflict of the tides, no fisherman here perils his life in his hazardous trade. A wild fury prevails over the scene.

The precipitous sea-wall of this iron-bound shore * is girt at its base by innumerable rocks, appearing from the waves in all kinds of jagged and fanciful

* Consisting of immense masses of mica slate and quartz.

shapes; three of these at the foot of the lighthouse cliff, are known as "The Merchants," or "Pedlars." The sea is never tranquil at this spot, but ever in wild unrest; the conflicting tides lash the waves into a state of perpetual madness, so that there ever appears to be a storm raging at the foot of the Mull, when all around is calm and quiet. It requires no great play of the fancy to imagine the scene presented by this coast in tempestuous weather; and, in order to avoid its dangers, boats were frequently dragged across the neck of the peninsula at Tarbert, as we read in "The Lord of the Isles." There have been many hundreds of shipwrecks off the Mull of Cantire, and many crews have gone down without it having been possible to afford them the slightest aid. With this thought before me, it is therefore very gratifying to be able to record the establishment of a life-boat station at a point where it is so terribly needed. Lady Murray, of Edinburgh, has given the munificent sum of 520*l.* for this purpose; and the Royal National Life-Boat Institution have undertaken the formation of the station, which is now in progress. The boat station, however, will be at Campbelton, which, from its central position, equally commands the Mull of Cantire and Machrihanish Bay, besides other dangerous parts of the eastern and western coasts. Besides this station, the Life-Boat Institution have a second station at Irvine (on the west

coast), also in course of formation; and have eight other stations at Ayr, Thurso, Buckie, Banff, Lossiemouth, Fraserburgh, St. Andrews, and North Berwick. It will thus be seen that the rugged coast of Scotland is very inadequately provided with those appliances for preserving life and property from shipwreck, of which a maritime country ought to be possessed; and, as the first formation of a life-boat station does not cost more than 400*l.*, and as its efficiency can be maintained for an annual outlay of 40*l.*, it surely is better policy (to take the lowest ground of argument) to invest so comparatively small a sum in such a noble insurance society, than to run the risk of losing priceless lives and valuable cargoes at such dangerous parts of our coast as those of which the Mull of Cantire may be taken as a type. Lady Murray's noble gift is a splendid exemplar text, which preaches to all those who have the ability to "go and do likewise." *

On the slope of the hill behind the lighthouse is a flag-staff, where a rain-gauge is kept; and not far off is a vitrified fort. The view from this spot is most extensive; Ireland, the Isle of Man, Arran and Bute, the Ayrshire coast, and Islay and Jura, are included in the panorama. It is said that the Mull of Cantire was once so thickly populated, that a beggar who

* See Appendix.

commenced his round at Balligrogan on the western coast, could find hospitable entertainment for the space of four months between that place and Southend, on the eastern coast, a distance under twenty miles. These vagrants were the walking newspapers of those times; they played on the bagpipes or fiddle, and they told legendary tales, sang Gaelic songs, and recited the poems of Ossian. They were, therefore, very welcome guests, and there was as much stratagem evinced in obtaining their presence at a farm-house, and as much complacent cackling when the stratagem was crowned with success, as could ever be shown by any Lady Mayfair in entrapping the latest lion to her Tuesday evenings. "If my fiddle won't give me milk," said one of these sturdy rovers, "she will give me music." But he knew very well that the whiskey "mild as milk," would speedily be offered in exchange for the scraping. But another, who was a bagpiper, would not drink whiskey, saying, "It is too strong for me; I saw a far stronger man than myself whom it whirled into a ditch." Another vagrant met the Duke of Argyle, and said to him, "Mr. Duke, I have a petition for you." "What is it, John?" asked his Grace. "I cannot read it," replied John, "but I can say it. I wish you to allow me more fat beef than I am getting." "You shall have plenty of fat beef, John," said the Duke. Another man, with a good knowledge of the

Scriptures, would wander about holding arguments at the very top of his voice, with the devil and the pope. One day, when a lady gave him charity, he said, "Now I must thank God in the first place for this favour, and next the lady." He then uncovered his head, and solemnly thanked God, and then turned to the lady and repeated his gratitude.

Such characters are still to be met with in certain parts of the Western Highlands and Islands, though, it is to be feared, that they will soon be as extinct a race as stage coachmen or old charleys. Mr. Campbell's "Popular Tales of the West Highlands" give us some very pleasant information concerning them, and would appear to assign their partial destruction to the efforts of "the minister and the schoolmaster." We are told that "the recitation of tales during the long winter nights is still very common. The people gather in crowds to the houses of those whom they consider good reciters, to listen to their stories. They appear to be fondest of those tales which describe exceedingly rapid changes of place in very short portions of time, and have evidently no respect for the unities. During the recitation of these tales the emotions of the reciters are occasionally very strongly excited, and so also are those of the listeners, almost shedding tears at one time, and giving way to loud laughter at another." *

* Vol. i. p. 12.

"I found the story-tellers to be men with clear heads, and wonderful memories, generally very poor and old, living in remote corners of remote islands, and speaking only Gaelic; in short, those who have lived most at home, furthest from the world, and who have no source of mental relaxation beyond themselves and their neighbours."* Mr. Campbell mentions more than one West Highland man (who could neither read nor write) who would declaim the poems of Ossian two hundred lines at a time, and tell a wild weird legend whose recital would occupy a couple of long evenings. The late Rev. Dr. Stuart, minister of Luss, knew an old Highlander in the Isle of Skye, who repeated to him for three successive days, and during several hours each day, without hesitation, and with the utmost rapidity, *many thousand* lines of ancient poetry, and would have continued his repetitions much longer if the Doctor had required him to do so.†

This once populous Mull of Cantire is now quite deserted, and turned into a large sheep farm. When Lord Teignmouth visited it in 1827, only three shep-

* Vol. i. p. 31.

† For other examples of Highland recitations and powers of memory, see Stewart's "Sketches," vol. i. § 8. The Icelanders repeat interminable Sagas, word for word, if compared with a book. For the reciting powers of modern Greek blind bards, see Grote's "History of Greece," vol. ii. p. 197 (4th edition). See also Max Müller's "History of Sanskrit Literature," (p. 497) for the still more surprising facts connected with the early Vedic literature.

herds resided upon it, though, a few years previous, it was inhabited by twenty families. If, therefore, the recruiting sergeant of a Highland regiment should ever beat up this district, the same remark could be made to him that was once made to a Highland chieftain whose clansmen had been driven to other lands, "Ye must recruit with the colly dog, for there is nothing but sheep upon your hills!"

Passing from the Mull towards the east, we come to Carskay, where "once upon a time" lived a laird who had a familiar spirit called *Beag-bheul,* or "little mouth," which talked to him, and took great care of him and his property. "Little mouth" once told him of a great battle that would be fought in Cantire, and that the magpie would drink human blood from off a standing stone erected near Campbelton. The stone was removed and converted into a bridge, but the battle has not yet been fought.

A stream called the Breckry, rising in the mountain of Cnoc-maigh, falls into Carskay Bay. The mountainous scenery of Glen Breckry is fine; the rocks are chiefly composed of mica-slate, and mountain sandstone or quartz. In this glen lived *An Dotair Beag,* "the little doctor," who had cunning power over herbs, and endeavoured to make his patients believe that he performed his cures by the aid of magical charms, an endeavour in which he was tolerably successful. Another

inhabitant of this glen was a Mr. Dunbar, who, for fifty years, kept a school in this wild district.* It has been said of him, that he could compose a satire that was not unworthy of Burns himself.

From Glen Breckry we come to Kilcolmkill, near Keill, where is the ancient church and burying-ground of St. Columba, and the pedestal of a large stone cross, of which we shall hear more in a future chapter. The name of Kilcolmkill is said by tradition, to be derived from that Irish Prince named Colum, whom we know as St. Columba, "the Apostle of the Picts," or, as Martin, in his "Western Isles," funnily calls him "Columba the Clergyman." *Kil* means "a Cell, or Church," therefore the name signifies the "Cell of St. Colum (the founder) of Churches." Shakspeare tells us that the body of King Duncan was "carried to Colm's kill," which was Icolmkill, otherwise called Icolumbkill, and now commonly known as Iona †, but still called by the Hebrideans by its old name of I or Hy, "the island," for, it was *the* island *par excellence*, the

> "Isle of Columba's Cell,
> Where Christian piety's soul—cheering spark
> (Kindled from heaven between the light and dark
> Of time) shone like the morning star." ‡

* There is a good school house here, supported by the proprietors and by the Edinburgh Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

† *Iova* would be more correct, just as *Hebrides* should be *Hebudes*.

‡ Wordsworth's "Poems of the Imagination," Tour, 1833, sonnet xxxv.

St. Columba's baptismal name was Criomthan, and his cognomen of Columbnakill, "the Dove of the Church," was simply a nickname given him by his companions out of irony, to express the ungovernable vehemence of his temper, which had brought him into great trouble in his native land, and finally caused his expulsion from thence. For, to avenge the death of a ward, Colum had waged war against his sovereign, King Dermot, and had been defeated in the battle of Kill Drummie. Dermot banished him, and the Abbot Molaise, to whom Colum had vowed obedience, bade him, when he left Ireland, never look upon its shores again; a command which Colum obeyed, for, his final resting-place of Iona was chosen because his native country could not be seen from thence, and when he was called upon by Aodh (Hugh) King of Ireland to attend the meeting of Drumcat, in 588, he landed upon the Irish coast with bandaged eyes. The Abbot Molaise had also bidden Colum expend his superfluous energies in endeavours to convert the Northern Picts, and, in this holy work, to seek for reformation and forgiveness. This was in the year 561, according to the best authorities, when Colum was forty years of age*, possessed

* Bede, however, says that Colum did not leave Ireland till 565, when he was forty-two years of age, and that he came to Britain in the ninth year of the reign of Bridius. Keating, in his "History of Ireland," says that there were twenty-two saints named Colum, which may account for some of the discrepancies in dates, &c.

of extraordinary talents, and eminent piety, a model of manly beauty, and with a voice that was even more powerful than that of Mr. Spurgeon. Indeed, if we might believe his biographer, St. Adamnan, his voice had that miraculous quality, that, while it did not seem to be loud to his brethren who were in the Church, yet it could be distinctly heard at a distance of five hundred, or a thousand paces, and even by those who were more than a mile away. And, Adamnan also tells us, that when St. Columba was chanting outside King Brude's fortifications, and the Pagan Druids endeavoured to drown his voice, he sang a Psalm with such amazing power, that it was like the sound of thunder.

A word as to St. Adamnan's work.* It contains a detailed account of fifty prophecies made by St. Columba, which (of course) came true, forty-six miracles performed by him, and twenty-two apparitions of angels that at divers times appeared to him; and it has therefore found favour in the eyes of Romanists, so much so, that, in the latter part of 1860, a trans-

* Adamnan was the fourth abbot of Iona. He died in 704, and had conversed with those who knew St. Columba, to whom he was of kin, being descended (through his mother) from Conan, King of Ireland, grandfather to St. Columba. Cuonian, the third abbot of Iona (who may have seen St. Columba), also wrote a biography of him. Among modern lives of St. Columba, I may mention that published by Dr. Smith, of Campbelton, in 1798. Of modern editions of Adamnan's life, that edited by Dr. Reeves is the most important.

lation of it was issued "to help on the cause of Catholic literature." We cannot be surprised at this, in days when Cardinal Wiseman quotes the Montalembert miracle of "Saint" Elizabeth of Hungary, in his Christmas Pastoral for 1860, and when men (like Newman) think miracles to be "the sort of facts proper to ecclesiastical history." We have had an abundance of these "facts," from the days of "the Thundering Legion," down to the days of winking and sweating pictures, and blood that liquefied to the very moment, in obedience to the command of that laugher-in-his-sleeve, Garibaldi. Classical history too has a plentiful blackberry-crop of similar "facts," and they make very pretty reading, and cast many flowers on the school-boy's thorny path. They have a classical peculiarity about them which is but natural, just as "the sort of facts" to which Newman refers have also their own indigenous peculiarity, viz. that Popish miracles always occur in Popish countries; which, in its way, is as providential a circumstance as the flowing of large rivers by large towns. Nothing is easier than to take the history of the past, and encrust it with fictions. It is an occupation that is the pastime of the Romish writer, and the profit of the Romish priest. In the nature of things, it must fall to the lot of posterity to canonise the dead; and it would be but a useless work to enrol in the list of Romish saints any indivi-

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dual whose mortal deeds were not tinged with an immortal hue. Miracles impart this *couleur de rose* to a prosaic life, and "distance lends enchantment to the view," and many an honest gentleman, who, in the plodding round of his everyday life, had never even dreamed of setting the Thames on fire, would, if he could arise from his grave, awake, and find himself famous, after a fashion of which he had no anticipation. It is necessary to bear in mind, that the miraculous narrative is generally considerably posterior to the alleged miracle, as in the case of "St." Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits. He was so far an honest man, that he never attempted to humbug his followers into the belief that he was possessed of miraculous powers, nor were they attributed to him in any contemporary narrative, or in any of the Biographies written shortly after his death. But, when his generation was clean gone, and they who could have given evidence on the question of his miracles were in their graves, then, his followers, growing ambitious as they increased in numbers and importance, commenced the invention of that long list of miracles, which gave their founder a place in the Romish calendar, and which have since formed (to Romanists) the most interesting portion of the "Saint's" biography. And, thus it appears to have been with Adamnan's Life of St. Columba. He wrote what he had learned from others;

and, with great simplicity, he tells us that though he did not actually see those wonderful miracles that he has recorded, yet that his belief in them is confirmed beyond a doubt, by the *miracles* that he himself saw on three several occasions (which are detailed), when, after the invocation of St. Columba, unfavourable winds were changed into propitious breezes. But, perhaps we cannot wonder at modern Romanists for bringing St. Adamnan into prominence, for he was the first who introduced Romanising innovations into the apostolic simplicity and purity of the Church of Iona.

To continue the narrative of St. Columba. "He left his country," says Mrs. Hamilton Gray, "with a heavy heart, accompanied by twelve coadjutors*, and landed in Cantire; where he remained until his sentence had been partially reversed by an Irish Council, which declared that he had acted upon great provocation, and that the punishment exceeded the offence. In

* Commonly said to be in imitation of the twelve apostles; but St. Columba's character does not warrant this belief; and Bede too says that there were thirteen. Adamnan mentions one of them, by name Lugbeus Mocumin, to whom St. Columba had told of a fire of sulphur that was then being poured down from heaven on an Italian city, and destroying 3000 souls; and that sailors should come from Gaul and speak of this, before the year was out. (It was then just after harvest time.) In a few months after this Lugbeus accompanied the saint to Cantire, and there met with the captain and sailors of a ship that had just arrived from Gaul, who told them of the fate of the city and its inhabitants, as it had been prophesied by St. Columba.

Cantire he exercised the charm of his great superiority over every one whom he approached; and Connal," the fifth king of the Dalriad Scots, "was soon completely under his influence, and engaged in every way to forward his penitential mission. He sent him with an honourable escort, and as a master in wisdom, to Brude, King of the Picts; and Colum made so wonderful an impression upon that monarch, that, notwithstanding the opposition of the Druids, he declared himself a Christian, and recognised Christianity as the religion of his people. The chiefs followed their monarch, and the people their chiefs; and thus, without persecution, Christianity silently and surely settled its churches in every district of Pictavia. Colum converted the Arch-Druid Broichan by curing him of a lingering disease; and he appealed to the Prince of Orkney, whom he met at the Court of Brude, to favour the Christians already in Orkney, and to protect the preachers whom he should send there." * Soon after, the beautiful "Island of Druids," *Innis nan Druid a nach*, soon to be world-renowned, under the name of Iona, whence "savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion," † was conferred upon Colum, by Kings Connal and Brude.‡

* The Empire and the Church. † Dr. Johnson.

‡ Brude, Bridius, or Bridei, surnamed "Potentissimus," ascended the Pictish throne in 556. He defeated the Dalruadhini in 557. It

Colum became "Iona's saint," in the year 565, having arrived in Cantire either in 561, or 3,— for both dates

would be out of place here to enter upon any disquisition on that oft-mooted question, Who were the Picts? It is evident that they were of the Caledonian race. Caledonia, it will be remembered, was that great section of Scotland comprising the Highlands north of Loch Fyne, but not including Cantire. The Scots and the Picts were congenial races, of a common origin, and of common tongues, and could easily be fused into one people. Kenneth was the very person who could best do this, for he was the grandson, on his mother's side, of the Pictish kings Constantine and Ungus the Second. On the death of Uven, the last son of Ungus, Kenneth had claimed the Pictish crown as his by right. "Two successive and successful competitors kept it for five years from his grasp, but both wore it amid disturbance and in misery, and at last met a violent death at Forteviot, the seat of his power. Kenneth could dexterously take advantage of such confusions as arose from the loss of a battle, or the death of a king, to achieve an important revolution; and, finding no man bold enough again to contest his claim, he easily stepped into the vacant throne. In his person a new dynasty, and a consolidation of popular interests among two great peoples who had hitherto been at variance, began." (Forsyth.) A new period now began, generally called "the Scottish" (in distinction to the Dalruadhinian period), which continued up to 1097, when the Scoto-Saxon period commenced. We must claim, however, for the Dalruadhinian the title of *the* Scottish period, and for Dalruadhain the name of the Scottish capital; for if the one period is Scoto-Irish, the other is Scoto-Pictish; and there was more of the Scottish element in the former than the latter. The obscurities and perplexities that beset this early history, are well treated in the first volume of Chalmers' "Caledonia." For the Scoto-Irish Celts, see also Mr. Campbell's "West Highland Tales," vol. i. pp. 100—118; the chapter on "Ossian" in Macculloch's "Highlands and Western Isles," vol. ii., and also vol. i. p. 301; and Keating's "History of Ireland." Skene, in his "Scottish Highlands," derives the name Pict from the Celtic

are given. It was at this part of the Mull, that he is supposed to have landed, and given his name to the parish of Kilcolmkill, which, with its adjoining parish of Kilblaan, now forms the parish of Southend. His passage from Ireland was made in a *currach* or boat, made of wicker or woven osiers, and covered on the outside with hides. The British *currachs* are spoken of by Julius Cæsar, who says that they were furnished with a keel, and a mast of light wood. Adamnan describes the currach employed by St. Columba at Iona, as possessing all the parts of a ship, with sails and oars, and with a capacity for passengers; and he adds, that, in this roomy, though apparently fragile, vessel, he sailed into the North Sea, and, during fourteen days, remained there with perfect safety. That portion of the shore of Iona, where Colum's currach first touched, when it conveyed him from Cantire, is still called *Porna Currach*, "the Bay of the Boat;" and its exact model, or counterpart, is pointed out in a rocky heap upon the shore, about fifty feet in length. There is a tradition that one of the missionaries who accompanied Colum to Cantire, was St. Kiaran, "the Apostle of the

Ffechti, "a warrior;" and says, "We may hold it as an incontrovertible fact, that the Picts and Caledonians were the same people, appearing at different times under different appellations." Vol. i. p. 14. He also makes out the Northern Picts, who, called themselves Gael, and spoke the Gaelic language, to be "the real ancestors of the modern Highlanders." Vol. i. chap. iv.

Cantire," who had been tutor to Colum.* There seems, however, every reason to believe that St. Kiaran had been settled in Cantire many years prior to Colum's banishment from Ireland; and, we may conclude, that, on his disgrace, and in consequence of the parting advice of the Abbot Molaise, Colum would naturally direct his thoughts to that portion of Cantire, where his old tutor had preached the Gospel. If St. Kiaran was still alive, we may believe that Colum would wish to have the benefit of his counsel and companionship. But if (which seems more probable, so far as we can judge from the light glimmer thrown on the subject by a confusion of dates and statements) St. Kiaran were already dead, Colum would still seek that portion of Cantire which had been the scene of his labours, where he could catch up his mantle, and continue the good work that his tutor had commenced. As in a future chapter, I shall have occasion to refer to the little that is known (or conjectured) concerning St. Kiaran's history, I will not more particularly refer to it in this place; but, while I claim for St. Kiaran the proud position of being the first preacher of Christianity in the kingdom of the Scots, we have ground to show that St. Columba trod in his footsteps, and preached the Gospel in Cantire for the space of two if not four years,

* His other tutors were Finian, Bishop of Clonard, Fenbar, and Gemman of Leinster.

before he embarked for the scene of his well-known labours in Iona.

It is this that lends to Kilcolmkill its chief interest. We are here on the traces of St. Columba, amid the scenes that surrounded him, when he first set foot on Scottish ground. The name of the place suggests that he here founded a church, and it is highly probable that he would do so; if so, it would (in all probability) be the first of those Hebridean churches, of which so many were founded by this venerated "Apostle of the Picts." Tradition says, that St. Columba *built* the little church, whose walls, pierced with Norman doorway and windows, may still be seen upon the sea-shore. If this is not strictly correct, the church would doubtless be an early successor to one built by Colum on that spot, which was probably erected (as were the greater part of his churches,) *more Pictorum*, with timber, and enclosed with a rude stone wall. The church, at any rate, was dedicated to St. Columba, and is called after his name; and the stone cross, of which the pedestal alone remains, is also supposed to have been dedicated to the memory of the saint.*

The present parish church, built in the year 1774, is a plain structure. It contains the tomb of the wife of Colonel Fullerton, who died soon after the marriage:

* See Appendix, "Ecclesiology of Cantire," for St. Columba's Church at Keill, and also for Kilblaan, &c.

and when, many years after, the husband was dying in America, he directed his servant to bear his heart to Kilcolmkill, and inter it in his wife's grave: a request which was duly carried out. It lends a poetic interest to the place to recall this circumstance,—the dying man's thoughts wandering to this lonely spot, where all that was mortal of his young wife was laid, and his wish that the heart that had throbbed with love for her during his life, should be laid beside her in death.

This church (with its Manse) is well situated on a high bank over the stream of the Coniglen, which flows into the sea at Dunaverty. The river abounds in salmon and trout. The glen is between six and seven miles long, and has some rich land, bounded by considerable hills of claystone porphyry, and Old Red Sandstone. The river, which was subject to sudden and dangerous risings, has been straightened and embanked by the Duke of Argyle, at the expense of 1600*l.* One of those sudden risings of the river washed away the old church and its burying-ground. Religious houses were very numerous in the neighbourhood of Kilcolmkill. The names of Kildavie, Killravan, Killeolan, Killoran, preserve the memory of churches and cemeteries, of which all other traces have been lost. No vestige too remains of the parish church of St. Blane, at Kilblaan; but there are a few ruins of St. Catherine's Chapel, in a lovely spot on the banks of a stream in the secluded

pastoral vale of Glenadle, where close to the chapel there is a cemetery and holy well, frequented by diseased persons up to a late date.

Caoran Glen is about a mile north of Coniglen; it runs from west to south-east, for three or four miles, winding round Cnoistapail, and then mingling its waters with those of Coniglen. Glenreith Glen is to the north, and Kildavie Glen to the east. There are some Danish forts in this district of Cantire. The remains of the chief fort are to be found on the farm of Balemacumra, near to the Mull. The situation is almost inaccessible, being on the head of a perpendicular rock, 180 feet in height, the base of which is about thirty yards from the sea. The fort is surrounded by three walls; the inner wall being 12 feet in thickness, the second 6 feet, and the outer wall 3 feet. The space between the edge of the precipice and the inner wall is 66 feet in length, and its medium width 22 feet. With the natural and artificial defences of precipices and walls on the one side, and with the Atlantic waves on the other, forbidding a landing, by the strength and current of their tides, this old fort of Balemacumra must have been one of the safest, as well as the wildest, of retreats, and was literally the Fort of the Land's-End of Scotland.

CHAP. VI.

DUNAVERTY AND ITS TRADITIONS.

Dunaverty Castle. — Robert Bruce. — Southend. — The Piper of Keill. — Isle of Sanda. — The Rock of Blood. — The Massacre of Dunaverty — Traditions concerning it. — The Covenanter Chaplain. — Preservation of the Infant Macdonald. — Argyll hangs his Brother-in-Law. — Story of Macdonald and the Irish Princess. — The last Macdonald and the Lord Lieutenant. — How Callum cheated the Evil Eye. — How the Clan Callum cemented their Friendship.

But Dunaverty, which is close at hand, is crowded with memories of the lordly days of Cantire. Here was the Macdonald's Castle, where (as we saw in the last chapter) Bruce came, on his way from Saddell Castle. Here he lay safely hid for some days, his enemies imagining that he had fled to Ireland.* He did, in fact, go from Dunaverty to the Isle of Rathlin, distant about twenty miles, where, at the place now called "Bruce Castle," he remained in concealment for some time. On the Isle of Sanda, three miles from the mainland, and opposite to Dunaverty, there is a hill still known by the name of "Prince Edward's Hill." The only prince of

* See Barbour's "Life of Bruce."

that name connected with the history of Scotland, is the brother of Robert Bruce, and the tradition is, that he was placed there to give timely notice to the king of the approach of danger.

A few remains of Dunaverty Castle are yet visible, on a rocky promontory, having a precipitous sea-wall, and only to be approached from the mainland by a narrow isthmus. From this point to Kilcolmkill, the land recedes in a rocky semicircle, forming the Bay of Dunaverty, in which vessels can find a safe harbour from northerly and westerly gales. Seals are often seen basking on the rocks in this bay. It is little more than a mile distant from the pretty village of Southend, which can boast of two churches, and where the tourist will find an inn, and "good accommodation for man and beast." The glen scenery between this point and Dunaverty is very picturesque; the streams abound in salmon and trout; and the heath-covered hills are well stocked with game. Thriving plantations and shrubberies add to the beauty of the scenery. A good road passes through the village from Campbelton, and, approaching the Bay of Dunaverty, passes Keill House (lately tenanted by Lord St. John), and is continued to Carskay, where more salmon fishing is to be met with. There is also abundant sea-fishing (of haddocks, whiting, mackarel, salmon, &c.) off this part of the coast, which is not the case at the Mull of Cantire, where the per-

petual conflict of the tides apparently puts the fish to the rout. The birds are consequently not so numerous at the Mull as at Dunaverty, as they naturally prefer to lodge where their food is most easily attainable. There used to be a ferry-boat from this spot to Ballycastle, in Ireland, twenty-three miles distant; and if a pier or small quay were constructed here, it would be of great advantage to the district.

There are many large caves on this part of the coast, the most considerable one being at Keill. This cave, now used as a cattle-fold, was long the resort of smugglers, and was said to possess a subterranean passage extending six miles from the mouth of the cave to the Hill of Killellan. Perhaps this tradition is but another version of the following popular story regarding the cave at Keill: the cave was said to be haunted, and whoever should dare to penetrate beyond a certain distance in it would never live to return. (A convenient invention, doubtless, of the smugglers for the protection of their hidden property.) A piper, however, made up his mind to explore the inmost recesses of the cave; and, accompanied by his little terrier dog, set forth on his expedition to the interior, while his friends watched and listened at the cavern's mouth. The piper went in boldly, blowing his pipes till the cave re-echoed. He was sooner lost to sight than to sound, and his friends heard his shrill music gradually becoming fainter and

fainter, until all at once, when, as they supposed, he had passed the fatal boundary, his pipes were heard to give an unearthly and tremendous skirl, while a yeldritch laugh resounded through the cave. The little terrier dog presently came running out of the cavern, but without his skin! In process of time he obtained a fresh skin, but *he was never heard to bark again!* As for the piper, what was his fate can only be a matter for conjecture; but he is supposed to have stumbled on the subterranean passage; for, about five miles from the cavern, there is a farm-house, and underneath its hearthstone, the piper has often been heard playing his favourite tune, and stopping occasionally to ejaculate,

"I doubt, I doubt,
I'll ne'er win out!"

Opposite to Dunaverty Bay, and about three miles from the mainland, is the Isle of Sanda, famed as having been the place for the rendezvous of the Danish fleets, in their predatory excursions to the Scottish coast, and, from this circumstance, it is often called by the surrounding people by a Gaelic name signifying "The Danes' Gathering."* The remains of an old

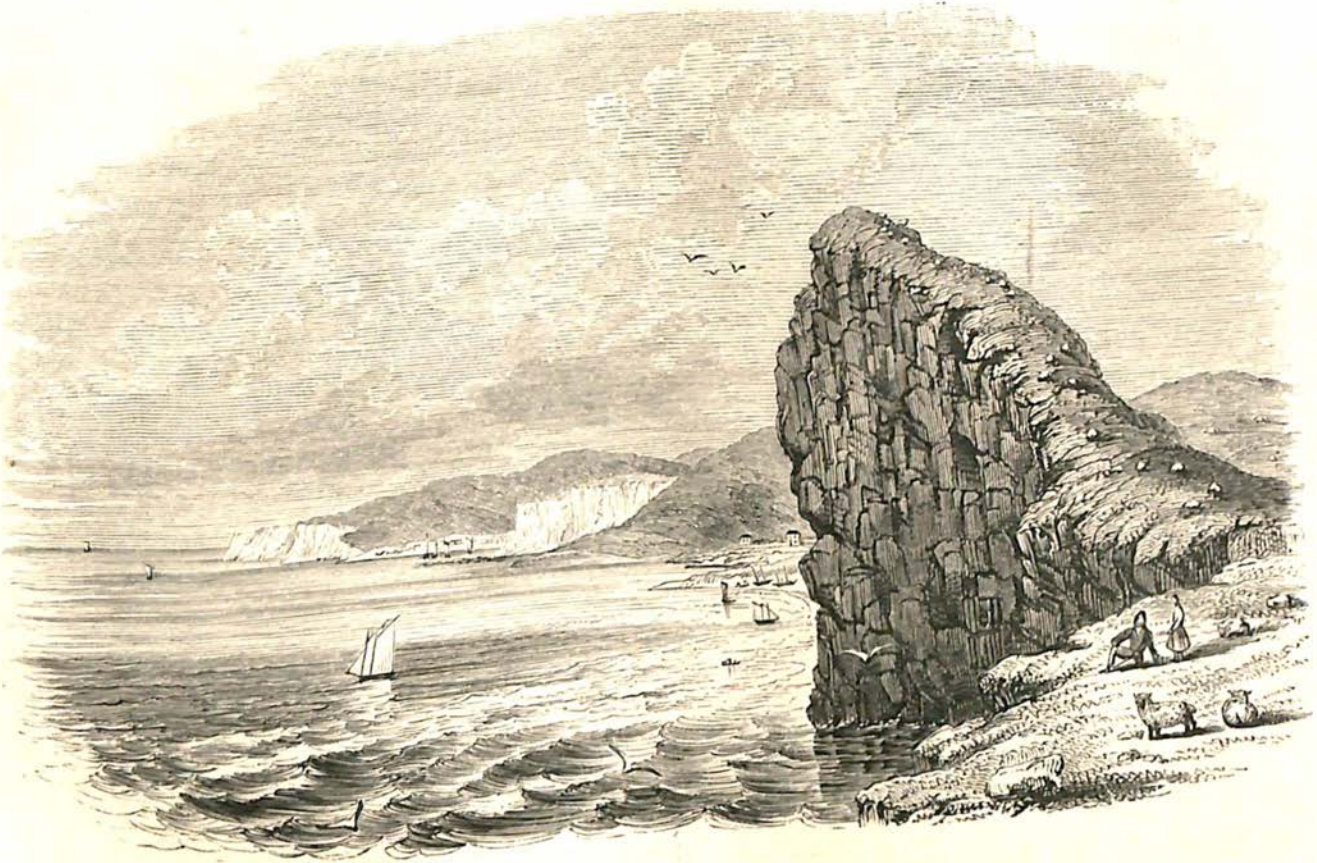
* *Avona Porticosa*, or *Avoyn*, "the island of harbours;" from the Danish *Hafn*, "a haven." See Macculloch's "Highlands," vol. ii. p. 68; see also Pennant ("Hebrides," p. 192), quoting from Buchanan

church are to be seen on the island; and there is also a modern summer residence for the proprietor. Two other islands, Sheep Island, and Glunamar, lie close to the north of Sanda, together with several rocks, one of which, called Paterson's Rock, to the E. S. E. of Sanda, one-sixth of a mile in circumference, and only visible at spring-tides, has been the scene, and the cause, of many shipwrecks. This group of islands and rocks, girdled by white lines of breakers, makes a very pleasing object in the seaward view, as we stand on Dunaverty Point; and beyond them we see Ailsa Craig rising from the waves, more like a cyclopean work of art, than a freak of nature — with the southern shore of Arran, and the Ayrshire hills in the dim distance.

It is but a narrow point of rock on which we are standing, rising from the mainland by a natural stair-case up to this height, on which the old castle once stood, and terminating on its three other sides in a giddy precipice. There are sheep creeping up to the very toppling edge, to browse on the short thymy grass; the curlews fly around and skim the placid sea for food; the sails of the little fleet of fishing-boats in the Bay hang listlessly on the masts; the ships go sailing slowly on, their broad sails gleaming white as the sea-gulls'

and the Dean of the Isles. Fordun mentions the church as being the chapel of St. Annian, and a refuge for criminals. Sanda is the more ancient name, as appears from Adamnan's "Life of St. Columba."

wings against the cloudless sky; the heaven is blue above us, and all is hot and still, save the soothing plashing of the breakers, the scream of the curlews, and the sheep's ceaseless cropping of the sweet grass:—all speaks of peaceful quietude; and, as we lie like the lazy shepherd, and with supine face fall into a pleasant day-dream with one of the old castle's stones for a pillow, we can scarcely imagine that Dunaverty Point has ever been witness to scenes more stirring than those that, with half-shut eyes, we now dreamily look upon. But, where you come upon the track of a Lord of the Isles, you may feel pretty sure that you are upon the footsteps of war and violence; and, as Dunaverty Castle was one of the great strongholds of the Macdonalds, who were Lords of the Isles, and Lords of Cantire, we may be very certain that this rocky promontory formed no exception to the non-peaceful rule. If I were to tell its tale with anything like completeness, or even with moderate fulness, I should have to devote a long chapter to this special purpose. But, as my reader will doubtless have something better wherewith to occupy his time, than to lounge with me, lazy-shepherd-like, on this summit of Dunaverty Point, and listen to its history and legends, with the pleasant accompaniments of a glorious summer's day, sea air, wave murmurings, curlew cries, and sheep bleatings, I will not bore him with lengthy details, but merely indicate



DUNAVERTY, CANTIRE.

a few salient points in the castle's history, which I trust will be sufficiently interesting to prevent my reader from receiving the legends in the shape of soporifics, which might prove fatal to him, and roll him from off his thymy promontory, down to those jagged rocks, far, far below us, where the treacherous sea is smiling for its victim.

This rock of Dunaverty, peaceful as it now seems to us, was so named because it was "the Rock of Blood."* Its best-remembered baptism of blood occurred in the year 1647, during the Charles-the-First war between the Royalists and Covenanters. The Marquis of Argyll was of the latter party, and Montrose of the former. Sir Alexander Macdonald, of Dunaverty, known by the name of Allister, the son of Coll Kittach, "the left-handed," sided with Montrose; and having ravaged Cantire, and given many of its inhabitants to the sword, and their houses to the flames, was at length defeated by Argyll, and one of his generals (Leslie), and driven back to Dunaverty. There he placed 300 of his men, and leaving them under the command of his brother, Archibald Oig Macdonald, of Sanda, sailed to Ireland

* *Dunamortaich*, in Gaelic. There is, however, some uncertainty as to the derivation. *Dunamhortaemh* is also given, which means "The Rock of the Bay of the Great Swell;" the south and east winds blowing in here with great fury. Pennant does not make any mention of Dunaverty. Lord Teignmouth gives a brief account of it, under the name of Dounaverdich.

with the remainder of his force, with the intention of endeavouring to raise an army there, and, with their aid, return and relieve the castle, and retrieve his disasters. Whilst the men were launching the boats upon the beach, Macdonald held his last council in Cantire, on the sands of the sea-shore beneath the fortress. Soon after he had sailed to Ireland (where he was killed in a battle with the Earl of Carlingford), General Leslie arrived with 3000 men before Dunaverty, and laid siege to the castle. During the month of June several desperate assaults were made upon the fortress, but were repelled with great loss to the assailants. The place was impregnable, and the Royalists, having plenty of provisions, might have stood out for a year against any force; but, unfortunately for them, about the middle of July, it was discovered by the besiegers that the water was supplied to the garrison by means of pipes connected with a spring without the walls. These were speedily destroyed, and every effort of the Royalists to supply themselves from a small stream at the base of the rock was unsuccessful. Sir James Turner, who, after the Restoration, became a Royalist, but who was then acting as Adjutant-General of Argyll's army, has left a record of this siege of Dunaverty, and thus describes the country through which I hope shortly to conduct the reader. He says, "From Inverary we marched to Kintyre, which is a

peninsula. Both before and at the entry to it, there were such advantages of ground, that our foot, for mountains and marshes, could never have drawn up one hundred in a body, nor our horse above three in a breast, which, if Sir Allister had prepossessed with those thousand or twelve hundred brave foot that he had with him, I think he might have ruined us, at least we should not have entered Kintyre (but by a miracle); but he was ordained for destruction, for, by a speedy march, we made ourselves masters of these difficult passes, and got into a plain country, where no sooner he saw our horse advance, but with little or no fighting he retired; and if the Lieutenant-General had been with him, and have given him a salvo or two, which would have disordered them, I believe none had escaped from our horse. Allister, like a fool, for he was no soldier, though stout enough, put three hundred of his men into a house on the top of a hill called Dunaverty, environed with a stone wall on the one side, and the sea on the other, where there was not one drop of water but what fell from the clouds. . . . . We besieged Dunaverty, which kept out well enough till we stormed a trench they had at the foot of the hill, whereby they commanded two stripes of water. This we took, and in the assault, forty of them were put to the edge of the sword." Extreme thirst now raged in the besieged garrison. Every contrivance was made for catching

rain water; but no rain came, and the July heat made their thirst all the more intolerable. The refreshing sight of the waves washing around their rock, added but tantalising pains to their torture. There was

> "Water, water everywhere,
> But not a drop to drink;"

and when they had held out to the very last extremity, they desired a parley. Sir James Turner was sent to negotiate terms. Alexander Oig Macdonald proposed sundry stipulations, but they were all rejected. At length the garrison was induced to surrender at discretion, or to the mercy of the kingdom. The men delivered up their arms, and were marched out of the garrison on the top of the rock, but were not allowed to pass the walls of the fortification at the foot of it. For five days they were detained prisoners, until at length General Leslie yielded to the counsel that they should be put to death. He seems to have been a nice casuist, for he thought that he kept his word by distinguishing between the discretion of the estates (which was the expression made use of in the treaty) and his own discretion. Foremost among the counsellors for the massacre, was Mr. John Nave, who had been appointed by the Commissioners of the Kirk as the chaplain to the Covenanters' army. He never ceased to tempt the General to the bloodshed, and to threaten

him with the curses that befell Saul for sparing the Amalekites. "Then the prisoners," (says Sir James Turner,) "were put to the sword, every mother's son, except one young man, Mac Koull, whose life I begged, to be sent to France, with one hundred country fellows whom we had smoked out of a cave, as they do foxes, and were given to Captain Campbell, the Chancellor's brother." According to popular tradition, the Covenanters showed great cruelty in their methods of putting the Royalist Macdonalds to death, and threw many of them from the precipice into the sea. Human bones have been found in the sand at the foot of "the Rock of Blood," and a skull, gashed with sabre cuts, was formerly preserved in the fisherman's hut near to the base of the rock, and shown to visitors as the skull of one of the sufferers in the terrible "Massacre of Dunaverty." And, in the year 1822, after an unusually high tide, accompanied with a gale of wind, the sand was drifted from a bank in the farm of Brunerican, which lies in the immediate neighbourhood of Dunaverty, and a perfect charnel-house of human bones became exposed to view.

According to tradition, the young man, Mac Koull, was not the only person saved. It is said, that there was in the garrison a woman named Flora McCambridge, who was nurse to the infant son of Archibald Macdonald. When the massacre commenced, she fled

along the beach, with the naked child in her arms. She was met, and laid hold of by the Captain Campbell (of Craignish) just mentioned. She said that the child was her own, the son of a countryman. "It has the eye of the Macdonald," observed the Captain, "but no matter, it wants clothing." And so saying, he cut off the tail of his belted plaid, and gave it to her for a covering for the child. She fled with it in safety, and concealed herself in a cave in the Mull of Cantire, until the Covenanters' army had left the country. The child who was thus so wonderfully preserved from the massacre, grew up to be Ronald Macdonald, the husband of Anne Stewart, the sister of the first Earl of Bute.*

General Leslie and the Marquis of Argyll burned Danaverty Castle to the ground, and razed the outworks. They were never afterwards reconstructed, and one of the greatest strongholds of the Lords of the Isles is now only represented by these few scattered foundation-stones on this thymy promontory, where we are lazily lounging on this summer's day, amid the sheep

* His father and grandfather were buried in the middle of a field on the farm of Machribeg, not far from the shore, together with another chieftain, Macdonald of Largie, as it is said. The graves are marked by three large flagstones sunk deeply in the ground; and remain undisturbed, although the field has been ploughed and regularly worked for more than a century. On this farm of Machribeg are some very good modern farm buildings, erected by the Duke of Argyll. A fine coral is found on the shore (and also at Keill), which is serviceable for manure.

and the sea-gulls, with the fishing-boats below us, and every sea-going vessel looking

> "As idle as a painted ship,
> Upon a painted ocean."

There is the sandy beach, along which the faithful nurse ran with the naked child, and happily encountered that truly Christian gentleman of a Covenanter captain. Here is the precipice, from whose giddy height the miserable prisoners were dashed upon the ragged rocks beneath, and bade to quench their thirst with a draught of sea-water. There, maybe, is the spot where that puritanical preacher (so rightly named a knave), may have stood, and misapplied his fierce denunciatory texts. And here is the spot where the thirsting garrison were forced to capitulate on terms that proved far more cruel than their previous sufferings. All this comes before us like a fevered dream, as we lie here basking in the sun, and the fresh sea-breeze. But they were terrible realities at Dunaverty two centuries ago; and were only surpassed, when, a few years later, the great plague came in its "white cloud" from Ayrshire, and depopulated not this district only, but the whole of Cantire. So completely were the estates of the Marquis of Argyll wasted by this pestilence, and by the scourge of war, that a sum of money was voted by the estates of Parliament for the support of himself and family, and a

collection was ordered throughout all the churches of Scotland for the relief of the people. Lowlanders, who had joined the standard of Argyll, were induced, after the war, to settle in Cantire; and as others came from the opposite mainland, bringing with them their servants and dependents, a considerable part of Cantire, especially around Campbelton, which admitted of being cultivated and ploughed like Ayrshire, was speedily occupied by a thriving colony of pious and industrious inhabitants.

In connection with the massacre of Dunaverty, tradition says, that Alexander Mac Cholla Macdonald was nearing the castle with a small force, in order to assist his clansmen, when the Dunaverty piper, who spied them coming, struck up the air of "Colla nan rùn, seachuinn an Dùn," which meant, that he was to keep away from Dunaverty. Mac Cholla understood the hint, and profited by it: but the faithful piper was rewarded by having his fingers cut off by his savage conquerors. There is also a family tradition among the Macallisters, that, at the time of the massacre, Glenlussa (which we passed on our way to Campbelton, as we came down Kilbrannan Sound), was possessed by Mr. Hector Macallister, who had married the Marquis of Argyll's sister. He was rich, not only in land, but in "the sinews of war" — money; and Argyll begged him to espouse his cause. But Macallister refused to fight

against his neighbours, the Macdonalds, who had not done him any harm. Argyll was angry; and Macallister, fearing his wrath, fled with his three sons towards Dunaverty, but was captured near to Campbelton. When his wife heard of this, she rode with great speed, that she might save the lives of her husband and children. Argyll saw his sister coming, and bringing out his brother-in-law and the sons upon the Whinny Hill, told his men to hang them speedily, as he feared his sister would put a stop to their execution. The men asked "Which of them shall we put up first?" and Argyll replied, "The whelps; and afterwards the old fox." The lady reached the hill only in time to find the bodies of her husband and three sons swinging lifeless in the air. She fell upon her knees, and said in Gaelic,

"Mo sheachd mallachd air mo chinneach,
Gun iad adhol aon la an sinnead;
No gun oighre air an ionn-ogha."

Lord Teignmouth says, that "there are several traditions respecting the massacre" of Dunaverty, and mentions one of them. It is this:—"A fine young highlander sprang from the rock to reach a boat which contained some of the fugitives, when Argyll, compassionating him, interceded with Leslie in his behalf. His name was Stuart; he proved grateful to his protector, and became his first factor; for, by this conquest, Argyll

became possessed of Cantyre, and divided it among the Campbells."

There is an old legend of Dunaverty, which may here have its place, and which the Cantire Highlanders tell thus: — In times long ago, when there was a great stronghold on this "Rock of Blood," the Macdonalds were the lords of Dunaverty. One of them was asked over to Ireland, to partake of a feast given by the great king of Ireland, at which all the lesser kings were to be present with their wives and daughters. The daughter of the king of Carrickfergus was to be there, with whom O'Connor, the king of Innisheon, had fallen in love; but she did not return his love, and her father would not permit him to marry her. This caused O'Connor to use a stratagem to obtain her. He placed his armed followers in ambush at a certain part of the road, where the king of Carrickfergus and his daughter would have to pass in going to the feast; and when they came, attended only by a few followers, pounced upon them, and after a struggle, in which the king was wounded, made them his prisoners. But O'Connor only wanted the king's daughter; so he told his followers to release the king and his men after a short space, until he had time to get away. Then he set the damsel upon his horse, and galloped off with her as fast as he could. It so happened that Macdonald of Dunaverty was coming along the road, in order that he might be at the feast;

and when he saw O'Connor galloping towards him, with a young girl screaming behind him, he placed himself at a narrow part of the road, and opposed O'Connor's progress, with his drawn sword, commanding him to set the damsel at liberty. O'Connor leaped from his horse, and fell upon Macdonald, and they fought desperately, until the king of Innisheon was slain by the Lord of Dunaverty. Macdonald then mounted O'Connor's horse, set the young lady behind him, and restored her safely to her father. The king was rejoiced to get his daughter back again; and kept Macdonald at his house for some weeks, entertaining him with great kindness. At last, Macdonald was obliged to return. The king thanked him for his services, and promised to grant any favour that he would ask. Macdonald had only one favour to ask; and that was, that the king should give him his daughter in marriage. The king had never thought that Macdonald would have the boldness to ask for his daughter; and instead of granting the favour, and keeping his word, he fell into a violent passion with Macdonald, and threw him into a dungeon. The king's castle was by the sea, on Belfast Lough; and Macdonald's dungeon was near to the shore. The king's daughter had fallen in love with him; and she now found means to requite him, for releasing her from the king of Innisheon. She contrived to get him out of his dungeon, and had a swift

boat and stout men ready for him at the shore; and, in a few hours, Macdonald was safe at home at Dunaverty. But he could not forget the Irish princess: and, at length, when he could no longer endure to be separated from her, he sailed across to the Irish coast, and made good his landing at Carrickfergus, at dead of night. Now the king had discovered that his daughter had supplied Macdonald with the means of escape; and to prevent her from following him, he shut her up in a room that was over the precipice. Macdonald contrived to learn where she was imprisoned, and climbed up the precipice to her window. He gave her a signal, which she understood; she lowered herself into her lover's arms, and he bore her in safety down the rock, and into his vessel, which was soon swiftly sailing back to Dunaverty. Next morning, when the king found that his daughter was gone, he fell into a mighty rage; and, guessing whither she had betaken herself, he raised an army, and sailed to Dunaverty, with the intent to destroy every Macdonald. But his daughter interfered, and so soothed his mind, that he became reconciled to his son-in-law, and brought him back to Carrickfergus, where he lived long and happily, and where his offspring became kings. The earls of Antrim are said to be descended from these Macdonalds of Dunaverty.

Until the Jurisdiction Act of 1748 took it from them, these chieftains possessed the power over life or death,

and, as a matter of course, thought no small beer of themselves. When the last Macdonald of Dunaverty who possessed this power was invited to an entertainment given by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he chanced to be amongst the last in coming in, and sat himself down at the foot of the table, near to the door. The Lord Lieutenant spying him there, called to him to come and sit beside him at the head of the table. "What does the Carl say?" asked Macdonald, in Gaelic. It was explained to him that the Lord Lieutenant wished him to move towards the head of the table. "Tell the Carl," was the reply, "that wherever Macdonald sits, *that* is the head of the table!"

In older times than those of the Macdonald, Dunaverty was an important stronghold, for it was the principal fortification of the Danes, on the mainland, on this part of the coast. It was also the place where King Fergus the First landed, to take possession of the Crown of Scotland, and, from its position, it was always considered a fort of considerable strength and importance. Let us now descend from this "Rock of Blood," and dismiss its tragical memories; but, ere we leave the Land's-end of Scotland, let us pause at the pretty village of Southend, a mile on our way towards Campbelton, and refresh ourselves at the inn, while mine host tells us the following story from his budget of traditional lore.

Once upon a time, there was a tenant-farmer of the name of Callum, who lived somewhere up north. He had twelve sons, fine strapping lads, and on a certain New-year's Day they all appeared in their best clothes, at the feast given by the great lord of the place. Now his lady was childless, and when she saw those twelve well-dressed hearty lads, she envied Callum his children. This was a bad thing for poor Callum, for, when once the envious eye had fallen upon his sons, some mischief was sure to follow. And it did; the lads fell sick, and fell away, without having any disease. One after another died, and before New-year's Day had come again, only three of the twelve sons remained. In despair, Callum advised his three surviving sons to leave the place, and go away to some other. They obeyed, and made ready. Each of them took a horse, laden with two creels, in which their luggage was packed. These creels were slung over the horses' backs by *woodies*, or twisted rods, and Callum advised his sons to go straight on until their woodies broke. So the three sons went away together. They had reached Kilmartin, when the woodies on the first horse gave way, and tumbled the creels to the ground. So the first son bade his brothers farewell, and settled at Kilmartin. The other two pursued their journey, and got as far as Clachan before the next pair of creels fell to the ground through the bursting of the woodies. The third brother went

on his solitary way down Cantire, with his face towards the Mull, and when it appeared as though he must march into the sea, if he would obey his father's command, his woodies broke, and he settled at Southend. In this manner it was that Callum cheated the evil eye, and saved the lives of his three sons. They had large families, and in process of time, the clan Callum became numerous and important. The Callums of Southend communicated with those of Clachan, and it was agreed that they should salute their brethren of Kilmartin, to whom a message was sent to that effect, with the proposal to meet them half-way. They met near to Tarbert, but did not know each other. Then they demanded each other's names, but in those days it was considered a sign of cowardice to answer such a question when put in such a manner. So instead of answering each other's question, and saying who they were, they fell fiercely upon each other with their swords, and fought so long and hotly, that the greater part of them were slain. At last, they came to understand the mistake they were making, so those that remained alive shook hands, and expressed their sorrow for what had occurred. Then they buried their dead brethren, and returned to their homes again. And that was the way in which the distant ends of the clan Callum cemented their friendship.

CHAP. VII.

THE OLD SCOTTISH CAPITAL.

A Dialogue. — Brevity and Clearness. — Campbelton the earliest Seat of the Scottish Monarchy, and the Christian Religion in Scotland. — The Dalruadhs. — An out-of-the-way Place. — Round Robin Hood's Barn. — The Inverary Cross. — The Campbelton Cross: did it come from Iona? — Arguments for and against. — Popular Traditions and their value. — Ornamentation of the Cross. — Macculloch at fault. — Demons and Angels. — Pen and Pencil Records. — The Town House.

SCENE. — *Freeborn's Hotel, Campbelton: first-floor sitting-room: Author and Friend seated near a table on which are books.*

Friend. — The old Scottish capital, you say. Of course you mean Edinburgh?

Author.—Of course I do not.

Friend.—Scone, then, or perhaps Dunfermline?

Author.—Don't know such modern places.

Friend.—Forteviot, then, in Perthshire?

Author. — Nothing of the kind, my dear sir, though you are certainly coming nearer the mark; but Forteviot was not a capital until the ninth century — three hundred years after this spot; and Dun-Edin was not heard of when this town was the seat of monarchy.

Friend.— But this town is Campbelton, in Cantire,

at whose harbour we landed yesterday afternoon from the Greenock steamer.

Author.— Certainly, my dear friend, and this Campbelton was a capital city long before the present metropolis of Scotland had even swelled into the dimensions of a little village.

Friend.—You surprise me.

Author.—I don't wonder at it. To tell you the truth, it has surprised me also to discover the fact. I fear that I must have got shaky in my Scottish history, or else it was imperfectly taught me, and bumped each year by Greece and Rome, until the Classical Boat had got to the head of the river, and the British Boat was nowhere. But, here are some very instructive volumes that have greatly enlightened my ignorance. This is Dr. Smith's "Historical Account of Campbelton," which exhausts the subject.

Friend.—And its reader, I should imagine. It looks terribly dry.

Author.—Not to those who are thirsting for information, and this is William Smith's "Campbelton and its Neighbourhood." And this—

Friend.—Oh, spare me! those Smiths are to be found everywhere, doing everything. Can you not present them with the prefix of Mac, wherewith to improve their appearance, and make them more congenial to these Highland sights and sounds! But put

away those terrible folios, my dear Author, and tell me a few of the most important facts, if they are interesting and worth the telling. Boil down those dreary looking volumes, and extract their essence; and be brief in serving up the banquet.

Author.— Willingly! though as Horace said, and as Thomas Warton wittingly quoted when he snuffed out the candle— "I trust that while I endeavour to be brief, I may not become obscure."

Friend.—It is certainly, in many matters, no easy thing to be brief; conciseness and clearness can only be obtained at the expense of thought and labour; and I don't wonder at Cicero apologising for writing a long letter, on the plea that he had not time to write a short one. And now, my dear sir, *perge!*

Author.—When, early in the seventh century, that fortress rock that had been known as *Castrum Puellarum* received its Anglo-Saxon name of Edwins-burgh, which was the nucleus for a thriving village that was afterwards to grow into the great metropolis of Edinburgh, this town of Campbelton, or Dalruadhain, as it was then called, had, for more than a century, been the capital or seat of the original Scottish monarchy, and had received within its boundaries the first preachers of Christianity in the western Highlands. The earliest mention that we have of this district, is by Ptolemy, who distinguishes it, together with the islands of Islay

and Jura, by the name of *Epidium*; "probably," Dr. Smith remarks, "from a similar Celtic word signifying the Isle of the Picts." * This might refer to that portion of Cantire from this place to Mull, which was once island — or, to the whole of the peninsula of Cantire, which was commonly reckoned as an island, and was established as such in the year 1093, when the sovereignty of the isles was granted by Donald Bain, king of Scotland, to Magnus the Barefooted, king of Norway, who had his barge drawn under sail over the isthmus of Tarbert, and in this way brought Cantire under the compass of the grant, and fully established it as one of the islands of the Lords of the Isles. The chief inhabitants of "the Isle of the Picts," of course, were Picts until about the year 210 A.D., when the natives of the Mull of Cantire were driven to Ireland. But before the third century had expired, Cairbre Ruadh, or "red-haired Cairbar," the son of Conan the second king of Ireland, crossed over from Ireland, at the head of a colony of the ancient Celtic inhabitants, and landing upon the Mull, effected a settlement in that southern portion of the Pictish dominions, from which they had formerly been expelled. In this contest, Oscar, the son of Ossian was slain. About the middle of the fifth

* *Ebyd*, however, was the old British word for "a peninsula." The Epidii formed one of the twenty-one tribes among whom Scotland was originally divided by Agricola.

century, the Scots were again driven back to Ireland, where they remained till the year 503, when they made another descent on Cantire, headed by Lorn, Angus, and Fergus, the three sons of Erc, and made themselves masters of the Peninsula, dividing the country between them.* Lorn took that northern point of Argyleshire that still retains his name. Islay fell to the share of Angus, who died soon after. Fergus who had landed at Dunaverty, took possession of Cantire; and on his brother Lorn's death, added his territory to his own, and so became sole monarch of the Scots, and has ever since stood at the head of the Scottish kings.† From

* "All the Gaelic traditions now current in the isles, point at an Irish migration which took place in the year of grace *once upon a time*, and the word Righdeire occurs continually, where it seems to mean a small king, and a king of Erin. Even the word Albanach, now used for Scotchman, means Wanderer." — *Campbell's Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, vol. ii. p. 36.

† Father Innes having written a "Critical Essay on the Picts and Scots," in which he sets forth that the Scots probably did not come into Britain until after the time of Christ, and had not a king before the fifth or sixth century after Christ, was answered by a valorous Scottish gentleman (supposed to be a Mr. Waddel; see "Scotia Rediviva," vol. i. p. 256), who, in a pamphlet published 1733, entitled, "Remarks on Mr. Innes's Critical Essays," &c., proves satisfactorily (to himself) that "the Scots began to reign 452 years before the Incarnation, and 245 years *three months* before the Picts." This little touch of correctness about the three months is a master stroke. In speaking of the time of Alexander the Third (1249—1285), Mr. Chambers says, "When Fergus invaded the country in 503, he brought with him a flat black stone like a cushion, which had been, even for

Cairbre Ruadh, Cantire and the adjacent lands received the name of Dal-ruaedh, or "the portion of Ruadh;" the Scots were called Dalruadhini; their kingdom, the Dalruadhinian kingdom; and their capital or seat of government, Dalruadhain, now called Campbelton.* King Fergus had a sister named Erca, who married a son of Conan, king of Ireland, to whom she bore Felim, who was the father of St. Columba. He is

ages before his time, a kind of family palladium. A destiny was attached to it, according to tradition, that wherever it should be placed, there should the race of Scots be predominant. Perhaps the sacred object had been carried with the tribe through Ireland, and might be afterwards committed to the charge of Fergus, as a means of procuring success to his expedition. On this the Scottish kings had always been placed at their coronation. Another Celtic ceremonial was gone through on such occasions. A Highland senachy, or herald, appeared before the new king, and recited his genealogy back to the time of Fergus, by way of showing his right to the throne." — *History of Scotland*, vol. i. p. 14. There were at Iona sacred black stones for a like purpose.

* "The Frith of Clyde is universally allowed to have been the boundary which separated the Dalriads from the Strathclyde Britons, and consequently it follows that *Dalriada*, or the territory of the Scots in Britain, *must have been confined to South Argyll*, or that part of the county lying to the south of Linne Loch; and the Scots appear to have maintained their possession of a territory so inconsiderable in comparison with that of the Picts, partly by the strong natural boundaries and impervious nature of the country itself, and partly by the close connection which they at all times preserved with the Irish." (Skene's "Highlanders of Scotland," vol. i. p. 33.) The same author also says of the three Dalriad tribes of Lorn, Cowall, and Kintyre, "that of Kintyre attained to so great power as eventually to obtain the supreme authority over all Scotland." (Vol. ii. p. 9.)

believed to have been born in the year 521, or 523, though a rather later date is sometimes assigned. His life is so clouded with monkish legends, that, in most instances, its facts can only be a matter of speculation; nor can we tell anything more of his visit to Cantire than we learnt when we paid our visit to Kilcolmkill yesterday. It is very evident that he preached the Gospel here before proceeding to Iona, and also that St. Kiaran, "the Apostle of Cantire," was his predecessor in the work, and thus this old Scottish capital received within its boundaries the earliest preachers of Christianity in the Highlands. For nearly three centuries and a half, the ancient Campbelton continued to be the seat of government, and the capital of the Scottish kingdom, until 843, when Kenneth the Second, king of the Scots, having finally subdued the Picts, merged into one the two kingdoms and races of the Picts and Scots, and transferred the seat of government from Dalruadhain to Fortren (Forteviot), in Perthshire. Such, briefly, is the ancient history of this place in its palmy days, when it was the capital of the Scottish kingdom; and there is no spot throughout the length and breadth of Scotland, which has a higher or nobler history than this town at its very Land's-end; but because it lies out of every one's way, few care to visit it.

Friend. — Certainly, it must be confessed, that how-

ever interesting Campbelton may be, it is not a very accessible place. It is a terrible voyage to us gentlemen of England who live at home in ease. Just four times as long as the passage from Dover to Calais, even if you abbreviate this voyage as we did yesterday, by taking the rail to Greenock, and thereby getting two hours less of the steamer's company. A voyage equal to four times across the channel! and the worst of it is, that when we are here, we have got to get back again!

Author. — I will take you back by a shorter route. We will post up to Tarbert, and then get from thence to Greenock through the Kyles of Bute. By that way, the voyage will only be three hours and a half — if the weather is propitious.

Friend. — Only — and if! I groan within me! ὀτοττοτοῖ.

Author. — If you dare not trust yourself to so long an acquaintance with salt-water, and wish to get back to England on dry land, you will have to go round Robin Hood's barn with a vengeance, though you will be compensated by lovely scenery. In the first place, you would have to post seventy-three miles from here to Inverary, unless you stopped short at Ardrishaig to see the Crinan Canal, and then crossed Loch Fyne by the Otter Ferry. You might do worse than this; and if you should stop at Ardrishaig, which is a very pretty spot, and well worth seeing, I would counsel you to

put up *at* Mrs. Johnson's Hotel, where you will have nothing to put up *with*, but will meet with all the comfort, cleanliness, and attention that you can possibly desire. If you go on to Inverary, don't forget to look at

INVERARY CROSS.

the old cross. It is of the same age and character as that cross in the Main Street of Campbelton, which we can see from this window; but it is smaller, though equally well preserved. Here is a sketch of it. It is singular that it should only be mentioned in one out

of these many books that cover this table. These Guide-book and Gazetteers and Beauties of Scotland do not speak of it: they only tell us of the monument to the luckless Campbells. Old Pennant is silent concerning it, although it was an antiquity quite in his way, and he has given us plates of less perfect crosses in Oransay and Islay. Here is another book — Mawman's "Excursions to the Highlands," published in 1805, and illustrated by the magical pencil of Turner, which, in fact, gives the book its only value, and lends an interest to a very dull narrative. Here is the great landscape-painter's view of Inverary; but neither in it, or in the accompanying letter-press can we catch a glimpse of the old cross. Here is Miss Sinclair's pleasant and gossipping description of Inverary, and Lord Teignmouth's soberer version, and Maxwell's forced vivacity; but not a word about this cross: and the only mention of it that I can find, is in "Smith's Statistical Account of the Parish of Inverary."*

Friend. — What! Smith again?

Author. — Yes, but a true Scotchman, the Rev. Colin Smith, who speaks thus of the Inverary Cross:— "There is also a stone cross in the parish, which was probably brought from Iona, and which was for many

* And in the "Old Church Architecture of Scotland," which has been published after these pages had gone to press. See Appendix, "Ecclesiology of Cantire," where the Campbelton Cross is also described.

years the town cross of Inverary. It was removed when the old town was knocked down, and lay long neglected, but it is restored now to its former office, and stands at the end of the principal street. On one of its narrow sides there is an inscription in Lombardic character as follows: 'Hæc est crux nobilium virorum videlicet Dondcani M'Eugyllichomghnan Patrici filii ejus et Maelmore filii Patrici qui hanc crucem fieri faciebat.'" I said that this was the only mention of the cross that I could find. But I should rather have said, the only detailed mention: for the Rev. Daniel Kelly, in speaking of St. Columba's supposed visit to that spot now called Kilcolmkill, on the Mull of Cantire, says, "Here is the pedestal of a large stone cross, no doubt dedicated to the memory of the saint, but which has been removed from its proper place, and now lies neglected at Inverary." Mr. Kelly does not assign any reason for coupling together the Kilcolmkill pedestal, and the Inverary shaft, nor does he attempt to show why the shaft should have been removed from one extremity of Argyleshire to the other. But at any rate, we may accept his statement as an additional evidence to the popular belief that these crosses, whether brought from Iona or not, had been dedicated to St. Columba. And if this Inverary Cross does really belong to Cantire, then is our consideration of it scarcely to be called a digression. But at any rate,

from its age and character, if not from its history, it may be taken in illustration of the Campbelton Cross; to which let us now proceed. But first, let me direct your attention to this second edition of Constable's

MAIN STREET, CAMPBELTON.

Gazetteer, which particularly prides itself on "the accuracy of its statements," and on giving "a description of every remain of antiquity." This is its accurate statement and description of the Campbelton Cross, one

of the finest and best preserved crosses in Scotland, and which from its position in the centre of the Main Street, could not have been unobserved by any visitor. "There are no antiquities of any note, as might have been expected in the site of the most ancient capital of the Scottish kingdom." Now, come with me, and see if this Cross of Campbelton can be considered as an antiquity of any note.*

[*They go down and inspect the cross.*]

Author. — The Cross, as you may perceive, my dear Sir, is carved out of hard blue granite, and is well placed in the centre of this wide street, raised upon a modern pedestal nearly seven feet high, composed of six tiers, ranged in an irregular octagon, as steps to the cross — the lowest tier being double the height of the other five. The cross, itself, is ten feet ten inches in height, and its thickness not more than four inches. The width of its shaft at the base is eighteen inches, which width gradually diminishes to twelve inches at the upper portion of the cross. The width across the arms is three feet three. The cross, therefore, lifts its head between seventeen and eighteen feet above the roadway. Its basement conceals a spring of water; would that it also could conceal this homely-looking pump, which is

* Forsyth, in his five-volume book, "The Beauties of Scotland," in which all the antiquities of the country are said to be fully described, does not mention the Campbelton and Inverary crosses.

the ugly means of conveying the limpid stream to the recipients of its bounty. But let us close our eyes to this repulsive fact, which, in these days of pretty drinking fountains, the Provost and his Baillies and municipal government might very readily convert into an elegant adjunct that should please the eye and harmonise with the chief portion of the structure; and let us, in this fountain of pure water gushing forth from the foot of the Cross, see an emblem of better things, and read a lesson significant of those higher and purer blessings that flow to us from the Cross of Christ. This fountain adds to the teaching of the Cross; and the main end, in thus setting up the symbol of our redemption in the market-place and public thoroughfare, was to make it a silent preacher to remind them of that leaven wherewith the whole lump of the every-day business of their common life should be leavened. How many years do you suppose it has preached this lesson?

Friend. — Judging from the freshness of its sculpture, I should have said that it was but a preacher of yesterday; but despite its good preservation and sharply-cut ornaments, there is enough about it to tell me that it must be of some antiquity. Is the date of its erection known?

Author. — No! We have only tradition to help us to a solution; and even popular tradition varies in its accounts. From the character of its Lombardic in-

scription, and from the nature of the ornamentation, I think we might assign its date to the end of the fourteenth, or the commencement of the fifteenth century. The most generally received tradition is, that it was brought to this spot from Iona.* This was Pennant's idea, when he visited the town in 1770, and he says, that it concurred with the tradition of the place.† Gordon, in his "Itinerarium Septentrionale," had mentioned it as a Danish obelisk; but he had never seen the Cross, nor did he venture to describe it. Dr. Smith of Campbelton, and his namesake, William Smith, with the author of the "Statistical Account of the Parish of Campbelton," all incline to the idea that it was brought from Iona, and that such had been the popular tradition for ages. If this tradition is correct, its transportation must have taken place previous to 1560, in which year, by the decree of the Synod of Argyle, the three hundred and sixty crosses that made Iona one great cemetery of crosses, were thrown down and cast into the sea. I say, "must have taken place *previous* to" that barbarian act of the Convention of Estates, which dispersed

* Lord Teignmouth is the only author who gives a different version, though some of the "Gazetteers" have adopted his description. He says: "The main street of Campbelton is adorned by a beautiful cross brought from Oransay; small human figures, foliage, and a Saxon inscription are engraven on it, specifying the individuals by whom it was erected." (Vol. ii. p. 377.)

† Voyage to the Hebrides, p. 196.

all the treasures of knowledge in Iona, besides destroying its "monuments of idolatrie," as such crosses as this were called. But, according to another tradition, when those three hundred and sixty crosses, save three, were thrown down, only a portion were cast into the sea, and others were carried off, and may be seen as grave-stones in the churchyards of Mull, and the surrounding islands. But *who* would carry them off? certainly not the iconoclastic mob, mad drunk with their pseudo-religious zeal. And I do not suppose that those about the monastery would be enabled to save them from their overthrow into the sea, by transporting them at such a time of danger and difficulty, to Campbelton, or Inverary, or Mull. Their transportation was no easy matter. Indeed, one of the wonders connected with these "Iona crosses" is how such monoliths of the hardest whinstone, of such weight and dimensions, could be quarried, and brought over from the mainland, with the means and appliances that then existed. They must not only have taxed the powers of first-rate artists and sculptors, but of engineers also.* But although these traditions vary, with regard to the date of transportation, they agree in the main point, — that this cross came from Iona. On the other hand, they who scoff at popular tradition, and scout the idea that this, or any

* The sienite or red granite, and the grey freestone for the cathedral of Iona, were quarried in Mull.

other of the so-called "Iona crosses," were actually transported from Iona, base their supposition on the improbability of the crosses having been removed from the places where they were once set up, and being made to do duty for various persons in various places of the Western Highlands and Islands. To which objection, I think it might be argued, that, although these crosses may never have been *set up* in Iona, yet that they may have been carved there, by a school of monastic sculptors, whose office it might have been to supply these sacred symbols to the different applicants in different places. This would account for the uniformity of the type; and the difficulty of transportation (far more difficult on the land than the water) would be a sufficient reason why these "Iona crosses" should be confined to Argyle and the Isles. With regard to this particular Campbelton Cross, they who deride the idea of its having been brought from Iona, point to the two names in the inscription — Kyregan, and Kilcoman, — and pretend to see in them a resemblance to, and possibly an identity with, Kilkerran close to Campbelton, and Kilcoivin, which was formerly a portion of the present parish of Campbelton. But this idea is more ingenious than probable; although to give it greater strength, it is asserted that this cross formerly stood upon a stone, plainly marked with a socket, and evidently the old pedestal of a cross — which stands

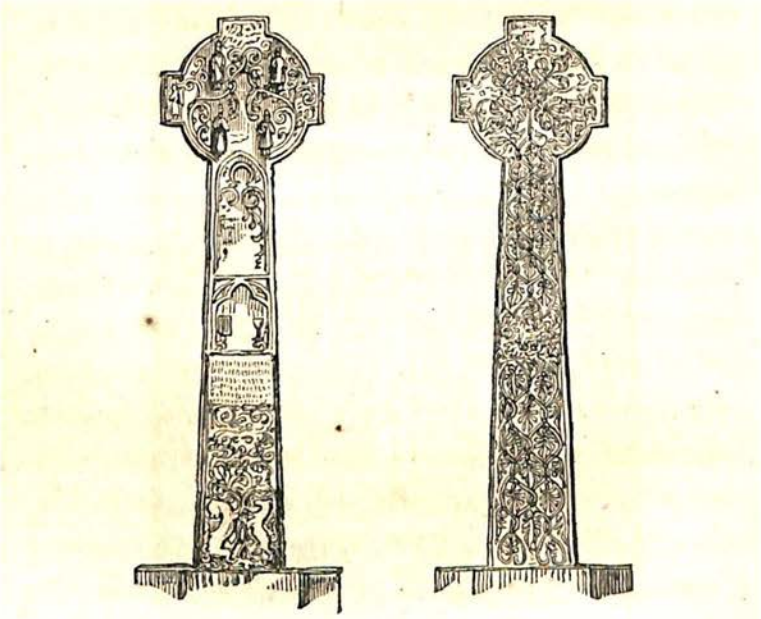
upon an artificial knoll outside the wall of the burial-ground at Kilkerran. But besides the fact that Iona was a place that was esteemed to be of peculiar sanctity, there was an additional reason in the people of this place having a memorial of St. Columba, on account of the intimacy that existed between him and St. Kiaran, the Apostle of Cantire, whose abode was in a cave not far hence, which we will presently go and see. In fact, as we have already seen, St. Columba, before he proceeded to Iona, visited Cantire, and landed at that spot on the Mull, which after him was called Kilcolmkill, where he is said to have preached the Gospel and founded a church, and where there is a pedestal of a cross, which is believed to have been dedicated to his memory. But whether the Kilcolmkill and Campbelton Crosses were originally set up in Cantire, or were transported from Iona — however that may be — we know that relics such as this were thought worthy of carriage from a far greater distance than Iona; and I confess, that, despite the sneers of some writers regarding the "Iona crosses," I am inclined to pin my faith to the popular tradition, and ascribe the origin of this cross to St. Columba's isle. There, as I imagine, was a school of sculptors, who designed and executed these elaborately-ornamented monoliths, which will account for their prevailing type, and for their frequency throughout Argyle and the Isles.

Friend.—I also incline to believe in popular tradition. It is generally based upon fact, even where the superstructure is erroneous. I love to put a pleasurable faith in romantic lore; and it pains me when any of my old friends in whom I have believed and delighted, are exposed as liars and swindlers. I even strive to continue my faith in them, long after their deceptions have been incontrovertibly pointed out; and I fancy that I am not altogether singular in this respect. I think I have heard something about *Populus vult decipi.* I still believe in William Tell, and can swallow his orange, and think his achievement no tale of a long-bow. What is it, indeed, compared with the doings of an Armstrong rifle in the hands of one of our volunteers? I still like to credit the story (story, indeed!) that the mother of the future Edward the Second, was "cabin'd, cribb'd, confined," in that little servitor's waiting-room in the Eagle Tower of Caernarvon Castle, although modern research has so terribly disturbed oral tradition, and has incontestibly proved from public records that the chamber pointed out as the birth-place of the first Prince of Wales was not built until Edward of Caernarvon was thirty-three years of age. Then there is that other Prince of Wales who struck Judge Gascoigne upon the bench. I don't like to be made to believe in this new historical discovery, that shows us that one of Henry's first acts when he

came to the throne was to send that faithful judge to the Tower. And there is also that Black Prince of Wales, with his ostrich-plume cognisance, which Camden had taught us was taken from the blind King of Bohemia, the prisoner of Cressy, and which we are now told was never at any time the badge of that monarch, but was the cognisance of Philippa of Hainault, and ——

Author.—But we are straying off into records of the Princes of Wales, instead of examining this cross. Not but what we could show a connection between this cross and the present Prince of Wales. For, was not this cross the chief ornament of the capital of the Lords of the Isles, and is not our Queen's eldest son the present Lord of the Isles, and the virtual owner and guardian of this beautiful specimen of antiquity? See, how fresh is its carving. It seems as though it had but lately left the sculptor's hands. Its ornamentation, as you perceive, is of a character precisely similar to that of the Inverary Cross. Here is the same foliage worked into the same conventional pattern, elaborately twisting and twining, but the pattern reproduced at equal distances. Indeed, the back of the cross, as you see, is entirely taken up with this pattern, with but little variation in its treatment; and exquisitely delicate and beautiful it is. But in the front (or eastern face) of the cross, we see that this pattern only fills up the

lower part of the shaft of the cross, and that two animals, conventionally treated, rear themselves up against either side of the twisted stem of the foliage. Similar animals, similarly treated, are seen in the Inverary Cross. Above the foliage pattern, is a tablet closely covered by lines of letters, which if we would wish to read, we must mount the steps of the cross for that



THE CAMPBELTON CROSS.

purpose. Here is the Lombardic inscription faithfully copied — the pencil having been assisted not only by the aid of photography, but also by "a rubbing." A few of the letters are well-nigh illegible, and it is cu-

rious that the inscription has suffered more wear and tear than any other portion of the carved work.

Pennant appears to have been the first who published an account of this inscription. His reading of it (which

CAMPBELTON CROSS INSCRIPTION.

appears to err in more than one letter) is thus given, and faithfully copied by all after-writers on the subject:—"Hæc: est: crux Domini: Yvari: M: K: Eachyrna: quondam: Rectoris: de Kyregan: et: Domini: Andre:

nati: ejus: Rectoris de Kil-coman: qui hanc crucem fieri faciebat." Which has been thus translated.* "This is the Cross of Mr. Ivar, M. K. Eachran, once Rector of Kyregan, and Master Andrew, his son, Rector of Kil-coman, who erected this Cross." The few accounts that have been printed of this cross, are excessively meagre, and give little besides this inscription; its ornamentation being very vaguely described. "It is a very handsome pillar of granite, richly ornamented with sculptured foliage," says Smith and the author of the "Statistical Account." "A very beautiful and perfect stone cross," says Macculloch, "the sculptures are as fresh as if but just executed, and consist of various foliages and Runic knots, designed and wrought with great taste, together with some emblematical figures of demons and angels, to which the same praise cannot be assigned.' Now, with all due deference to so great an authority, this latter part of his description is sheer nonsense, and no true description at all, conveying to the reader, who has not, like you, my dear Sir, an opportunity of seeing the original, a very erroneous idea of its ornamentation †; for, doubtless, the impression on the reader's

* By the author of "The Statistical Account of Campbelton." Other translators make the M.K. to stand for the Scotch prefix "Mac."

† This mistake of Macculloch's passes unnoticed in the "Critical Examination of Macculloch's Highlands," mentioned in a note at p. 6; nor indeed, is Cantire mentioned in that book.

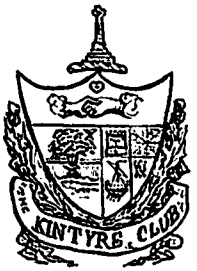
mind would be, that emblematical — and why "emblematical" I should like to know?— figures of ugly demons and angels were sprawling about among tasteful foliage and Runic knots. Where, by the way, are the Runic knots? Does Macculloch mean that this graceful arabesque, of evidently a much later date than the old Danish times, is compared of Runic knots, or "Danish tangles," as they are commonly called in these parts? And now look at his demons and angels. At the summit of the cross, among the ornamental foliage, you will perceive four figures, or rather five, for there is a smaller figure on the left hand arm of the cross; but the other four figures are larger and more important, and are arranged in two rows, one falling in each segment of the circle that occupies the greater portion of the arms of the cross. At a glance you will see, that if the sculptor intended these figures to represent demons, they must have been eminently respectable demons, and are standing in their several places, as calm and passionless as any saints. But, seriously, how could Macculloch give such an inaccurate description, which, of course, has since been copied by compilers of gazetteers, and the like. Not that I can pretend to say for whom the figures are meant, except that they are plainly *not* intended either for angels or demons. Perhaps these four might do duty for the Evangelists, or they may be tutelary saints, or even clerical portraits of

contemporary individuals. You will perceive that they are similarly clothed in long garments, though slightly varied as to attitudes. Beneath them, the upper portion of the shaft of the cross is divided into two parts, sculptured in the form of niches. On the Inverary Cross there is one niche, similar in character to these. The upper niche on this cross, as you see, is curiously treated in its foliated ornamentation, while in the lower niche, on the right-hand side, is figured a sacramental cup and a book.

Friend. — It is certainly a very beautiful monument of antiquity, and in very wonderful preservation. It is singular that it has been so little noticed by the pen. Perhaps the pencil has atoned for this.

Author. — No; this cross has never yet been properly represented. Considerable research and inquiry on this subject justify me, I believe, in saying, that only two illustrations of it have yet appeared. One of these is an engraved note-paper heading, representing Main Street, Campbelton, wherein, of course, the cross is shown standing in the centre of the street. This engraving, however, is on too small a scale to attempt anything like an indication of the details of the cross; but it is merely a reduced copy of Stewart's lithograph given in Smith's "Views of Campbelton," published twenty-seven years ago; and the lithographer has only given a general idea of the cross, without troubling himself with

the complicated details. In the vignette to Smith's "Views," the artist has again shown the cross, and on a larger scale than in the view of Main Street; but he has misrepresented its dimensions, and has not only abstained from attempting to copy the ornamentation,



but has erroneously indicated its leading characteristics. The cross is also shown on a very minute scale, of course, surmounting the badge of "the Kintyre Club," a benevolent society connected with the district, but having its head-quarters and its annual meetings at Glasgow. Beside these, I believe there has been no other representation of this interesting antiquity.* Neither this nor the Inverary Cross, are represented in the splendid work of the Spalding Club, whose specimens (nearly one hundred and fifty in number) are selected chiefly from the Eastern coast.†

* The editor of "The Gentleman's Magazine" is of the same opinion.

† Sculptured Stones of Scotland, 1856.

Friend. — The cross, as was usual, is placed, I perceive, where four arms of streets can diverge from it. This Main Street is long, and wide, and with its good shops and houses presents quite an important appearance. There is Freeborn's Hotel at the corner of the street to the left; and at the opposite corner of the other side of the street, what is that building with its octagonal tower and spire?

Author. — That is the town-house. It contains a court-room, and gaols for criminals and debtors, and has improved in condition since the not-very-far-back date when the Commissioners on Municipal Corporations in Scotland reported it to be "perhaps the worst gaol in Scotland, after the old gaol of Rothsay." The burgh of Campbelton, under the new Municipal Act, has seventeen or eighteen councillors. It was formerly governed by a provost, two bailies, a water-bailie, a dean of guild, treasurer, town-clerk, and twelve councillors. Their head-quarters were there. Let us stroll down towards the quay, while I "discoorse ye," as Paddy says.

[*Exeunt discoorsing.*]

CHAP VIII.

THE CHIEF TOWN OF THE LORDS OF THE ISLES.

Campbelton Law. — A good Confession. — The joint Farmers and the 'cute Chamberlain. — Law is Justice for once. — A royal Burgh. — Andrew Fairservice's Opinion. — The modern Town. — Its Trade and Distilleries. — Whiskey. — The Busses. — Fisheries. — Scenery of the Harbour. — Lime Craigs. — The Dowager Duchess. — Her Craft. — She is outwitted by a Servant. — The Trench Battery. — Castlehill Church. — Macdonald's Castle. — The Lords of the Isles. — James the Fifth's Visit. — Coll Kittoch, "the Left-handed." — A Relief Church. — The Descendants of the Covenanters. — Cannie Scots. — Malcolm's Advice. — Scotch Wit. — The Campbelton Oracle.

SCENE. — *Main Street, Campbelton; Author and Friend strolling towards the Quay.*

Author. — Now for my legend touching the town-house of Campbelton. Once upon a time two Cantire farmers fell out, and resolved to settle their dispute by law. So they went to the sheriff of Campbelton to state their case: and he inquired what was the nature of their dispute. Then said one farmer, "He was hasty, and I was a briar! that is the foundation of the whole matter." Said the sheriff, "Then I will soon end this

case. Go home together, drink one glass of whiskey each, and shake hands; and I declare the law to be settled." They did as the sheriff advised, and were good friends ever after.

Friend. — They must have been sensible people in those days — Solons and not solans. "He was hasty, and I was a briar," was a good confession.

Author. — Hear yet another tale connected with Campbelton law. There were two farmers that worked a joint farm. The one had a large family of young children who could not help him; the family of the other was grown up, and could assist in farm labour, so that his portion of the farm was better tended than that of his poorer companion. The lease being out, the man in good circumstances, who was a hard and covetous man, wished the new lease to be made out entirely for him, and that the poor man should be ejected. So he came to Campbelton, and told the chamberlain that he wished to take the other man's part of the farm, as he was better able to work it. Now the chamberlain was 'cute, and perfectly understood the whole case; so he replied, "If you are desirous to take the other portion of the farm, and to work it, you shall have it; and I will see that the lease is made out accordingly." So the man returned home with great joy, and told his poorer neighbour that he and his family must now turn out, for that he had taken the whole farm on a new

lease. Thereupon the poor man, in great dejection, came to Campbelton, to lay before the chamberlain his sad case. "It is very true," said the chamberlain, "that I have let your part of the farm to your neighbour, and the new lease is made out accordingly. But I said nothing to him about his own portion of the farm, which I have reserved for you, and here is the lease that will confirm it to you." And thus was the poor man installed in the covetous man's place; and the Campbelton chamberlain was commended for the Scotch shrewdness shown in his decision.

Friend.— "A second Daniel come to judgment!"

Author.— And now let me presume that you are sufficiently interested in Campbelton, to wish to know something more of its history. As we stand here upon the quay, we see how the town encircles the head of the bay. From this circumstance, when the Dalruadhinian times had passed away, it was called *Ceann Loch*, "the head," or "end of the Loch," and the Gaelic-speaking people still call it by this name. It was also called *Ceann Loch chille Chiaran*, or "the Head of the Loch of Kilkerran." Soon after the Reformation, the four parishes of Kilkerran, Kilmichael, Kilkivan *, and Kilchousland, were united under the

* Probably by an error of the press, Kilkerran is again given (instead of Kilkivan) in the "Statistical Account of Campbelton" (p. 453).

title of Loch-head. But in 1700 the town finally changed its name into Campbelton, out of compliment to the Duke of Argyle, who was (and whose successor is) the chief landowner. Campbelton is one of the three royal burghs (the other two being Inverlochy and Stornoway) that were created by James VI. for the civilisation of "the stern Scottish Hielands." The statute 15 James VI. c. 267, ordains "for the better entertaining and continuing of civility and policy within the Hielandes and Iles," "that there be erected and builded within the bounds thereof, three burghes and burrowe-towns in the maist convenient and commodious partes meet for the same; to wit, ane in Kintyre, another in Lochaber, and the third in the Lewis;" and gives as reasons for the erection, that Inverary, distant about sixty miles, was then the only royal burgh in Argyleshire; that the burgh of Campbelton was a very fit and convenient place to be erected into a royal burgh; and that the Earl of Argyle, to whom the same belonged in fee, was anxious for the erection. The charter for raising the old burgh or barony of Loch-head to the dignity and privileges of the royal burgh of Campbelton was granted by William III. April 19th, 1700. The town, however, had been known by its present name for some years, by the act of the people themselves, out of respect for the family of Argyle. From the Justiciary books of Argyle-

shire and the Isles, it appears that a Circuit Court of Justiciary was held at Campbelton in August, 1680. This is the earliest period that the modern name has been found in writing; and the first time thereafter that the Presbytery of Cantire met, it was at Campbelton, on the 9th of November, 1687. Previous to this there had been no entry in the record for twenty-seven years. The last previous entry is dated March 6, 1660, and the town is then called Loch-head. By the 59th Act of the sixth Parliament of James IV. in 1503, the "Loch-head of Kilkerran" was declared to be the seat of justice for the South Isles.

Friend. — These royal burghs were, in the eyes of Andrew Fairservice, one of Scotland's boasts. "Sae mony royal boroughs," he said, "yoked on end to end, like ropes of ingans, with their hie-streets, and their booths nae doubt, and their kræmes, and houses of stane, and lime, and forestairs."

Author. — In this respect Campbelton sustains that flavour of royalty with which she was filled when she was Dalruadh, the capital of the old Scottish monarchy. The ancient places of the town that are still identified by their modern names, are Fisher's Point, Parliament Close, Dalaruan, and Dalintober. There is the suburb of Dalintober, over against us, on the opposite side of the harbour, with its little quay, and the houses of the fishermen, and their rusty-looking nets

hung out on large poles. This old quay of Campbelton is about to be widened some ten or twelve feet, a necessary improvement towards meeting the demands of the increasing commerce. The population of the town is between six and seven thousand; of the burgh and parish, upwards of ten thousand. As to the public buildings and institutions, besides those we have already seen, there are eight places of worship — churches, chapels, and meeting-houses, with a Roman Catholic chapel, chiefly used by the Irish inhabitants; there are Sunday schools, and a ragged school, and a grammar school, and private schools. There are two banks, a custom-house, and an excise office; there are reading-rooms, an Athenæum, and a public library, and all the conveniences and comforts of a good provincial town. Here is McEwing's, the chief bookseller and printer. He publishes a newspaper, called "The Argyleshire Herald," which has a large circulation, and is very well edited. Let us go into his shop and possess ourselves of a copy, and see how the world wags in Campbelton. So: let us run our eyes over the advertisements. Here is Neil Sinclair, the seedsman and florist; Alexander McPhail, the painter and paperhanger; Mrs. McCallum, the milliner, who intimates that she has returned from Glasgow with the latest fashions; William Dickson, the wine-merchant; William Hunter, the jeweller and

watchmaker; and Robert Simpson, with his concentrated manures. Here, too, is the Campbelton Apothecary Hall, offering to prevent our sea-sickness with a dose of their Bicolotyne. Here, too, are the sales by auction, or "Public Roup;" the "Cows and Queys, calved and to calve, and a few Quey Calves," at the farm of Mid Craigs; the Ayrshire bulls, and Milk Boynes, Chessets, &c., at the farm of Low Drumore; the furniture, including "a large Napery chest" at Askomill Walk; the Ayrshire cows, queys, and bulls, the "potale cart, churters," &c., and the "prize bull, belonging to Mr. M'Conachy, Knockrioch," to be sold at Kilwhipnach; the "paling stobs from Largie;" the "excellent Tidy Cows, the property of Mr. Duncan M'Tarish;" and the "Cargo of dissolved Bones, arrived per schooner Robert," in the corner of which advertisement, you will perceive, in capital letters, the words "No Bosh;" which shows that Eastern slang has penetrated into the Western Highlands. The word "that" appears to be expressively used. Among the "To Lets" is "That house," "That shop," "That business." And there have been lost, somewhere between Westport and Ballachantee, "Three white-faced Wedder Hoggs, double back bit far lug. Ewe, single back bit far lug." If we find these singular creatures, we are permitted to claim a reward from Mr. McKenzie of the Argyle Arms. So much for an analysis of the

advertising columns. As for the local news, we will study that hereafter. You see it is a thoroughly complete newspaper, with its weekly column of "Town-talk, by our London Correspondent," a gentleman who sees farther into a millstone than you can be aware of, and who will open the eyes of the West Highlanders to various interesting circumstances of which they might otherwise have remained in ignorance. Here, for instance, he tells them, how their Lord of the Isles, the Prince of Wales, "takes hold of the cantle of the saddle when he jumps," plays the violin, has an excellent appetite, and likes a cigar; "but that taste is not approved of at Windsor." May the "Argyleshire Herald" and its London Correspondent continue to flourish! for a newspaper in any country district, — and *à fortiori*, in a West Highland one, — is a mighty engine for good, and is frequently the only printed document that can gain a footing in a cottage. We may look then, on the "Argyleshire Herald" as a pioneer of progress and civilisation; and may sincerely and heartily wish it God-speed.

Friend. — Now that we are in the street again, tell me about the trade of the town.

Author. — Campbelton possesses tan-works, woollen manufactories, a salt manufactory, bleach-fields, and rope-walks; but the chief trade of the place is now in whiskey. There are about thirty large distilleries, paying

not far from a hundred thousand a year in duty; and probably there is not a vessel that leaves this harbour without its stock of whiskey on board. Glasgow is the principal market for it. In fact Campbelton has gradually drawn to itself the supply of Glasgow and other towns of the Clyde. Its vicinity to the principal barley lands of Cantire renders its situation far preferable to that of Glasgow for the manufacture; and the easy and perpetual intercourse by steamboats has brought the market to its doors. The manufacture of spirits, and consequent trade, have influenced the import as well as the export; and although barley and bear, which is an inferior kind of barley, have become the staple produce of Cantire, they are still insufficient for the supply of the distilleries.*

Friend. — Bear with me while I recite a quotation anent bear, though you well know the lines: —

"The rough bur-thistle, spreading wide
Amang the bearded bear,
I turn'd the weeding-hook aside,
An' spared the symbol dear."

Author. — If Burns had abstained from the produce

* See Lord Teignmouth's "Scotland" (p. 379), where the subject is pursued at much length, and where statistical tables are given as to the distillation, consumption, illicit traffic, effects upon crime and social progress, &c. &c. During 1860 there has been a great falling off in the revenue from duties on Highland whiskey.

of the bear, as well as from the thistle, it would have been the better for him. But to return to my muttons. The joint operation of the legal distilleries and of the excise has been the diminution of the illicit trade, which is now almost extinct. Formerly malting was much carried on at Campbelton, and proved a principal source of encouragement to smuggling, as those who were engaged in the illicit traffic brought their grain to the regular establishments to be malted, and paid for it after the sale of their whiskey. Women had a large share in this traffic, and were notoriously continually drunken. The temptation to drink whiskey when every one manufactured it, was irresistible; but few could pay for the manufactured article. Lord Teignmouth, who inquired deeply into these particulars, comes to the conclusion, that, with the diminution, almost amounting to extinction, of illegal distillation in the Highlands and Islands, there was a corresponding decrease of profligacy and crime. The return from Campbelton of the comparative amount of duty on spirits distilled, and of convictions, places this conclusion in a striking light. The diminution of convictions, notwithstanding the enormous increase of legal distillation in the town, proves that its demoralising effects must not necessarily be sought where it is carried on, whilst its immediate influence in suppressing the illegal practice is undoubtedly beneficial. The whiskey trade has

now supplanted the fisheries for which Campbelton was once celebrated. Its harbour, as the old Gazetteers tell us, was "the rendezvous for the busses."

Friend. — A sort of Elephant and Castle, or King's Cross.

Author. — No; these busses instead of plying on the land, plied on the deep.

Friend. — Then (to interrupt you with a bad joke) those busses were light smacks.

Author (*with severity*). — They were vessels from twenty to ninety tons burden, the best size being about eighty. You will see a full description of them in Pennant.* He tells us that a buss of eighty tons ought to take out ten lasts, or a hundred and twenty barrels of herrings at one guinea a barrel, in order to clear expenses. A vessel of that size ought to have eighteen men, three boats, and 20,000 square yards of nets. A bounty of thirty shillings per ton, which was finally increased to fifty shillings, was allowed for the encouragement of British adventurers, and was allowed to such as claimed it at the appointed rendezvous. Campbelton was formerly the harbour appointed for this purpose, and as many as 260 busses have been seen here at one time. Whole fleets of boats and busses were formerly built here, and sent from hence on this trade; and, in a single year, as many as

* Hebrides, p. 319.

30,000 barrels have been exported. When the Government wished to encourage men to enter the navy, they withdrew the herring bounty, a circumstance which, while it for a time brought great loss to Campbelton, gave hundreds of fine fellows to man our wooden walls. A great part of the capital formerly embarked in the herring fishery by the Campbelton merchants, was then invested in distilleries, and the fishery consequently declined; but of late years it has considerably revived, and now that steamers can convey the fish fresh to Glasgow, the trade has greatly increased.* We shall, however, see more of the herring fishery when we get to Tarbert, on Loch Fyne. Cod and ling and other fish are also shipped from this port in great quantities. One of the articles of export is called *draff;* it is the refuse of the grain from the distilleries, and is usually sold for pig-meal.

Friend. — What an excellent harbour it is, and how beautiful is the view from it!

Author. — The bay, you perceive, comes in from the east, and on the western side of the town is low ground about three miles in width, extending to Machrihanish Bay, on the Atlantic shore. This plain is now cultivated, and traversed by a canal leading to a coal mine (at the village of Dalvaddy) that supplies the town

* The report by the "Commissioners for the British Fisheries," gives the latest statistics concerning the Campbelton fisheries.

with fuel*; but from the alluvial character of the soil, and from the general appearance of this tract of land, it is easy to perceive that it was once covered by the sea, and that this spot on which we are now standing, and from it all round to the Mull, was once an island, or at any rate was like the Isle of Davar, which we see yonder, and which is an island at high water. The hills that overhang the town on its north and south sides vary from 800 to 1000 feet high. The hill over against us is called Cnoc Scalapil. On this side, towards the island of Davar, are the Glenramskill hills, heathery and beloved of sportsmen. At their foot, near to the harbour, is the Glenramskill distillery. The hill of Bengullion, which, I am told, is about 1500 feet in height, is seen a little further south. Here, in this harbour, in January, 1853, lay H.M.S. Hercules, a seventy-four, for the reception of 840 emigrants, who came chiefly from the Isle of Skye. No less than 3000 people emigrated from the Western Highlands and Islands about that time, two thirds of whom came from Skye; they were enabled to do this chiefly through the assistance of the Highland and Island Emigration Society. Just on the slope of the hill, on this side the harbour, behind the little battery, you see Limecraigs, the Duke of Argyle's house, or rather, you see the

* The coal is of an inferior quality. The dip of the coal corresponds in inclination and quality with that found at Ballycastle, in Ireland.

avenues of fine trees that front it. They were planted more that 180 years ago, by Elizabeth Tollemache, Duchess of Argyle, and mother of the great Duke John. The old Duchess was more partial to Cantire and Campbelton than many of her descendants have been *, and she delighted to live here in company with several young ladies of rank, whom she watched with Argus-eyed vigilance, lest they should stoop to an alliance with the lairds of Cantire. She was foiled, however, in her stratagems, although she was a more than ordinarily cunning old lady, to say nothing worse of her, as the following story may suggest. When Argyle had subdued the Macdonalds, and gained possession of Cantire, he gave several estates to the members of his clan. The old Duchess wished for these scattered possessions to be taken from their owners, and given back again to her own family. She therefore borrowed their charters from the several Campbells, under pretence of revising them; but when once she had got them in her hands, she destroyed them, and the Campbells having nothing to show to prove their titles to the estates, were compelled to give them up to the Argyle family, who thus revoked their original grants. It is delightful to know that this crafty old Duchess was outwitted by the shrewdness of a common (or rather,

* Lord Teignmouth (who also gives this anecdote) says that the late Duke of Argyle only paid one visit to Cantire.

an uncommon) servant. He suspected some evil design, and having abstracted his master's charter before it could be placed in the hands of the Duchess, made off with it, and did not restore it until time had exposed the old woman's fraud. This was at Kildalloig, a pleasant estate, on the outside of the bay, on the other side of the Isle of Davar, and still held by a Campbell.

Friend. — That crafty old Duchess would be a famous subject for Thackeray's scalpel.* But what was that very mild-looking little battery for?

Author. — For intimidation. It is called "The Trench," and was raised for the reception of Alexander Macdonald, *alias* Alister MacColl, who came over with a party of Irish to assist Montrose, the Earl of Antrim being expected at the same time. It does duty now as a saluting battery, and makes itself of great importance at the Campbelton regattas. But let us stroll back up Main Street and by the old cross. We have heard already a good deal about the Macdonalds, at Saddell, at Dunaverty, and here. They were the ruling powers of the district. The conventicle-looking building that terminates the vista of

* "At the south corner of the now roofless Loland Kirk, are interred the remains of Elizabeth Tollemache, Duchess of Argyle, mother of the great Duke John and Duke Archibald, and Lady Anne, who married the Earl of Bute. She lived for more than twenty years at Limecraigs, during the early part of the eighteenth century, having Kintyre as her jointure." — *Statistical Account of Campbelton*, p. 462.

our view of Main Street, is called the Castlehill Church, and occupies the site of the ancient castle of the Macdonalds of Ceann-Loch. When, as we have already seen, the seat of government was removed from Dalruadhain to Forteviot, in 843, this remote and deserted part became a prey to foreign invaders. The Danes and Norwegians had already got firm possession of the greater part of the Western Isles, and, by making frequent inroads into the heart of the kingdom, put it entirely out of the sovereign's power to pay any attention to the frontiers. Cantire suffered the same fate with the other islands with which it was classed, and became the asylum for pirates. About the end of the ninth century, Harold Harfager, King of Denmark, made an expedition in person to Cantire, in order to reduce the pirates to obedience. He also appointed a governor over them; for, as Cantire and the Isles were chiefly inhabited by his subjects, he began to consider them as a portion of his kingdom. These governors, or viceroys, were not contented with deputed royalty; and, in 1164, Somerled, a powerful chieftain in Cantire,—"the mighty Somerled" of Scott*, —formed a matrimonial alliance with one of the viceroys, by marrying the grand-daughter of Harold, and made a descent upon the Clyde with a fleet of one hun-

* For further particulars of him see the notes to "The Lord of the Isles."

dred and twenty sail, but was defeated and slain at Renfrew by Malcolm IV. This defeat was long felt by Somerled's descendants, preventing them not only from attempting new conquests, but even scarcely enabling them to preserve the territories of their fathers. Accordingly we find, at different periods, the Kings of Norway, of Scotland, and sometimes of England, laying claim to the sovereignty of Cantire and the Isles. Now the son of "mighty Somerled" was Reginald, a more powerful prince even than his father, for he formed alliances with the kings of England; and he was the ancestor of those Macdonalds of Cantire whom we have already encountered here, and at Dunaverty, and at Saddell, and with whom we shall meet elsewhere. For centuries they reigned as lords of the Isles.* Cantire paid them a yearly tribute of five hundred cows; Islay contributed another five hundred, and the other isles in like proportion. One of the Macdonalds of whom we heard when we were near Saddell, was surnamed Angus Oig, and was the friend and protector of the gallant Bruce in his adversity, and was that self-same —

> "Ronald, from many a hero sprung,
> The fair, the valiant, and the young,

* They assumed regal powers and held parliaments. Lord Hales says, that in one of these parliaments (held at Artornish), Macdonald received a regular embassy from the King of Scotland.

Lord of the Isles, whose lofty name
A thousand bards have given to fame.
The mate of monarchs, and allied
On equal terms with England's pride."

His grandson John at first espoused the cause of Baliol, but returned to his allegiance, and was married to a daughter of Robert II., King of Scotland. Of this marriage there were four sons: Donald, Lord of the Isles, John of Antrim, Alexander, and Allan. Donald, in right of his wife, succeeded to the earldom of Ross. It was when one of his descendants, John, Earl of Ross, had offended the King by his daring conduct, that the King sent an army against him under the Earl of Athol, to whom he gave, as a parting command, that laconic phrase that has since formed the family motto: "Furth, fortune, and fill the fetters!" meaning, "Go forth! may good fortune attend you, and may you bring back many prisoners." James IV. held a parliament in Campbelton, on the spot that still retains the name of "Parliament Close," where he emancipated a part of the vassals of the Macdonalds, and granted them *de novo* charters, holding of the crown; but, in 1536, to curb the license and subdue the haughty spirit of the chieftains and their vassals, James V. found it necessary to make a voyage to Cantire and the Isles. During this expedition the King repaired the fortalice of Kilkerran, close by here,

and left in it a garrison wherewith to overawe Macdonald. But before the King had got clear of the harbour, Macdonald sallied out of his castle, took possession of the fortalice, and, in the sight of the King, hung the new governor from the walls as an unmistakable proof of their conquest.

Friend. — Which was adding insult to injury. And this Castlehill church is built upon the site of Macdonald's castle, and, by its name, reminds us thereof?

Author. — Yes. It was James Macdonald who was the hero of the surprise of Kilkerran. He was succeeded by his son Angus, who lived chiefly here, but occasionally at Largie and Dunaverty, whose castle he had put in a state of repair. He carried on a bloody feud with Maclean of Duart. In 1591 they were prevailed upon to go to court, in order that their differences might be settled. The King settled them by clapping them both in prison, in Edinburgh Castle, though they were afterwards released on paying a fine. Angus behaved with great cruelty, and repeatedly resisted and defied the government. His Protestant neighbours complained of him, and the Earl of Argyle, who was then engaged in suppressing an insurrection, was ordered to march against him. At his approach Angus and his son James, with their followers, fled to Ireland, and Argyle took possession of his castle of Ceann-Loch, and of the rest of Cantire. The lands of

the Macdonalds were then forfeited to the crown, and bestowed by James VI. on the Earl of Argyle. Angus was afterwards pardoned, and a pension was bestowed on his son, who was knighted; but the lands were never restored. Sir James Macdonald died without issue, and the lands were claimed by Coll Macdonald, surnamed Coll Kittoch, "the left-handed." Some believe him to have been a natural son of the Earl of Antrim; but, according to tradition, he was the son and lawful heir of Sir James. He was noted for his strength and prowess, and left no means untried to harass Argyle. His son Alexander commanded the auxiliaries sent by Lord Antrim to assist the royal cause in the struggle between Charles I. and his Parliament. Alexander served under Montrose as his major-general; and, immediately after the battle of Inverlochy, where Argyle was defeated on the 2nd of Feb. 1644, his father Coll invaded Cantire (from Colonsay, of which he had taken violent possession), and claimed it as his inheritance. When Montrose was appointed Captain-general of Scotland, he conferred the honour of knighthood on his major-general; and, after the battle of Philiphaugh, the Earl of Huntley in the north, and Sir Alexander Macdonald in the south, were the only chieftains who remained in arms against the Covenanters. When Lieutenant-General Leslie had subdued the Earl of Huntley, he marched

south against Sir Alexander Macdonald, who retreated to Dunaverty. Then followed that dreadful massacre at "The Rock of Blood," and the downfall of the Macdonalds. Sir Alexander was killed in Ireland. Coll Macdonald was hanged at Dunstaffnage. Neither he nor his son left issue, and Cantire was never afterwards claimed by the heirs of mighty Somerled, the descendants of the powerful Lords of the Isles. So this castle of Ceann-Loch passed away from the Macdonalds into the possession of the Earls of Argyle; and here, in 1685, the unfortunate Earl of Argyle issued his declaration of hostilities against James II. Thus that old castle of old Campbelton saw its fierce and stormy days; and now, as has been appropriately said, "the ministers of Campbelton enjoy the satisfaction of preaching that gospel which speaks peace on earth and good-will to the sons of men, on the same spot where the Lords of the Isles issued their stern and arbitrary mandates." This Castlehill church, as it is now called, is one of the two parish churches of Campbelton; the service here is in English, at the other kirk in Gaelic. The Gaelic Kirk has sittings for 1860 worshippers; the English Kirk for 1200. At the Relief Church there are sittings for 1600. It possesses the unusual ornament of a tall tower of five stages, with pinnacles, built in a species of Gothic, which, with the spire of the town-house, form the

two most conspicuous features in the views of the town.

Friend. — I hear also of a kirk in this place called "The United Secession Church," * which seems a queer title. But what do you mean by a Relief Church?

Author. — I will answer you out of book. This is what Lord Teignmouth says: "The people of Campbelton and its neighbourhood are divided into two distinct classes; generally distinguished as Highlanders and Lowlanders; the former belonging to the Kirk, the latter to the Relief; the former speaking Gaelic, the latter English; though the gradual diffusion of English has tended in a great measure to obliterate the difference. The Relief are much less numerous than the Kirk. They have no chapel in Argyleshire except at Campbelton and Southend, and very few of their persuasion except in these parishes. They are the remnant of a colony of Covenanters, introduced during the religious wars by Argyle; and it is singular that to this day they steadily maintain their separate existence, names, religion, and associations, though some Highlanders have joined their communion. They intermarry almost exclusively, and bury their dead in a separate cemetery near Campbelton; though the Roman Catholics, less bigoted in this respect, mingle their

* They form the most considerable body next to the Established Church.

dead promiscuously with those of the Kirk in the cemetery of Kilkerran. In the burial-ground of South-end, a stream separates the dead of the Kirk and the Relief. In this respect, however, they resemble the Highlanders, who are buried together as much as possible in reference to their clans. They have also their own distinct traditions. But the chief difference, for a long time, between the two sects was the language. The Relief belonged to the Kirk till about sixty years ago, when they quitted it on account of the Duke of Hamilton having appointed a minister whom they did not approve" (this was in 1767), "about the time at which the great secession took place throughout Scotland on the score of patronage. They were then possessed of all the malting business, and secured the monopoly of this lucrative employment by admitting none but persons of their own persuasion to a share in it. The inducement was so strong, that it attracted a few Highlanders to their number."

Friend. — The cannie Scots! Truly it might be said of their godliness, that it was great gain.

Author. — "They are characterised by the people," says Lord Teignmouth, "as very strict in their religious tenets, looking down somewhat superciliously on others, and also extremely shrewd in their worldly affairs, and more cautious than the Highlanders, of which proof is afforded by their having obtained pos-

session of nearly all the best farms near Campbelton, and being an opulent body. They are very scrupulous in the selection of their ministers, and prompt in dismissing them, if dissatisfied with them. One was lately discharged for presuming to marry the woman of his choice, in preference to one whom they had marked out for him. The practice of choosing the minister attracts many to their sect. Their minister is well paid." It was about 180*l.* a year when Lord Teignmouth wrote, which was in the year 1827*; but in 1835 the congregation was split into two; and a lawsuit as to the occupancy of the Kirk was decided in favour of the party that adhered to the Relief. Pennant says that the Relief Kirk "was raised by a voluntary subscription of 2300*l.*, collected chiefly among the posterity of oppressed natives of the Lowlands, encouraged to settle here (in times of persecution) by the Argyle family. These still keep themselves distinct from the old inhabitants, retain the zeal of their ancestors, are obstinately averse to patronage, but are esteemed the most industrious people in the country." There is a tale told of a man named Malcolm Mac Geachy, who lived at Campbelton, and was a very pious and intelligent man. His wife was dead, and his chil-

* Much of his work (but not the Campbelton portion of it) appeared as supplements to "The Saturday Magazine," 1833–4. The work itself was not published till 1836.

dren were scattered abroad. Under the same roof with him lived an old woman named Kate Mac Eachin, but a partition separated their two rooms. It was so thin, however, that they were enabled to converse together without leaving their own rooms and firesides. One day, after a long silence, Malcolm said, "Hallo, Kate!" "What now, Malcolm?" she asked. "I am going to give you a bit of advice, Kate!" said he. "Well," replied Kate, "let me hear it; for you have given me many a good bit of advice." "Then, my advice to you, Kate," said he, "is, that you give up praying." "Give up praying!" cried out Kate; who was a very piously disposed person, and never omitted reading her Bible, and saying her prayers every morning and evening: "Why, what a bad man you must be, Malcolm, to advise me to give up praying!" "Yes, Kate," said he; "you must give up praying, or else, you must give up scolding. I heard you scolding your other neighbour yestreen; and you must either give up scolding, or praying; for, you may depend upon it, they cannot do together." Kate became very thoughtful, and then said that Malcolm was quite right; so she kept her praying, and did away with her scolding.

Friend. — There is much grim humour and shrewdness in the Scotch nature. They can originate wit, even if they cannot appreciate it when they encounter it. I have been reading Dean's Ramsay's book; and I

like to have such old anecdotes as he tells us strictly preserved, for they are useful illustrations of men and customs that are fast disappearing.

Author. — Those old customs and national peculiarities survive in Cantire, when they have long since perished in other parts of the Highlands before the advance of tourists and civilisation. We have already met with many specimens of this, even though we have advanced only thus far into the bowels of the land; and we shall encounter yet more. But enough for the present.

Now, let us go back to the White Hart to dinner; and, as such is the custom of the place, consult the oracle.*

[*Exeunt: the scene closes, and so does this chapter.*]

* "At night am admitted freeman of Campbelton, and, according to the custom of the place, consult the oracle of the Bottle about my future voyage, assisted by a numerous company of brother burgesses." —PENNANT'S *Voyage to the Hebrides* p. 176.

CHAP. IX.

KILKERRAN, AND THE FIRST MISSIONARY IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Kilkerran. — St. Kiaran. — His History. — The Apostle of Cantire. — Palladius. — St. Patrick. — St. Kiaran's Pupil Columba. — Chronological Difficulties. — St. Kiaran's Home in Cantire. — His begging Horse. — An unfair Compact. — The Burial-ground. — Three Views of it. — Aidan's Tomb. — A pugilistic Apparition. — Mr. Boes and his Second-sight. — "Well done, John!" — The Sleeper. — Mr. Boes and his Combats with Satan. — Kilkerran Castle. — Small Profits and quick Returns.

Of those spots in the immediate neighbourhood of Campbelton, Kilkerran is the most interesting. It is one mile east of Campbelton, and pleasantly situated on the shore of the Loch, with the Glenramskill hills rising behind it, and the picturesque island of Davar close at hand to the right. There are a few cottages and a farm-house or two, snugly embosomed in trees, and there are the ruins of the old castle, and the

site of the old church, with its large burial-ground, which is still used as a cemetery for the use of Campbelton. Altogether Kilkerran forms a very lovely bit of scenery, and the view from its hills is most pleasing and varied. But it is the past history of the place that gives it its crowning interest; for here lived St. Kiaran, the Apostle of Cantire, the tutor of St. Columba, and the first person (in all probability) who preached in the Highlands the Gospel of Christ.

The saint gave his name to this spot; Kilkerran, or as it is in Gaelic *Kil-Ciaran*, signifying "the Cell of Kiaran;" and Campbelton harbour was sometimes called "The Loch of Kilkerran," and Campbelton itself was occasionally spoken of as "Kilkerran." I have already referred to the tradition of St. Kiaran being accompanied by his pupil, St. Columba, to the Mull of Cantire; but it is also stated that St. Columba did not proceed to Iona until fifteen years after the death of St. Kiaran*; and, if there is any shadow of truth in this statement, it would appear that St. Kiaran preached Christ in the Highlands many years before St. Columba's visit, and that to this "Apostle of Cantire" (as he is generally called), must be ascribed the honour of being the first missionary to the western coast of Scotland. It would, perhaps, be impossible to

* On the authority of the Rev. W. L. Alexander, D.D., and "The Annals of Innishfallen, Ireland."

Cuthbert Bede, del[t]

Hanhart, Chromo-lith.

KILKERRAN, CAMPBELTON HARBOUR, AND DAVAR ISLAND, CANTYRE

fix with any precision the date of St. Kiaran's preaching. He is said to have died when St. Columba was only twenty-seven years of age; and this would bring his preaching into the first half of the sixth century, and his death somewhere about the year 550,—Sept. 9, 548, has been given as the date, but other dates have also been assigned to that event. The Romanists, I am aware, assert that Palladius, after he had preached to the Scots in Ireland, crossed over to the west coast of Scotland, in consequence of the opposition he had encountered in Ireland, from the heathen king Dathi; and that after preaching the Gospel for a short time in the Highlands, he died in 432*, and was succeeded by

* It is stated that he took refuge at Abernethy, on the borders of Perthshire, with the Pictish King Nethan (or Nectan) I. He, however, did not come to the throne till 455, and it does not seem clear whether Abernethy was founded by Nethan I., or (according to the register of St. Andrews) by Nethan II., about the year 600. (See Dr. Jamieson.) It is also stated that Palladius preached to the Picts for twenty years, and died at Fordun in 450, and was buried there; in confirmation of which there is a house in the churchyard still called Palladius's chapel, where there was an image of the saint, and whither pilgrimages used to be performed. There is also a well there called Paldy Well; and an annual fair called Paldy Fair. (See the Rev. Alexander Leslie's "Statistical Account of Fordun.") But all this might be without Palladius having any personal connection with the place. The phrase that he was sent by Cœlestine to preach "in Scotiam," is variously interpreted. It is true that the Breviary of Aberdeen mentions his dying at Fordun "full of years" ("annorum plenus apud Long-forgund in Mernis in pace requiescit beata"); and many historians have adopted this statement; but, says

St. Patrick, who had been consecrated at Rome by Pope Cœlestine, as the successor of Palladius, and "Archbishop of the Scots." But this story may have been framed to meet the difficulties of the position; and although from the close connection subsisting between Ireland and Cantire, the light of Christianity *may* have shone upon the Dalruadhinian kingdom long before St. Kiaran, in 536, became the Apostle of Cantire, yet he is the first preacher of whom we have any authentic accounts, and to him therefore (in the absence of more reliable authority) we may fairly assign the honour of having been the forerunner of Columba, and the first person who preached the Gospel in the Highlands.

St. Kiaran's history, however, is connected with that

Mr. Chambers, "It is now the general opinion of the more rigorous antiquaries, that Palladius never was in Scotland, and that the claims of Fordoun to have been his resting-place arose at first from a misapprehension, either wilful or through ignorance, on the part of the monks. Palladius, according to the only proper authority, was sent 'in Scotiam,' that is, to Ireland; for such was the designation of the sister isle at that period." The truth of this remark may be confirmed by a reference to Adamnan's "Life of St. Columba," wherein "Scotia" is invariably applied to Ireland, although this is a point on which the usually careful Romish historian, Dr. Lingard, has fallen into error. A similar mistake has arisen from the word Hibernia being applied to Cantire and the Isles. The Western Highlanders were frequently called *Hibernii*, or "the Irish" (even up to 1547), to distinguish them from the Scots of the mainland. (See Paterson "On the Origin of the Scots.") But whether Palladius was at Fordun or not, he does not appear to have had any connection with Cantire.

of St. Patrick. This saint, it may be remembered, whose real name was Calphurnius, surnamed "the Patrician" (whence *Patrick*), was born at that Roman city in Dumbartonshire, now called Kilpatrick, or "the Cell of Patrick," and, at the age of sixteen, was taken prisoner, and carried off to Ireland, by Nial of the Nine Hostages, King of Ireland, from whom St. Columba was fourth in descent. After nine years of a shepherd's life, he escaped to his native country, and from thence went to Tours, where he received his education. When he returned to Ireland, as the successor of Palladius, he baptized several persons of great consequence, and among them St. Kiaran, and Fergus, who was afterwards King of Cantire. According to Bede, St. Patrick died fifty-seven years before the birth of Columba, *i. e.* somewhere about the year 463, or 465; for it is as difficult to calculate these confused chronologies as it would be to arrive at the hour of the day by consulting Captain Cuttle's famous watch. But there do not appear to have been two St. Patricks, who were nearly contemporaneous, although such a thing is by no means improbable; for when any one was distinguished for an unusual odour of sanctity, he or she had many admirers and imitators, who, by assuming the name of the saint, have greatly confounded posterity, if they did not deceive their contemporaries. Thus, within the same century, there were twenty-two Co-

lumbas, and there were fifteen rival Bridgets before St. Bridget of Kildare ended her useful life.

If St. Kiaran, therefore, died about the year 550, it would follow that he was nearly as old as his tutor St. Patrick, by whom he must have been baptized in early youth. St. Patrick gave him a copy of the Gospels, the genuineness of which was authenticated in the year 1682, and which is now preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. St. Kiaran was the founder of the church of Duleek, one of the oldest in Ireland, also of the monastery of Clon (or Clonmacnoise) on the Shannon, six miles south of Athlone *, where one of his pupils was St. Columba, who ever retained the greatest respect and affection for him, and on St. Kiaran's death, wrote an ode to his memory, commencing thus:—

"Quantum Christe! Apostolum
Mundo misisti hominum?
Lucerna hujus insulæ," &c.

Perhaps, from the expression "*hujus* insulæ," this ode was written after St. Columba's arrival at Cantire, which may have been ten or a dozen years after his old tutor's death. Cantire, we may remember, was ac-

* When the Easter controversy arose in the Irish Church (at the close of the seventh century), St. Kiaran of Clonmacnoise was cited as one of its primitive fathers, — "Nostrorum patrum priorum," in St. Cummian's epistle.

counted an island; and, indeed, the Mull of Cantire must, at one time, literally have been so.

When King Arthur was yet but young, and ere that glorious company of his Knights of the Round Table, could

> "Serve as model for the mighty world,
> And be the fair beginning of a time,"

Fergus, the son of Erc (who, together with St. Kiaran, had been baptized by St. Patrick) quarrelled with the King of Ireland, and, with his brothers Lorn and Angus, made a descent upon Cantire, and made themselves masters of the peninsula. This was in the year 503; and it is said that St. Kiaran accompanied them; which, if this statement be correct, and, supposing him not to have returned to Ireland, would quite overthrow the idea that he was tutor to St. Columba. Other accounts, however, date his arrival in Cantire to a much later period, viz. to 536, which date certainly harmonises better with the story of his tutorship. At this time, St. Kiaran must have been nearly, if not quite, eighty years of age.

But, whether or no we must date his arrival in Cantire to 503, or to 536, St. Kiaran, from the very first, would seem to have made his abode in a cave on the sea coast, near to Kilkerran, and about four miles and a half from Campbelton. It is where the eastern coast of Cantire rounds off from Campbelton harbour

towards the Mull. The spot is known as Achanhoan or Achanatonn, signifying "The Field of the Waves," a name denoting the extensive sea view visible from this place. Here, where the waters keep an everlasting murmur to the precipices and crags that overhang them, is a wild and dreary cavern, hollowed from the seaward rock. This was the home for the saint for many years; and it is called Cove-a-Chiaran, "the Cave of Kiaran." It is difficult of access, and is only approachable at half tide, and the road to it is covered with large stones, round and slippery. Other caves adjoin it. Pennant thus describes them: — "Turn to the south, and visit some caves in the rocks that face the frith. These are very magnificent, and very various; the tops are lofty, and resemble Gothic arches. One has on all sides a range of natural seats; another is in the form of a cross with three fine Gothic porticoes for entrances. This had been the residence of St. Kerran; had formerly a wall at the entrance, a second about the middle, and a third far up, forming different apartments. On the floor is the capital of a cross, and a round bason, cut out of the rock, full of fine water, the beverage of the saint in old times, and of sailors in the present, who often land to dress their victuals beneath this shelter." The water in the bason is supplied by the continual dropping from the roof of the cave. There is also a rudely sculptured cross on a

stone, upon which the saint is said to have sat and prayed. The spot is not without its personal legends of the Apostle of Cantire. It is said that St. Kiaran employed an old horse to go out and beg for him, and bring back to his cave whatever the charitable had stowed away in his panniers. One day, a wicked fellow put out the poor horse's eyes; and, in consequence of its loss of sight, it fell over a cliff and perished. Shortly after, the wretch who had perpetrated the cruelty, was stung by a serpent, and his life was despaired of. St. Kiaran was called in, and prayed over him, and doctored his wounds; but though the man recovered his health, he lost his eyesight.

Between Achanatonn and Kilkerran is Kildalvig House, beautifully situated, and girdled by fine old timber.

There was once a church at Kilkerran, which was well endowed by the Macdonalds. In the year 1261, Lawrence, Bishop of Argyle, annexed it to the Abbey of Paisley *, of course with the consent of the Macdonalds, though why or wherefore is not known, as they had recently established their monastery at Saddell. The revenues derived from the church of Kilkerran by the Abbey of Paisley are not known; but, however large, they could scarcely have formed an ade-

* Keith's "Catalogue of Bishops."

quate recompense for the strenuous exertions of the good monks of Paisley, who, for the trifling consideration of the revenues, undertook to secure to the Macdonalds "their own salvation, and that of their heirs for ever;" and, as we have had an insight into the characters of a few of the members of this family, we may easily imagine, that, to a conscientious monk, the terms of this compact must frequently have brought many qualms. The Lords of the Isles were in the habit of making gifts to the Abbey of Paisley. One of the grants is entitled "Gift by Reginald, son of Somerled, Lord of Inchegal, King of the Isles, and Lord of Argyle, of one penny from every house in his dominions from which smoke issues."

The burial-ground of Kilkerran is very interesting. The ruins of the church have now totally disappeared; the inclosure, therefore, presents nothing more than a diversity of tombstones, thickly scattered over an irregular plot of ground; but, from the character of a small portion of these monumental memorials*, and from the picturesque situation of this retired cemetery, its effect, as a whole, is particularly impressive. Its effect upon different visitors, however, will naturally be directed by their various idiosyncrasies. Thus, one visitor has written of it thus: — "A walk through this

* See Appendix, "Ecclesiology of Cantire."

churchyard, would be well calculated to raise ideas like the following: —

> "Here all do meet, the high, the low,
> The young, the old, the friend, the foe;
> The priest, the monk, the presbyter,
> The hoary head, the gay and fair;
> The haughty chief, the timid slave,
> In others arms sleep in the grave."

Pennant looks at it with different eyes. "Take a ride along the west side of the bay. See in Kilkerran churchyard, several tombs of artificers with the instruments of their trades engraven; amongst others appear a goose and shears, to denote that a tailor lay beneath." Macculloch views it in still another light: — "The burying-ground of Kilkerran, named after St. Kiaran, is a very pleasing and not an unpicturesque spot; while it is also rendered a very lively scene by the concourse of the fair sex employed in washing; the public laundry being on the banks of the small stream which runs past it, and displaying all the well-known variety which results from blazing fires, huge black kettles, smoke, linen, tubs, bare legs and arms, and merriment. This would be an admirable scene for Wilkie; the landscape adding charms to the fair, and the fair reflecting them back on the landscape."

How Wordsworth would have written of this burial-ground of Kilkerran, we may judge from one of his

sonnets on a similar spot; and, as the lines may be aptly quoted here, I may be excused for recalling them to the reader's recollection: —

"Part fenced by man, part by a rugged steep,
That curbs a foaming brook, a graveyard lies;
The hare's best couching-place for fearless sleep;
Which moonlit elves, far seen by credulous eyes,
Enter in dance. Of church, or sabbath ties,
No vestige now remains; yet thither creep
Bereft ones, and in lowly anguish weep
Their prayers out to the wind and naked skies.
Proud tomb is none; but rudely sculptured knights,
By humble choice of plain old times, are seen
Level with earth, among the hillocks green;
Union not sad, when sunny daybreak smites
The spangled turf, and neighbouring thickets ring
With *jubilate* from the choirs of spring." *

Lord Teignmouth does not describe Kilkerran; and Pennant and Macculloch say no more than has been quoted. In this churchyard, however, according to the testimony of Fordun, was buried, in the year 605, Aidan, the most renowned of the Dalruadh kings. He had fought for the crown with his cousin Doncha, and had prevailed over him; and he wished to be anointed as king by St. Columba. Now the saint had more favour for his brother Eoghan, and therefore delayed for a considerable time the ceremony of unction, till at length, a supernatural agent appeared to him for two

* Wordsworth's "Tour in Scotland, 1831," vol. iii.

or three successive nights, and charged him to perform his office. The saint still delaying, the visionary being again appeared to him, and gave him such a Sayers-like blow on his right side, that he never lost the mark of it; and as the pugilistic apparition threatened him with a repetition of the dose if he postponed the business any longer, the saint thought it prudent to anoint Aidan as king. Ever afterwards he zealously supported Aidan's cause; and, when he went to fight a battle, the monks of Iona were convened to pray for success on his arms. One of the tombstones bears the following inscription: — "Here lies the body of Mr. James Boes, one of the ministers of Campbeltown, who was born 1667, and died 14th February, 1749; was an extraordinary pious man, much beloved by his flock, whom he loved as a faithful pastor fifty-seven years, and by many whose piety endeared him to them." It is said that he had the national gift of second-sight; and that when on a certain Sabbath day his congregation had assembled as usual, the minister continued his walk upon the green after the time for commencing the service had expired. The elders were unwilling to disturb him, as he appeared absorbed in meditation. At length he clapped his hands, and exclaimed, "Well done, John!" and then came into the meeting, and proceeded as usual with the service. Now, it happened, that John, Duke of Argyle, was at that time at

the head of the army in Flanders, and gained a battle on the very day and at about the very hour, when Mr. Boes exclaimed, "Well done, John!" So, when the people (after the event) ascribed to him the gift of second-sight, and made out that in his "mind's eye" he had seen the Duke's victory, Mr. Boes did not deny the soft impeachment. Other circumstances also occurred to deepen the popular impression of his prophetical gift.

Once, when he was preaching, a man fell asleep, as has happened to the best preachers, from the days of Eutychus to the present time. Mr. Boes spied him, and called out to him to awake. This personal address revived the sleeper for a time; but the soporific nature of the sermon again overpowered him, and a second time he succumbed to its influence, and a second time Mr. Boes called out to him to awake, and to listen to the sermon. He awoke, but, for the third time, fell asleep. Then cried Mr. Boes with a loud voice, "Awake, and hear this sermon! for it will be the last that you will ever hear in this life!" It was even so: before the next Sabbath the man was dead. On another Sabbath, when the Communion was to be administered, and there would be a larger congregation than usual, Mr. Boes got up very early, convinced that something was wrong about the church. He found, on examination, that the beams of the gallery were

almost sawn through, so that the weight of the congregation would have brought it to the ground. He at once set carpenters and smiths to work, and had the church put in a safe condition to enable him to go through the solemn services of the day. So, in this case, Mr. Boes "second-sight" was of great value.

He ascribed the sawing of the gallery beams to the agency of Satan, with whom he had many imaginary combats, being sorely tried with his temptations. At such times as these, Mr. Boes was not in the best of tempers, and would not allow any one to come near him. On one of these occasions he shut himself up in his room for three days. His wife being fearful that he would die from hunger, sent to him food by a servant man; but the minister scattered it on the floor. "The devil's in the man!" cried the servant. "You are quite right;" replied the minister, who at once became calm, partook of the food, and returned to his former habits. One time, when he had been at the Assembly, and was returning home on the Saturday, a storm drove his vessel into Rothesay, and compelled him to stay there over the Sunday, on which day he preached in the Rothesay church. Its roof was very much out of order, and, in the middle of his sermon, sharp-sighted Mr. Boes spied his old enemy peering at him through a hole in the tiles. So he at once cried out, "Aye, ye're there, Satan! Ye kept me from preaching to my ain congregation, but

ye canna keep me from preaching for a' that;" and he then went on with his sermon, as though this little interruption to it had been nothing more than a gloss or marginal reference. Near to Dunaverty is a cave called Boes' Cave, where he was accustomed to retire for meditation and prayer.

Between the burial-ground of Kilkerran and the sea, are the remains of that old castle of Kilkerran, which was repaired and garrisoned by James V. in 1536, to overawe the Macdonalds, and which was captured by that bold chieftain, and its governor hung from its walls, before the King had sailed from the harbour, an instance of unusually "quick returns" for the "small profits" anticipated by the monarch. This castle of Kilkerran, it is thought, was not "built by James V.," as stated in Smith's "Campbelton and its Neighbourhood," but had existed for some centuries, and had been captured by Haco of Norway, in that expedition to enforce his claims on the sovereignty of the Hebrides, which ended in the battle of Largs, October 2nd, 1263. Having fallen into a ruinous state, James V. caused it to be repaired for the purpose above mentioned.

Just above Kilkerran, in the face of the hill of Bengullion, and near to its summit, is a narrow and deep crevasse, which is popularly believed to be the entrance to a subterranean passage, leading to Southend, on the

Mull, a distance of ten miles. These legends of long subterranean passages and caves are very common in Cantire. The reader may remember that we met with a cave (six miles long) at Keill, near to Dunaverty and Southend. Perhaps the two legends are but variations of the same tale. Near this place is a curious well called "the Watchman's Well."

CHAP. X.

SAINTS AND LEGENDS.

St. Couslan. — The Spanish Princess. — Dr. Smith of Campbelton. — Kilcouslan. — Kilcoivin. — A noted Duellist. — Holy Music. — St. Couslan and runaway Couples. — St. Coivin and unhappy Married Folks. — Their several Plans. — A Midnight Conversazione for Discontented Couples. — A Disappointed Divorcer. — Etymology of "Cabbage." — Machrihanish Bay. — Its Scenery and Dangers. — Salt-Pans. — Pan Cod. — How it is caught. — The three Degrees of Comparison in Mountain Altitudes. — View from Cnoc-maigh. — Tirfergus Glen. — The Legend of the Weaver of Tirfergus. — Mackinven's Bard outdone. — Raids. — The Story of Boyle's Bible. — The Act Recissory. — Torquil MacNeal's Second-sight. — The Laggan of Cantire. — The Black Fisherman of Lochsanish. — The poor Man's Prayer fulfilled. — Kilchenzie and St. Kenneth. — How MacEachin entertained MacCallum More.

AFTER St. Kiaran's time, there were two saints who laboured to plant the gospel in Cantire, and are still remembered. These are Saints Couslan and Coivin, who have given their names to two places near to Campbelton, Kilcouslan and Kilcoivin, where the ruins of their churches are still to be seen.

Kilcouslan is situated on a promontory at the entrance of Campbelton harbour on its northern side. There is

a tradition that ascribes it, not to Saint Couslan, but to Cusalan, the daughter of a king of Spain, who died on board a Spanish vessel in Kilbrannan Sound, and whose body was brought ashore and buried in this place. In accordance with this tradition, her grave is still shown, and the spot is variously called Kilchusalan, and Kilcouslan. The church * contains the tombs of the Rev. Dr. John Smith, and his son the Rev. Donald Smith, both ministers of Campbelton. Dr. John Smith was the historian of Campbelton, and a man of varied and distinguished literary attainments. He took a leading part in the Ossian controversy, and was well known (says Hugh Miller), "for his Celtic researches, and his exquisite translations of ancient Celtic poetry." † An old inhabitant of Campbelton who can remember him at the end of the last century, says, "Dr. Smith was a great linguist, philosopher, poet and divine. He lectured on the Book of Revelations, and many assembled to hear him; but, as these productions were never printed, their loss must have been great. By his parishioners he

* See Appendix, "Ecclesiology of Cantire."

† Cruise of the Betsey, p. 114. Hugh Miller visited Mr. Swanston, minister at Isle Ornsay, whose wife was a niece of Dr. Smith. The "advertisement" of Dr. Smith's manuscript poems collected in the Western Highlands and Islands, is given in Mr. Campbell's "Popular Tales" (vol. ii. pp. 472, 473). The manuscripts are in the possession of the Highland Society. Dr. Smith is also spoken of in Mr. Campbell's first volume (introduction, pp. xx. xxxv.).

was much esteemed. Having a very powerful voice, when preaching in the tent at the time of the Communion, he might have been heard at an immense distance. On going to church on a Sabbath, he always appeared dressed in his gown, with his Bible under his arm, taking no notice of any person in the streets as he passed. He seldom preached without shedding tears. Dr. Smith died at Kilcouslan, in the house he built on the glebe. On the day of his death, he called all his family into his room, addressed each of his children individually, and gave directions to his wife respecting his funeral, speaking to them in his usual manner. Afterwards, with his own fingers, closing his eyes, he departed this life without a struggle."

Kilcoivin is about four miles to the south-west of Campbelton, on the road, and near to Machrihanish Bay. Its name is also written Kilkivan; and instead of the word meaning Kil-Coivin, "the cell of Coivin," it is said to mean *Cil-chaomhan*, "the Cell of the Beloved;" but be this as it may, the memory of St. Coivin is there cherished. The broken walls of the church are still standing in the centre of the burial-ground, where are some stones of elaborate workmanship, — a priest in the attitude of prayer — a man in full armour, and the like.* The last-named is pointed

* "Observe on the roadside the ruins of the chapel of *Cill-chaovain*,

out (and evidently erroneously so), as the tomb of Archibald MacNeal, of Tirfergus, who died towards the middle of the last century. He was a noted duellist, and, indeed, made it his profession; for he travelled about to various continental and other cities, challenging them to find an antagonist for him, whom he fought for a sum of money, and — killed. From his sanguine temperament, one would suppose that he must have been of the true Scottish blood, and that his Celtic bump of pugnacity was unusually developed. Near to the church is a hill called *Cnocan-a-chluig*, on which a man used to stand, and ring a hand-bell, to give due notice to the people to repair to church. The bell was consecrated, and called *ceolan-naomha*, "the holy music." A little more than a century ago it was still used by the town-crier of Campbelton.

Whatever may have been the unity between Saints Couslan and Coivin in point of matters of doctrine, they were altogether at variance in their ideas respecting the indissolubility of the marriage tie. St. Couslan strenuously upheld it. Perhaps he was a married man

or *Kil-chyvain*. Within are some old gravestones, engraven with figures of a two-handed sword, and of dogs chasing deer." — PENNANT'S *Voyage to the Hebrides*, p. 196.

On the lands of Macharioch, in the parish of Southend, near to the Mull of Cantire, and close by the mansion house of Ballyshear, are also the remains of a religious edifice, called after, and dedicated to, St. Coivin.

himself, and happy in his wedded life, — like that "dark-attired Culdee," of Campbell's poem.

"Peace to their shades! the pure Culdees
Were Albyn's earliest priests of God,
Ere yet an island of her seas
By foot of Saxon monk was trod;
Long ere her churchmen by bigotry
Were barr'd from wedlock's holy tie.
'Twas then that Aodh famed afar
In Iona preach'd the word with power,
And Reullura, beauty's star,
Was the partner of his bower."

Perhaps St. Couslan had a Reullura of his own, from whom he did not wish to be separated; and this made him the more strenuous in opposing his brother saint's lax notions on the indissolubility of the marriage tie. At any rate he strenuously upheld it; to such a degree, indeed, that at his church of Kilcouslan there was a large stone, with an open space in the centre, through which runaway couples caught hands.* However closely they might be pursued, yet, if they could succeed in reaching the church, and catching hands through St. Couslan's *hole*-y stone, before the pursuing *non placets* could interfere, it was held unlawful to separate them, though they might be married with greater form and ceremony when they had the leisure and opportunity.

* A similar ceremony took place at "the Odin stone" of the Brogar circle, in the Orkneys. See Mr. Weld's "Two Months in the Highlands, Oreadia, and Skye," p. 161.

Thus St. Couslan was the forerunner of the Gretna Green blacksmith; and many a runaway couple doubtless joined hands through that stone, which (or a similar stone) existed within the memory of man, though, alas, for the modern runaways, it had survived its original use.

But St. Coivin thought very differently to St. Couslan on the subject of marriage, and instituted an opposition ceremony, which appears to have been quite as popular as that promulgated by the favourer of elopements. While St. Couslan was for uniting couples in indissoluble bands, St. Coivin burst the bands asunder and disjoined the married pair. In fact, while St. Couslan was the Gretna Green blacksmith of those early days, St. Coivin was its Sir Cresswell Cresswell, and his church the Divorce Court of the Land's End of Scotland. His theory was, that those who were not pleased with their partners should be indulged with the opportunity of a separation, and of making a second choice. And this was the peculiar practice with which he converted his theory into a startling fact. He instituted an annual solemnity, which all unhappy married couples were invited to attend. A late hour of the night was fixed for the meeting, which our knowledge of human nature tells us was sure to be a crowded one. At midnight St. Coivin and his assistants blindfolded all the husbands and wives, and then started them for

a pell-mell race three times round the church at top speed. The moment this was accomplished, and while all were in confusion, St. Coivin gave the word *Cabhag*, "Seize quickly!" upon which every man laid hold of the first female near him; and whether old or young, handsome or ugly, good or bad, one-eyed or two-eyed, hunchbacked or straight, she was his wife till the next anniversary, when he could again try his lot at this matrimonial blind-man's buff. If St. Coivin's institution was not as popular as that of St. Couslan's, we may feel sure that it was equally well supported, and that these two holy gentlemen must have driven a considerable trade in the articles of marriage and divorce, and derived, doubtless, a large revenue of fees from the loves and quarrels of their neighbours. Conceive the case of a gentleman who hoped to get his neighbour's young and pretty wife in return for his own old and ugly one, and who had privately made such arrangements with the pretty spouse as should ensure her attendance at St. Coivin's midnight conversazione for discontented couples, — imagine this gentleman being blindfolded for his race. Preparatory to that obscuring ceremony, he had noted the position of the lady of his choice: St. Coivin gives the word, and off they go! once, twice, — men and women mixed up in hopeless confusion, jostling, pushing, and tumbling over each other. Oh, that he could slip the bandage!

but St. Coivin has been too sharp for him, and he cannot steal a glimpse of anything or anybody. On they run! the third time round the course — church, I mean,—is completed. *Cabhag* is cried; and he darts at vacancy, until the warm flesh and blood of a panting woman is within his grasp. Hold her tight while the bandages are undone. Now for his neighbour's young and pretty wife, for whose sake he has so often broken the tenth commandment. Horror of horrors! it is his own old and ugly wife whom he had brought here to get rid of, and whom relentless destiny has again given to him for another twelvemonth. Let us close the curtain on this unhappy and mistaken gentleman; the cup of happiness has been dashed from his lips, and, doubtless, the consequent smash and the row will be somewhat awful. There are other gentlemen who have gained their point in losing their wives, but find that they have not gained anything else thereby; and it seems highly probable that if St. Coivin has not received his fees at the commencement of the ceremony, he will have emphatically to whistle for them.

A word as to that word *Cabhag*, "Seize quickly!" Can our cant term *cabbage* be derived from it, I wonder? Pieces of cloth purloined by tailors are known as tailors' "cabbage," from whence that ninth part of a man is represented, allegorically and valentinally, as furnished with an enormous garden cabbage, as a necessary por-

tion of his stock in trade. Hence we get the cant verb "cabbage," to pilfer or purloin. I have met with but one derivation of the word, which made it out to be from an old word, *cablesh*, "wind-fallen wood." I venture, however, to suggest to etymologists a consideration of the foregoing anecdote of St. Coivin, as helping to a solution of the derivation of "cabbage."

St. Coivin's old parish is close upon Machrihanish Bay, on the Atlantic,—a spot well worth a visit, though

MACHRIHANISH BAY

Macculloch does not seem to have thought very much of it. "The bay itself," he says, "is wide, open, sandy, and shallow, producing a great surf in west winds; nor is there anything picturesque in this quarter, unless it be under the high cliffs." The author of "The Statistical Account of the Parish of Campbelton," who is

more given to bold facts and figures than to decorative descriptions, thinks otherwise of Machrihanish Bay. He says: "There are few bays in the United Kingdom that can compare with this, extending, as it does, in a beautiful curve for nearly six miles; while the beach is composed of a fine white sand of great breadth, and so firm that it affords a most delightful ride. Each extremity of the bay is composed of a huge headland, which projects its dark and sable rocks into the sea, over which the waves dash continually, even in the calmest weather; but when a westerly wind prevails, the Atlantic Ocean then rolls in its mighty billows to the shore, breaking upon the beach with a loud and stunning noise, which is said occasionally to be heard upon the Ayrshire coast, a distance of thirty miles. The islands of Islay, Jura, and Gigha are distinctly visible from this, and add to the beauty and grandeur of the scene. These, together with a boundless expanse of the mighty ocean, form the main features of the landscape." This description, however, has been adopted from that given by Smith in his "Views of Campbelton," who says: "To this scene no description can do justice, and even the pencil can convey but a slight idea of its magnificence and grandeur. There are but few bays in the *world* that can compare with that of Machrihanish," a panegyric that has been somewhat softened by the statistician. As may be imagined, however, from the

foregoing quotation, Machrihanish Bay is well worth seeing; though, to be seen to perfection, it should be visited either during a storm, or on a clear day, immediately after the prevalence of westerly winds. "The bay is guarded by a reef of rocks," says Smith, "which are visible in many places at low water, and upon which the sea beats with a fury that is almost incredible, sending up huge masses of snow-white foam, and woe to the vessel which at any time may be unfortunate enough to be driven near them; not one of the many which have been driven ashore here having yet escaped, but have been completely wrecked, and soon disappeared in the quicksands with which this bay abounds, and in which the remains of many a brave barque and gallant seaman lie buried." The interest as well as the picturesqueness of the scene are centred in the bay and in the seaward view. The inland view is shut in by sand-hills covered with long bent, and coarse grass, presenting a scene of irrecoverable desolation and barrenness. Whales are sometimes driven in here, and cast ashore upon the sandy beach, a rich treasure-trove for their lucky captors. The quantity of sea-weed, or "sea-wrack," that is also thrown up after a storm is very considerable and valuable; on which point more hereafter.

At the southern extremity of the bay is a cliff called "The Negro's Head," from a fancied resemblance in

the disposition of a portion of the rock to the features of a negro. Here also is the village of Salt-Pans, so named from some works that once existed here for the manufacture of sea-salt. Its present celebrity is due to its excellent cod fishery, "Pan cod" being esteemed the best and finest upon the coast. The village can boast of its little quay, school-house, and inn; and with the exception of a few farm-houses, and gentlemen's seats, all the cottages are inhabited by fishermen. Their old system of hand-line fishing has for many years been abandoned for the more remunerative long-line system. The line is floated by buoys on the surface of the water, and from it are suspended from ten to fifteen hundred lines, with a baited hook on each, and of such length as to reach that certain depth where the fish are known to congregate. The fishermen do not require to keep by this line, as they were obliged to do with the hand-line, which was pulled into the boat as soon as the fish was hooked; but being supplied with two sets, they draw the one which has been in the water for eight or ten hours, and at once lay down the other—"shoot" it, is the local term, while they land their fish. And in this way "Pan cod" is caught. It is then conveyed in carts to Campbelton, to be shipped to its destination.

Near to Salt-Pans, is a spot named Machaireionan, where a battle between the Scots and the Danes is believed to have been fought, somewhere about the tenth

century. An artificial knoll in that place was opened, and within it was found a stone coffin, containing human bones, supposed to be the remains of a chieftain. Similar coffins have been found elsewhere in Cantire, some of them containing urns. A river flows into Machrihanish Bay, at Salt-Pans, passing by Losset, and rising under the hill called Sleit, or Sliabh. Close to Sliabh, to the south-west, towards the Mull, is another hill, called Cnoc-maigh. The hill called Bengullion, which has been already referred to, is within six miles of Sleit, or Sliabh. These three last-mentioned hills ought to express in their names their various degrees of elevation; for, in Gaelic, says the author of the "Statistical History of Campbelton," "*Cnoc* signifies a small surface, eminence, or little hill; *Sliabh*, a hill of considerable elevation; and *Beann*, a mountain of the largest magnitude." These, then, are the three degrees of comparison in mountain altitudes, and when we meet with either of them prefixed to the name of a hill, we ought at once know to which class to assign it. Thus, when we see *Beann*, *Beinn*, or, as it is more commonly written, *Ben*, we might be sure that it denotes some giant — Ben Nevis, Ben Lawers, Ben More, Ben Lomond, Ben Venue, Ben Ledi, or some equally elevated gentleman of the Ben-jamin tribe. And so, by this formula, Bengullion ought to be much loftier than Cnoc-maigh. But as there is no rule without an exception to prove it, I presume that such is the

case here; for Bengullion is very much the inferior of Cnoc-maigh, which, in fact, is the highest mountain in the Mull of Cantire, being 2036 feet above the level of the sea. Cnoc-maigh signifies "the Hill of the Plain," and is a conspicuous object to all vessels sailing from the westward. "From the summit of this mountain," says the late Rev. Daniel Kelly, minister of Southend, "an admirer of the sublime in nature may delight his imagination with one of the grandest scenes in North Britain. The green isle of the ocean is spread in all its magnificence around him. The islands of Islay, Rathlin, Jura, Gigha, and the distant mountains of Mull, are in view. On the east there is a magnificent prospect of the Frith of Clyde, the lofty hills of Arran, the coast of Ayrshire, and the Carrick and Galloway mountains. In the extreme horizon, Ailsa forms an object peculiarly striking."

Another river flows into the Atlantic at Machrihanish Bay, supplied chiefly by the waters of Choilipol Loch, and the small loch in the hollow of the high hill of Sliabh. This stream flows through Tirfergus Glen — a glen named, it is said, after King Fergus. There is some very fine timber in this glen; and according to popular tradition, no snakes or reptiles are to be found there, which is accounted for (say some) by the trees having been brought from Ireland, where the MacNeals (to whom Tirfergus belonged) had estates. But others

ascribe this freedom from venomous reptiles, not to the remote influence of St. Patrick, but to the immediate power of St. Columbå, when he visited Kilcolmkill, and other parts of the Mull. And herein, is not popular tradition borne out by St. Adamnan? for one of those forty-six miracles that he has ascribed to St. Columba, is, that the saint, shortly before his death, blessed the island of Hy (Iona), and said that from thenceforth poisonous reptiles should not be able to hurt men or cattle in the island. Upon which statement, the latest Romanist editor of St. Adamnan's Life, observes,— "From *whatever cause* it has arisen, it is a singular fact, that no snakes or vipers have ever been seen in Hy, whilst many of a very venomous nature are found on the opposite coast." Perhaps the editor will construct a forty-seventh miracle out of this Glen of Tirfergus.*

* Mr. Campbell also refers to the legend of those places blessed by St. Columba, being freed from serpents and toads. They are numerous in Islay, but are not to be found in certain small islands off the west coast. "I believe that the Gaelic serpent stories, and the Highland beliefs concerning them, are old myths, a part of the history of the oldest feud in the world, the feud with the serpent who was 'more subtle than any beast of the field that the Lord had made;' for the leading idea seems always to be that the holy healing power overcomes the subtle destroyer. Thus Mrs. MacTavish tells that St. Patrick coaxed the last Irish snake into a chest by the promise that he would let him out 'to-morrow,' and then he put him into Lough Neagh, and there he is still. The serpent is always asking, 'Is it to-morrow?' but a to-morrow has never come, and no serpents are to be found on any place belonging to Ireland to this day." — *West Highland Tales*, vol. ii. pp. 371, 372.

The Irish friends of the MacNeals often used to cross the water, and come over to Tirfergus, bringing with them their harpers and bards, and being entertained by the MacNeals with great splendour and hospitality. Our friend Popular Tradition tells the following story connected with Tirfergus.

Once upon a time there lived a weaver in the Glen of Tirfergus. He had a heavy family of young children, and it went hard with him to find them a living. An Irish gentleman had been to visit MacNeal of Tirfergus, and had brought his bard with him. When they left, the bard had forgotten to take back his *cochull*, or hood, which was a mark of distinction and pointed out that the wearer was a bard. Now, the weaver found this *cochull*, and being a sharp-witted man, he thought he would put it on, and see what he could make of it. So he put it on, and went away to try his luck. He went on till he reached Strath House, where lived Mackinven.* When Mackinven's bard saw the Tirfergus weaver wearing the *cochull*, he called out to him, *Am bàrd thusa?* which means, "Are you a bard?" but the Gaelic word *bard* also means "was high," so the weaver pretended to misunderstand him, and replied *Cha b'àrd na iosal mi, a' dhuine*, that is, "Neither high nor low,

* Mac Ionmhuinn, I believe, is the proper spelling. As I am entirely ignorant of Gaelic, I have to trust to the natives for the correctness of the quotations.

man." Then Mackinven's bard asked him another question, which the weaver answered in a similar way *; and a servant ran and told Mackinven that his bard was wrangling with a strange bard. So Mackinven ordered them both before him, and throwing down a piece of gold upon the table, said, that the first of them who could make a verse upon it, should have it. Mackinven's bard began to hum and haw, and clear his throat, but while he was doing this, and thinking of something to say, the weaver uttered rapidly the following verse:—

"Chuir Mac Ionmhuinn nam bosa min,
Or fior-ghlan air a' bhord lom,
Chuir a bhard fein smugaide
Air a' chuid do'n bhonn,"—

which meant that Mackinven of the soft hands, threw down pure gold upon the table, and that his own bard had spat upon or disdained his share of the gold. Then the weaver picked up the gold piece; and Mackinven's bard went off in a rage, and was never seen afterwards. The weaver entertained Mackinven with songs and stories, of which he had a great stock; and Mackinven was so pleased with him, that he offered to support him and his family, if he would come and reside with him,

* "Ciod an tabh air an d' ainie thu do'n bhaile?" *Answer.* "Abh mo shul, abh mo ghlun is abh na h-abhann." The word *abh*, in Gaelic, means, eyes, knees, hands, and water-way.

and be his bard. But the weaver preferred to return to Tirfergus, and his own family; so Mackinven gave him a good suit of clothes, and rewarded him, and sent him away. Such success had the weaver of Tirfergus when he first wore the *cochull.*

Those were the days when one man made a raid upon another man's cattle; and these raids frequently ended in battle and bloodshed. Once when a raid was made on the cattle of MacNeal of Tirfergus, he collected his men, and pursued the freebooters, and overtook them. A desperate fight ensued, in which MacNeal's men were victorious, and slew many of the freebooters, and brought back the *creach* or plunder. From this circumstance, the farm from whence the cattle were driven, is called *Tilleadh na creach*, "the returning of the plunder."

Another of the MacNeals of Tirfergus possessed (it is said) the only Bible that was to be found in Cantire. The proprietor of Pennyland, in Southend, wished to obtain a perusal of it; but MacNeal would not let it go from Tirfergus without a pledge that it would be returned to him; and so greatly did the laird of Pennyland thirst for a perusal of the sacred volume, that he gave to MacNeal the charter of his lands in pledge that he would return the Bible after perusing it. So runs the popular tradition; which, however, is probably but an erroneous version of the following well-authenticated circumstance, which is sufficiently interesting to be

quoted at length from the old "records of the Presbytery of Kintyre." A copy of the *Irish* Bible, it seems, had been given to the Kirk Session of Southend, by the illustrious Robert Boyle; and Mr. MacNeill of Tirfergus wished to borrow it. Under date of "Campbelton, 3rd of August, 1692," the following entry occurs in the records:—"Forasmuch as John M'Neill of Tirfergus addressed the Presbytery for the loan of the Irish Bible gifted by Sir Robert Boyle, to the parish of Southend, in Kintyre, for the use of the ministers that shall be in the said parish, promising that he will have special care of it, and that he will return it on demand,—the Presbytery, considering the present vacancy of Southend, condescends that Mr. Robert Duncanson (in whose custody the said Bible is at present) deliver the same to the said John M'Neill, he being obliged to return the same, in as good order as he now received it, to the future minister of the said parish, or to any other whom the Presbytery of Kintyre shall appoint, under the penalty of such a sum as the Presbytery shall nominate." The next entry bears date "Campbelton, the 14th December, 1692: Forasmuch as the Presbytery convened at Campbelton, the 3rd day of August, 1692, allowed Mr. Robert Duncanson to give to John M'Neill of Tirfergus, the use of the Irish Bible bestowed by Mr. R. Boyle on the parish of Southend, the said John M'Neill giving in his obligation to be accountable for

the same, Mr. Robert Duncanson declared that he did deliver the said Bible to the said John, and that he received his obligation for the same, of the date the 16th day of November last, which obligation was produced in presence of the Presbytery, and appointed to be recorded *in futuram rei memoriam.*" "The tenor of the obligation granted by the said John M'Neill for the above-mentioned Irish Bible: — I, John M'Neill of Tirfergus, grant me to have received from Mr. Robert Duncanson, minister of Campbelton (according to the appointment of the Presbytery of Kintyre), the church Bible of the Irish character, bestowed by the Honourable Sir Robert Boyle on the parish of Southend of Kintyre, which Bible I oblige me to restore sound and entire, and to deliver the same to the minister of the said parish, or to the Presbytery when required, under the penalty of . In witness whereof I have written and subscribed these presents at Campbelton, the 16th November, 1692 years. Sic subscribitur. Jo. M'Neall."

This, as will have been observed, refers only to a copy of the Irish version of the Bible. Perhaps the Laird of Pennyland borrowed it from MacNeal (who, it may be noticed, twice writes his name, and spells it differently). We may, at any rate, believe popular tradition to be wrong in calling it the only Bible in Cantire. It is interesting to see how greatly Sir Robert's

gift was valued, and, from the close connection of Cantire with Ireland, and the immigration of the Irish Celts to the parish of Southend, it would probably prove a valuable gift to the minister of the parish. He, it seems, had been a Mr. David Simson, who, at the passing of Charles II.'s "St. Bartholomew" Act of Uniformity (the Act Recissory, as the Scotch Presbyterians called it), in 1662, had been ousted from his parish, but who was afterwards "indulged;" but, finally, in August 1685, banished by order of the government to New Jersey, where he died.* Sir Robert Boyle, I may remind the reader, had, in the year 1662, been appointed Governor of the Corporation for propagating the Gospel in New England; and, in his strenuous and laudable exertions for the diffusion of Christianity, had

* He was succeeded by his son, who conformed to the prelatic establishment, but, at the Revolution, recanted. In the troubles and persecutions that raged after the passing of "the Act Recissory," several Ayrshire and Renfrewshire gentlemen of the Covenant (the Laird of Ralston, Maxwell of Williamwood, Maxwell of South Barr, Hamilton of Wishaw, Dunlop of Garnkirk, Maxwell of Milnwood, &c.), when cruelly oppressed by the government, fled to Cantire, whither certain of their countrymen and relatives had previously gone, to settle under the auspices of the Earl of Argyle, and were protected by their friends, until they could return in safety to their homes. Some of their followers remained behind, and still constitute the lowland class of the parish of Southend, rarely amalgamating themselves by intermarriages with the Highlanders, and even having a detached place of sepulture to themselves, of which I have already made mention in the preceding chapter.

caused the Holy Scriptures to be translated into Malay, Welsh, and Irish. The translation of the Bible into Irish cost him seven hundred pounds; besides the expense of gratuitously distributing copies throughout Ireland, and to such parishes in Scotland, as at South-end, where it might be turned to good account. The foregoing anecdote shows how much store was set upon the gift.

An anecdote is told of a poor descendant of these MacNeals, named Torquil MacNeal, which may be classed among the tales of second-sight. He left Tirfergus for Ireland, where, for forty years, he kept a school, and then returned to Cantire, to end his days in his native glen. A Mr. M'Math allowed him to live in his house, where Torquil made himself useful in instructing the children. He lived to be one hundred years old, and preserved his faculties to the very last. On the day of his death, he did not appear to be more ailing than usual, but he called the gudeman and his wife to his bed-side, and told them that it was his last day upon earth. Then he affectionately warned them to prepare themselves for a great trial which should befal them in six months from that day. They anxiously inquired what it should be. He told them that their favourite son, little Torquil, his best-loved pupil, would, on that day, be with him in glory. Then the old man closed his eyes, and peaceably departed; and it came to pass

as he had spoken, for little Torquil died on that day six months.

In the neighbourhood of Tirfergus, and on that low ground between Campbelton and Machrihanish Bay, called the Laggan of Cantire, over which the sea is supposed to have formerly flowed, there were two lochs, Doryloch, and Lochsanish, or "the Black Loch;" but both these lochs are now drained, and the land yields excellent crops. The country people tell a legend of the black fisherman of Lochsanish. The loch was a mile in length, and half a mile in breadth, and it abounded in salmon and trout. The black fisherman would not suffer any person to live on its banks, but claimed, by the strength of his arm, sole dominion over the loch. Macdonald of Largie, who lived eighteen miles north of the loch, kept a guard of soldiers, lest the black fisherman should come and make an attack on him. Every day he sent his soldiers as far as Balergy Cruach, to see if the black fisherman was on the loch fishing; and if they saw him fishing, they would go back to Largie, not fearing an attack on that day. One day, a stranger who had come to Macdonald's house, and had asked why he kept the soldiers, was told about the black fisherman of Lochsanish. So he went with the soldiers to the hill of Balergy Cruach, and saw the black fisherman on the loch. Then the stranger told the soldiers that he would go down to Lochsanish

and see the fisherman, and they might watch how he got on. So he went down, and the black fisherman attacked the stranger, and they fought for some time. Then the black fisherman fell; and the stranger cut off his head, which was large and heavy; and he carried it to Largie, and laid it at Macdonald's feet. Then he went away without telling anyone his name; and he was never seen again. When the loch was drained, a rude boat, cut from the trunk of an oak, was discovered; which, as a matter of course, was believed to be the boat that had been used by the black fisherman.

Lochsanish and the surrounding estates were purchased about a century ago by a Mr. Charles Campbell, a native of these parts. It is said of him that when a youth, and walking one night near to Kilcoivin, he found a poor man lying in a ditch by the wayside in a state of extreme exhaustion, unable to extricate himself and at the point to die. Campbell took him to the nearest house, placed him by a good warm fire, provided him with food and raiment, and acted the Good Samaritan part towards him. He had the old man taken care of until he was sufficiently recovered to pursue his journey. When the old man bade him farewell, he prayed that his preserver might live to be the proprietor of the lands surrounding the spot where he had found him in the ditch. And this prayer was fulfilled; for Campbell entered the army, went to the East Indies,

was advanced to the rank of colonel, and, returning to Cantire with a large fortune, purchased the estates around Lochsanish.

The number of the churches and their antiquity mark the former importance of Cantire, which was more thickly populated than most other portions of the kingdom. On the west coast, and adjoining to Campbelton, is the parish of Kilchenzie, the remains of whose ruined church are still to be seen in the midst of the ancient burying-ground.* Kilchenzie is, in Gaelic, *Kilchaoinich*, "the Church of St. Kennek," who lies buried in a small island upon the coast of Mull, called after him "Kennek's Isle." Perhaps he was (for there is neither oral tradition nor written record concerning him) one of those zealous missionaries who issued from the celebrated monastery of Iona, to propagate the gospel through Scotland and the Hebrides. The burial-ground of Kilchenzie is still used, and is crowded with monumental memorials. I will conclude this chapter with a legendary tale relative to a monument that has now been broken up and removed, but which existed within the memory of man inside the north corner of what was once Kilchenzie Church. The monument bore the figure of a man in armour, with an inscription well nigh obliterated, but in which the words *Hic jacet M'Eachin* were discernible. This M'Eachin is said to

* See Appendix, "Ecclesiology of Cantire."

have been the Laird of Tangie, a beautiful glen six miles north-west of Campbelton. A stream flows through the glen from Loch-nar-cannach to the Atlantic; and the ruins of a large house, on which was the date 1670, were to be seen in the Glen at no very distant date. M'Eachin (runs the tale) invited the great "Maccallum More"* to his mansion; and Argyll came to Tangie, riding in great style, with ten young men in white clothing running before him, and crying out to clear the way for Maccallum (Mac-chailean). M'Eachin had prepared for Argyll's entertainment a dinner of a very novel character. Upon his table — which must have been a tolerably large one, and which may literally have "groaned" under the load — he had placed a specimen of every eatable animal that was to be found in Cantire. They were roasted whole, and set up on their stumps! There was an ox, a sheep, a stag, a roe, a goat, a pig, besides such other small deer as hares and rabbits.

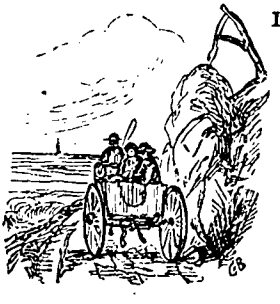
Shade of Soyer! imagine the disgusting spectacle presented by such a liberal display of roast meat, and all these animals slaughtered to make a Highland chieftain's banquet; and brought, like the brave old man in "Chevy Chace," to fight upon their stumps against the fierce onslaught of ravenous men.

* Or, more correctly, "Mac Callen Mor," the chief of "Clan Dhiarmaid."

CHAP. XI.

A VERY AMUSING ROAD.

On the Road. — Chevaux de Poste. — Our Tail. — An engaging Ride. — Varieties in Opinion. — Scenery of the Western Shore. — The Atlantic and Southern Hebrides. — The Impedimenta of Travelling. — Dr. Kitchener's List of Tourists' Necessaries. — Travelling for Pleasure. — Bealochintie. — Paiten. — Barr. — A Highland Village. — Inn and Shop. — An Emporium. — The Smith of Barr and the Great Plague. — Sketching. — Not to be put in the Window.



DIEU to Campbelton! We clatter away from the White Hart Inn, past the old Cross, and by the Town Hall, with our horse's head turned northwards. We are seated in one of the open cars of the country. They are inside-cars similar to those used in Wales and at the English lakes, holding four persons (not very comfortably) besides the driver, and well adapted for seeing the scenery in fine weather. Away we drive, followed by a pack of snarling curs, apparently as numerous now as

in the days when Edward Waverly entered the village of Tully Veolan, and reminding us of what Scott tells us of the French tourist who, exploring the Highlands and desirous of finding a rational reason for everything that he saw, wrote to his fellow-countrymen that the State maintained in every village a set of curs called "collies," whose duty it was to chase the *chevaux de poste*—too starved and exhausted to move without such a stimulus—from one village to another.

Our horse, however, did not stand in need of such a canine stimulant, and the administration of bark was entirely a matter of supererogation. The bare-legged and bare-headed children ran after the car, and shouted from exuberance of animal spirits,—

> "And lang leggit callants gaun wanting the breeks,
> Wanting the breeks, and without hose and shoon"

saluted us in Gaelic, and ran races for coppers, for which they had not begged. Thus, as befits a gentleman in the Highlands, we leave "with our tail on," but soon shake it off, as we bid adieu to the old Scottish capital.

At a short distance from Campbelton, where the road ascends a hill and passes under an avenue of limes, there is an exceedingly picturesque view of the town and harbour, and the encircling hills and distant ocean, — the which I longed to sketch, and had to smother

a strong desire to command a halt for that purpose. The road passes through the properties of Alexander Macalister, Esq., of Tangie, and the Duke of Argyll, neither of whom have a residence in the parish. The road, be it remarked, is a capital road all the way northward to Tarbert and Inverary, and is not crossed by a turnpike or any other bar to progress. When the road has passed the old burying-ground of Kilchenzie, it turns seaward, nearing the western shore of Cantire, and so continues along the sea-shore (with very slight exceptions) for thirty miles, all the way to Tarbert. Macculloch's description does not descend to many particulars, and makes no mention of Glen Barr; and Pennant condenses his account into two lines. "From Machrihanish Bay to Loch Tarbert," says Macculloch, "the beauties of the shore will not be discovered from a boat; but there is *a very amusing road*, conducted nearly the whole way on the margin of the water, which affords in itself some pleasing scenes, besides the fine maritime views which it presents of the channel of Jura and of that of Gigha, terminated by the long outline of Jura and Isla, in which the Paps form a predominant and beautiful feature. In a summer evening and with a calm sea, a more engaging ride for ten or fifteen miles cannot be imagined." *

This description of Macculloch's is exactly suited to

* Highlands, vol. ii. p. 83.

our case. It is a summer evening, there is a calm sea, and we find the ride "engaging" and the road "amusing." I am glad to fall back on Macculloch's authority, for, brief as is his description, it is sufficiently laudatory; and, as I have heard the scenery described as utterly uninteresting, and found it to be anything but that, I am not sorry to fortify my opinion by that of so eminent an authority. It is true, indeed, that, compared with other portions of the Highlands, and even with the fifteen miles immediately south of Tarbert, the road for ten miles north of Campbelton lacks timber, variety, and many elements of the picturesque. But still there is the coast, and the sea-view is a host in itself; and with the Atlantic on one side and a range of heath-covered hills on the other, no scenery could be considered as entirely wanting in interest and beauty. But he who drives rapidly through a country, and views the landscape under the most favourable circumstances of season, light, and weather, must after all be but a partial observer. I will, therefore, counterbalance Macculloch's account by quoting a description of the scenery from the pen of one who had many years' acquaintance with it, and was the minister of the parish.

"Its general aspect is rather tame and uninteresting, with very little variety of scenery, destitute of woods and inclosures, gradually rising from the level

of the sea to the height of 700 or 800 feet, diversified and intersected by some heights and hollows, three narrow glens, and various streams. The lower part of the hills sloping towards the shore, occasionally half a mile in ascent, is uniformly cultivated, and produces plentiful crops of oats, bear, potatoes, peas, and beans. The higher ground beyond the region of cultivation, is naked, bleak, and sterile, covered with stinted heath, generally interspersed with detached spots of coarse grass, sheep fescue sprits, rushes, and gall, a species of alpine myrtle. The hills range from north to south, and are pretty uniform in height, with the exception of Beinn-an-tuirc. . . . At the termination of Bealochintie Bay, the coast assumes a more bold and rugged aspect. A promontory of detached rocks and loose stones of immense magnitude projects into the sea, which seem, since the creation, to have set the utmost efforts of the waves at defiance. In the immediate vicinity of the sea, and throughout the whole extent of the parish, a narrow strip of low alluvial land, edged by an indented declivity, bears evident traces of having at one period been occupied by the sea. The general belief among the aged inhabitants is, that the sea is gradually retiring from the land. In confirmation of this belief, the bank or sloping declivity which forms the boundary of the level land, occasionally assumes a shelving appearance, and, in such places as the

sea has encountered obstruction from projecting precipitous rocks, they have formed an irresistible barrier against any encroachment of the ocean; but, where no such interruption occurs, the waves seem to have forced a passage further inland. Along the shore, the remains of some rude circular inclosures are still visible, which, from their appearance and position, must at one period have been surrounded by the sea. . . . A few obelisks of rude unpolished stone, and evidently sepulchral monuments, are scattered through the parish. The most conspicuous has been erected in the neighbourhood of a ruinous building, and measures 16 feet from the surface; a grave at the base of the obelisk, covered with turf, is 18 feet 7 inches in length, and 4½ in breadth. Barrows or tumuli are sometimes to be found not far from the shore. In one or two which have been opened, nothing was discovered but a few human bones, almost reduced to ashes, and some chips of burned wood, which sanctions the belief that our forefathers were in the practice of burning their dead. In the recess of a soft freestone rock, not far from the sea, where a farmer was lately preparing to erect a cart shade, and had commenced to level the bottom, he met with a great collection of sea-shells, and discovered in the face of the rock several apertures, or square holes, crammed with human bones. He immediately desisted from his operations, and left

undisturbed the repositories of the dead. In the south division of the parish, two circular inclosures, commonly known as *Dūn fhīnn*, or "Fingal's Fort," and *Dūn-na foghmhar*, or "The Giant's Fort," attract the attention of the traveller. They seem to have stood for many ages, and baffle conjecture to account for their origin. The vulgar, who are fond of the marvellous, consider them ancient residences of Fingal and his giants; — and the antiquary, Druidical temples of worship. At this distant period of time, without written records to throw any light upon the subject, it is very difficult to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion with regard to their original design. As inclosures of a similar nature frequently occur in the Highlands of Scotland, and have been uniformly erected upon elevated situations, it is by no means improbable that they might have been originally intended as places of temporary retreat and security for some of the domestics and cattle of the natives, when engaged in battle with their enemies."

Such is the Rev. D. Macdonald's account of that western-shore country north of Campbelton, through which we are now rapidly driving, on this lovely summer's evening. Perhaps (as one of our friends suggested to us) the country appeared all the more picturesque, because we turned our backs upon it, and looked out to sea! And, to a certain degree, this may

have been the case; for the sun was slowly sinking over the Atlantic, and throwing the long line of Islay and Jura into a deep purple, while we inhaled all the fresh fragrance of the sea-breeze, and watched the waves rolling in almost to our very feet. Consequently, the sea was the leading attraction of our drive; and we (*i. e.* my wife and I*) had so placed ourselves in our open inside car, that we looked towards the Atlantic, and turned our backs upon the hills. Our luggage was piled chiefly upon the opposite seat. We had condensed it as much as possible, knowing by experience, that there is no greater drawback to the enjoyment of a long tour than an over-crowding of luggage; and this is peculiarly the case in the Highlands, where, in many cases, the means of traffic are confined to one car, like to that in which we are now driving, so that the over-weighted tourists must leave behind them one half of their *impedimenta*, to follow them at an uncertain time, and at a grievous inconvenience and expense, even when they are fortunate enough to find the one car disengaged, and (for this is often a *non sequitur*) a horse also at liberty to draw it. The tourist in Cantire (as in many other parts of

* "I and my wife," would be more grammatical; but, in a case like this, grammar must give way to courtesy if not to facts, and the wife must have the leading place. Wolsey's grammatical "*Ego et meus Rex*" was by no means a politic proceeding.

the Highlands) will therefore find it best to write a few days before-hand, and engage his conveyance.*

We, therefore, can the more enjoy our summer-evening drive along this Atlantic shore, and in sight of the Irish coast and the southern Hebrides, because we have no agonising thoughts (like poor Mrs. Seymour in Albert Smith's *Mont Blanc*) as to the "black box" that has been left behind, and which may pursue us, like *atra cura*, all through our Scotch tour, and never reach us until we are safe at home again, and don't want it. Our minds are at ease on this score, for all our luggage is stowed away with us in the car. I fear that Dr. Kitchener would consider us but scantily provided for our journey; and that we could only answer, "Where, indeed!" if he demanded of us, Where are those things that I told you, in my "Traveller's Oracle," were absolutely needful for every tourist? Where is the hunting-watch with seconds, with a detached lever or Dupleix's escapement? Where are your two pairs of spectacles with strong silver frames? Where are your own knife, fork, and spoon; your "galoches and paraloses;" your traveller's knife, containing a large and small blade, a saw, a hook for taking a stone out of your horse's shoe, a turnscrew, a gunpicker, tweezers,

* Letters for this purpose should be directed to Mr. Freeborn, White Hart Hotel, Campbelton, N. B.; to Mr. Sheddan, Barr Inn, near Campbelton; or to Mr. Stewart, car proprietor, East Tarbert, Loch Fyne, N. B.

and long corkscrew? Where are your two greatcoats, your dreadnought, and your Welsh wig? Where is your folding one-foot rule, and ruby or Rhodium pen, made by Doughty, No. 10, Great Ormond Street? Where are your double-barrelled pistols, with spring bayonets, which you should take the first unostentatious opportunity of showing to your landlord? Above all, where are your sheets, your light eider-down quilt, and your two dressed hart skins, wherewith you are to render yourself independent of damp beds? My dear Doctor, you might as well ask, Where is the warming-pan? neither have we provided ourselves with the corkscrew door-fastener that you so highly recommend to your travelling friends, who would, doubtless, find more work for the corkscrew than for the door-fastener. Imagine the commotion that we should make at the hotels, to say nothing of private houses, if we travelled with all your paraphernalia, and made use of it. The landlady sulky at our precautionary sheets, the landlord furious at the unostentatious display of our double-barrelled pistols with their spring bayonets! What an agreeable tour of pleasure we should make! It was all very well for you, Dr. Kitchener, whose relaxations even were performed to most exact rule, to have your journeys made wretched in a lumbering chaise large enough to hold your Welsh wigs, and sheets, and stone-water bottles, and all your other little comforts, and thus to

roll about from one hotel to another in miserable expectation of what might await you at the hands of ruffianly landlords, and murderous landladies; but we are neither invalids nor hypochondriacs; nor "if circumstances should unhappily compel us to ride on the outside of a coach" (which is the most distressing position for a tourist that your vivid imagination can conceive) should we coddle ourselves in accordance with your directions. No: we are quite best off as we are, with our luggage reduced to sensible dimensions, and not swollen with extra sheets and Welsh wigs.

So we drive pleasantly on, watching the red disc of the sun sinking behind the Atlantic, in a line between us and North America, and we think, with Macculloch, that it is "a very amusing road," and that on "a summer evening, with a calm sea, a more engaging ride for ten or fifteen miles cannot be imagined." Ten miles from Campbelton we reach the small village of Bealochintie (or as it is more properly spelt in Gaelic *Beallachantsuidhe*) which is the site of the parish church of Kilchenzie. The bay of Bealochintie comprehends a circuit of nearly two miles, and shows many formidable rocks over which the waves break into foam. Close by, is the burial-ground of Paiten (or *Cloagh nam Paitean*), which is said to have been first used as the last resting-place of shipwrecked sailors. The chief monuments are those of the Macalisters of

Glenbarr, the most recent being to the memory of the late Colonel Macalister of Glenbarr Abbey. Presently, our driver flourishes his whip, when we are on a hill over a deep glen, and pointing off to the right among the woods in the valley, exclaims, "Yon's the big hoose!" which, being translated, means that we are approaching Glenbarr Abbey. The road descends the hill, crosses a bridge over Barr River, then twists sharply to the right, past the entrances to the Abbey, and between its garden walls, up a steep hill completely overhung by shadowy trees, and then gives another twist into daylight and Barr Village. Not that it is daylight now, however; but, as we shall have many opportunities of seeing the place by shine and shade, we will condense the observations of our repeated visits into one description, and so dismiss the subject. There will be an additional advantage in lingering awhile over Barr Village, as a description of it will be a description of all the other villages in Cantire; for they are much of the same pattern, and differ from each other as little as do the dinner parties of Mesdames Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson, where with a slight experience, you may always calculate to a nicety, the quality of the jelly, the nature of the soup, and the sequence of the dishes and *entrées*, as well as the deadly hilarity of the whole affair, and the thankful satisfaction you will feel at its conclusion.

Barr Village then, is rather more than twelve miles from Campbelton, built on high ground over the glen, and at a short distance from the Atlantic. It consists mainly of one short, wide street, laid out on the slant of the upper portion of the hill. The houses are low, built on the ground-floor only, roughly thatched, and invariably whitewashed — much whiter outwardly than inwardly. There is an Inn, a Post Office, a general shop, a blacksmith's, and a shoemaker's. The Inn is first in dignity, the shoemaker's first in indignity, for neither time nor man have kept their defacing, or "effacing fingers" from its battered carcase. The Inn can boast of an upper story, and as this is constructed in the roof, you are enabled, as you lie in bed, to study through the narrow skylight, the courses of the stars. The accommodation, therefore, although clean, is somewhat cramped; but tourists in the Highlands, especially they who come intent on sport, can put up with much rougher accommodation; and among the shooting tenants of that low sky-lighted bedroom, have been a gallant officer who obtained his majority for his conduct on that terrible day at the Redan, and his brother-in-law, a noble lord, who of all men in the United Kingdom is alone entitled to wear his hat in the presence of his Sovereign.* Down stairs there is a good and com-

* A right never, of course, exercised; but gracefully recognised by George IV. when he held a levée at Dublin, and bade the noble lord's father "be covered."

fortable room, neatly furnished; and in the way of creature comforts, the traveller who puts up here for a time, is not likely to starve. The inn is red tiled, and has a signboard with a simple inscription:—"GLENBARR INN, J. SHEDDAN, LICENSED." In these Highland villages, where there is no opposition beer-house (or rather whiskey-house), it is needless to distinguish the inn-sign

BARR VILLAGE.

by any one's arms, or, for that matter, his legs, as in the case of the Isle of Man, whose arms are three legs! so they simply write up the name of the village, with the word "inn" after it, and subjoin the name of the landlord. Turning in at the door with its whitened step, the guest's room is to our left, the common room to the right, and further on, other buildings, in the front of

which, in the street, we see a light "trap," and an open car, in which Mr. Sheddan will send you and your luggage on your next stage. A bare-legged lassie flits about over the whitened stone floor, and Mrs. Sheddan, who wears shoes and stockings like a superior being, (which, indeed, she is, for is she not mine hostess, and has she not been my lady's maid?) and whose former beauty is far from faded, superintends operations, and looks to the bairns.

The Post Office (at the upper end of the street, on the right, where those children are approaching the door) is also the shop, with few outward adornments, but a wonderful place within, gaily papered with scenes from Uncle Tom's Cabin, the sable hero himself, and the gentle Eva, in china effigy, in the window; it deals in nearly everything that you could possibly ask for, and is presided over by so civil a couple that "shopping" became a pleasure, as well as an excitement. In this repository for multifarious conveniences and needs, where flitches of bacon and tubs of butter jostled against a stock of stationery and "Queen's heads," and where cheeses and pickles coquetted with ready-made clothes and blue woollen cloth, you could purchase the best biscuits either for yourself or your dogs, obtain all your groceries and sauces, buy your pins and needles and thread, get your Highland "bonnets" and plaids, lay in your winter flannel and hosiery, procure your

oranges and lemons and best blacking, replenish your salt and tobacco boxes, order your loaves of bread and oatmeal cakes, and have your game boxes made up in any number and to any size, wherewith to contain all those braces of grouse and black game that you proposed to send to your friends in England. Verily, Mr. Duncan McMillan may well have dignified his shop by the name of an "Emporium," for almost everything that man requires in the Highlands was to be purchased there; while the post-office was as well managed duly and daily, as in an English country town. Opposite to "the shop," is the blacksmith's, where the Highland Vulcan is at work on the hind legs of a beast, with a coat as rough as Mr. Bright's tongue. We are reminded of the traditionary tale of his predecessor in the office during that dreadful time when the great plague visited Cantire, and when one of the keenest fears that attended it, was that a man might die, and there would be none to bury him. Of the smith of Barr, it is said, that he took the plague. It developed itself by a great swelling, and unless this swelling broke, there was no chance of recovery. The smith had the plague tumour, and it did not break. He feared that he should die, and that his friends would flee from him in alarm, and not give him the rites of sepulture. So he went and lay down under the brow of an old dyke, hoping that not long after his death, it would fall

over him, and cover his mortal remains. But while he lay there, the tumour broke, and the smith recovered. It is said that he made himself very useful in performing the last sad offices for such of his friends and neighbours at Barr who fell victims to the plague.

The blacksmith's and the post-office are on the upper and higher end of the street; at the further and lower end is the inn. Looking down the street, the view is bounded by the garden wall of Glenbarr Abbey, with its dense screen of fine timber, the high road twisting sharply off to the right, round the inn, and down into the glen. Let us walk down to that wall while I set my back against it, and looking up street, make a water-colour sketch of the village and its inhabitants. Fowls go cackling about, and a few ducks dabble in a dirty gutter; bare-legged children, with nothing on their heads, and not much more on their bodies, stare at the sassenach, and appear to regard the reproduction of themselves and their homes on the drawing-block, with as much amazement as the Red Indians who, as they looked upon their own likenesses when painted by Mr. Catlin, would have tomahawked him for painting them in profile (which they regarded as a charm to make the other half of their face wither away), had it not been to their evident interest to preserve his life until he had painted them in full face, with both their eyes and cheeks.

The butler from the abbey comes by, and talks to the late lady's-maid, something to my disadvantage, perhaps, for their conversation is in Gaelic. A butler and a late lady's maid talking Gaelic! Oh, Jeames! oh, Frippery! do you ever carry your Gaelic into May-

THE RAG AND BONE WOMAN.

fair, and excite the astonishment of the Belgravian yellow-plushes at your Highland "di'lect." Presently, the rag and bone woman of the district comes by, with her bare feet and her white "mutch" cap, and is greatly

flattered at the marked artistic attention that I pay her. She has a stock of English at her command, and she begs me not to put her likeness "in the window." She is evidently somewhat ashamed of her rag-and-bone bag and odds-and-ends basket, and would doubtless wish to appear without them, and in her Sunday best, whenever she is "put in the window."

But too long have I kept the reader from Glenbarr Abbey. The Queen, however, is always last in a procession; and the lion is more highly thought of when we have been gazing upon inferior animals. So, now that we have seen the smaller fry, let us pay a visit to (what our Campbelton car-driver called) "the big hoose."

CHAP. XII.

GLENBARR.

Glenbarr Abbey. — Its Position. — Scenery and Gardens. — Barr River. — Salmon spearing. — "It's just the Sport." — Timber. — Glen Scenery. — The River Defile. — A Memory-Picture. — Mouth of the River. — Seaward View. — Modern Nereids. — Scotch washing. — The River-tub. — The Princess Nausicaä. — Twenty-seven Centuries ago.

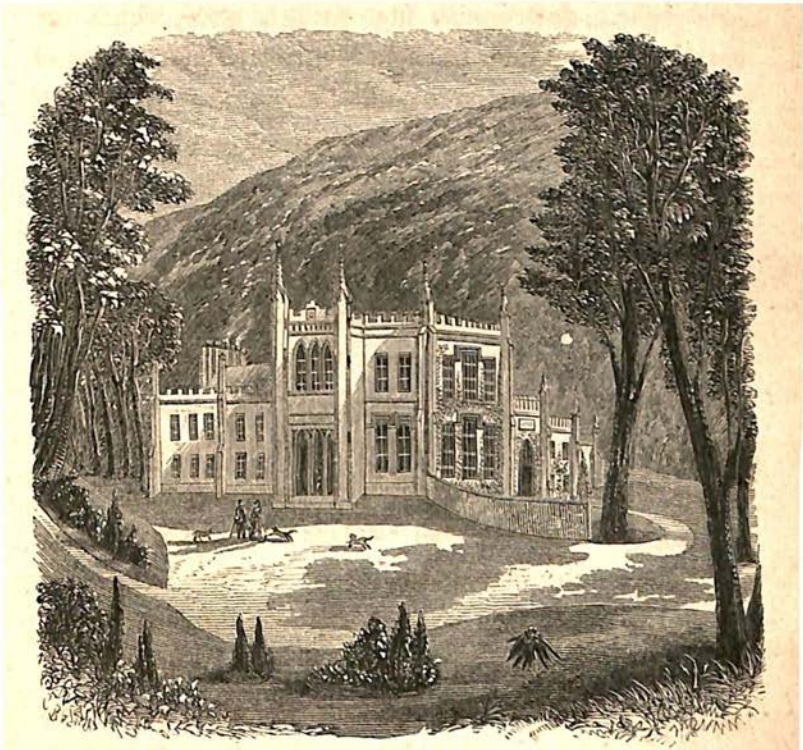
We have not far to go. Here, where I have been standing to sketch, is a wicket-gate admitting us to a walk that will lead us down a steep bank and under lofty trees, immediately in front of the Abbey. So steep is the bank that the Abbey, which is at the foot of it, is not fifty yards from the village street, whose houses are built on a much higher elevation than the Abbey chimneys. The village is shut out from the Abbey grounds by a stone wall and a profusion of shrubs and trees, and to all appearance the Abbey lies in a sequestered glen, far away from human habitation. As a matter of course the house lies low, although the dip of the glen slightly falls from it to the river, which

runs at a short distance from the house, the ground then ascending sharply on the other bank to a considerable elevation. In the front of the Abbey the glen widens sufficiently to allow of a tolerably open space of greensward, dotted with fine timber, amid which the carriage-drive winds into the high road at the foot of the steep hill leading up the village; but in rear of the house, and within four hundred yards of the front, the glen narrows to a rocky defile, through which the river burrows, and amid great boulders and stony fragments brawls its way to the Atlantic. The steep sides of the glen are densely covered with foliage, much of the timber being of very fine growth. The late Colonel Macalister added considerably to the Glenbarr plantations, which, being well attended to and protected by their position from the influence of high winds and sea air, thrive far beyond expectation. The colonel's son, Keith Macalister, Esq.,* is the present proprietor of Glenbarr, and is one of the few landowners in Cantire who are resident upon their estates. Next to the Duke of Argyle, Mr. Macalister is the largest proprietor in Cantire, so that the example of residence set by him has the greater importance.

Glenbarr Abbey is a large and handsome stone mansion of some antiquity, though greatly altered and

* For the clan Macalister, see Skene's "Highlanders of Scotland," vol. ii. p. 93.

improved in later times. It outwardly represents what may be presumed to be the abbey style of architecture. The windows are mullioned, those of the principal rooms very richly so, with tracery in the upper com-



GLEN-BARR ABBEY, N.W. VIEW.

partments. The house is buttressed and turreted all round with Gothic pinnacles at each corner and angle. The porch is deeply recessed, its entrance being formed of three open lancet arches. Triple lancets above give

light to a pretty room opening into the drawing-room. Higher up is a crow-stepped gable, bearing the Macalister arms, and the motto "Per mare, per terras;" and this projecting portion of the Abbey is flanked by octangular towers, surmounted with crocketed pinnacles. The interior contains a spacious entrance-hall and staircase, "hung around with pikes, and guns, and bows," and family pictures, and foreign curiosities; and, among the rooms, the dining and drawing-rooms are noticeable for their large dimensions. They look westward, the drawing-room being over the dining-room, and commanding a very pleasant (though somewhat confined) view down the glen, bounded by a peep of the Atlantic. The gardens are behind the Abbey, and are extensive. The Barr river and a small tributary stream flow through them, and add to their picturesqueness. The fuschias formed noble shrubs from six to ten feet in height, as one sees them in favoured spots in the Isle of Wight, and, being in full bloom at the time of our visit, were very lovely additions to the beauties of the garden. Looking at them, one could scarcely imagine oneself so far north, and with the Atlantic close at hand; but we found them almost as large and luxuriant against the walls of fishermen's cottages down upon the seashore, and exposed to the full violence of the westerly gales. The very steep slope of the hill (on the village side) is not only a striking feature in the gardens, but

one that with its southern aspect was as favourable for fruit as for fuschias. A wide walk under an avenue of fine beeches, at the foot of this slope, is an important feature in the garden. This leads on, past the boundary of the gardens, to a wilderness-walk along the rocky slope of the glen, by the side of the brawling river, with a thick wood on either side of us. Here and there the water has been widened into a pool, where the salmon and grilse may love to congregate, and where the banks are fringed with a lovely medley of sedge and fern.

The Barr river is about five or six miles in length, its sources being Loch Arnicle, Loch Coiribidh, and other smaller lochs, and it flows in a tolerably direct course from east to west till it falls into the Atlantic. It is well stocked with salmon and salmon-trout, and is a stream after a fisherman's own heart, no less than a painter's. It is true that in these western Highland streams the fish do not increase to those enormous proportions with which they are often weighted in the most famous salmon rivers; but if a plentiful supply of ordinary-sized fish up to one that would turn the scale at twenty pounds can satisfy a fisherman, he will assuredly find that satisfaction in Barr river.

On one morning during our stay, there was a salmon-spearing about two miles above the Abbey, which resulted in the capture of ten fish in most excellent condition, varying from four to sixteen pounds in

weight. When laid out upon the lawn for the ladies' inspection, with their silvery sides glistening in the sun, they formed a group to delight the eyes of piscatorial old Isaak himself. I asked old Maccallum,—the elder of the fishermen, to whom the chief honours of the day were due,—how he, an old man, could be battling about in a rocky stream from five in the morning till after mid-day, with not a crust to eat or (which was more to the purpose), a drop of whiskey to drink. "It's just the sport!" Macallum pithily answers; and, now that it is over, he is very ready to toss off any number of glasses that the laird will deign to give him.

Barr river is even more picturesque between the Abbey and the sea than towards the hills. In the front of the Abbey, as I have said, the glen widens, and leaves a pleasant plot of greensward, along which the river brawls, and across which the high road is taken. We pass through a gate on the other side of the road into a small meadow, which is rapidly narrowed into the form of an acute triangle, by the steep sides of the glen contracting to enclose it. The sloping bank to our right is thickly covered with timber, much of it being of large dimensions and luxuriant growth. The soil is well adapted for the growth of forest trees; and where they can be sheltered from the cutting sea-blasts, as in a glen like this, they thrive amain. There are oaks

and pines; but the trees that flourish most are ash, plane, elm, beech, mountain-ash, alder, black Italian poplars and larch. Underneath these trees there was a most luxuriant undergrowth of wild flowers and shrubs, the ferns being of great size and beauty. Winding walks have been cut on the hill-slope to the right of the glen, and seats placed at those spots from whence the best views are attained.

Here is a seat placed most temptingly for the sketcher. We have been following the path by the side of the river, and it has now taken us up out of the valley, on to this rock some sixty feet above the stream. The glen has narrowed to a defile, through which the river forces its way over a multitude of stony obstacles, and making a very sharp turn to the right through steep rocks, cloven as though by art, hurries on to the Atlantic. We are on the verge of the precipitous rock just above this acute bend in the river. We look up the river; and through a vista of forest trees to the west front of Glenbarr Abbey, backed by woods and hills; the rocky walls rise on either side the stream, hung with ivy and creepers, and with a tangled mass of ferns and heather and wild flowers growing on every ledge and "coign of vantage," the trees on the opposite banks nearly meeting over the river, that dashes on far below amid the rocks and white boulders that chafe its dark boulders into angry foam. It is a lovely scene,

and one of a similar character, though on a less extensive scale, to the matchless glen at Roslin.* Barr river is precisely one of those streams that an artist loves to paint; and no one with a feeling for the beautiful could see it without longing to carry away some delineation or memory-picture of its wild and rugged banks, its overhanging trees, its deeps and shallows, its mossy stones and dark rocks and grey boulders; its multitudinous tiny waterfalls, and its rapid hurrying course from the hills to the Atlantic. Its waters varied greatly in colour and depth, according to the time and the season; and I saw them under more than one aspect; but when I first set eyes on the Barr water, it had been swelled with a "freshet" from the hills, and was so impregnated with peat that it was of a rich coffee colour, —

> "Red came the river down, and, loud and oft,
> The angry spirit of the water shrieked!"

but Barr was something more than red, for he was of the hue of dark mahogany.

Now we climb by the winding path to the extreme height of the rocky wall, until we emerge from the woody screen of stately trees, and come in sight of the Atlantic. The trees still abide with us, but their crests have been smoothly shaven by the cutting western

* See the Frontispiece to the Volume.

winds, and they cannot compare with their near neighbours in the favoured bend of the glen. The river is murmuring below us, between its steep rocky walls, but we cannot see it as yet. To our right is a thin belt of young plantation of larch and firs, which are thriving well. Presently the path takes us to a little heathery plateau on the edge of the rock, where there is a garden seat, to suggest that we should "rest, and be thankful" for the dainty repast so liberally supplied by nature for the refreshment of our artistic appetite. Barr river is in sight now, brawling at our feet, though at some distance below us. It takes a twist to the right, and then again to the left, amid the rocky banks and a confused *débris*. The geological authorities inform us, that micaceous schist is the leading class of rock in this glen, with veins and detached blocks of primary sandstone, quartz, basalt, whinstone, and red shiver.

We lose the tall overhanging trees; but the banks are thickly covered with brushwood. Sheep-pastured downs slope upwards from the rocky banks on either side. The rocks gradually lessen in height, until, at no great distance from us, they fall to the level of the roadway that is carried over a very Welsh-like bridge that spans the stream. Beyond this bridge, the river streams on over the sand upon the sea-shore, until its waters are lost in the dash of the Atlantic. As we sit here, the upland downs on either hand shut in the sea-

ward view, and confine it to that portion of the Atlantic between Islay and Rathlin Island. No land is therefore seen to break the ocean prospect; we look out towards the sea, and far away there, over that dark blue horizontal line with which Britannia rules the waves, is America. Distant vessels fleck the wide expanse of ocean, which, under this bright mid-day sun, assumes the very faintest sea-green hue, save that distant horizontal line of dark blue. Nearer in shore, the waves change to a pearly grey, shot with emerald green, glittering in the sunbeams, and crisped with foam, as they break upon the yellow beach with a soothing cadence. Columns of white smoke go up from the beach high into the air, from fires kindled by the kelp burners, whom we see against the bright sea, like black specks upon the shining sand. Beyond the bridge, Barr river glistens white over the beach, as colourless as molten silver; but below us, among the rocks and boulders, it is dark and peat-stained. Approaching the bridge from the down on the left is a herd of Highland cattle with their attendant lassie. On the bridge itself, on a certain day, might have been seen one of the ladies of our party, landing a salmon that had been hooked and "played" by one of the gentlemen, — the same gentleman whom (on another day) we might have seen shooting at the seals as they disported themselves in the sea, a few hundred yards from the mouth of Barr river.

Cuthbert, Bede, delt:

Hanhart Chromo-lith.

BARR GLEN, CANTIRE

It murmurs musically at our feet; now hurrying over rocky shallows in tiny waterfalls, now coursing round great boulders that half block up its narrow bed, now hiding itself in natural caverns hollowed out of the base of the rock by centuries of floods and freshets, now dallying in deep pools whose blackness is only broken by the silvery circles left by the leaping salmon, now sweeping into those crescent harbours, where the ceaseless action of the hurrying water has scooped out the rock into smooth semicircular baths in which Nereids might love to sport. Here, with my feet among the fragrant heather, with the river murmuring below me, and the wide expanse of the Atlantic glistening before me, I sit and sketch. Would that I could represent, with even a faint approach to truth, the wonderful beauty of the confused mass of verdure (in which heather and ferns are predominant) with which the rocky walls of Barr river are adorned. He indeed must be a skilful and a patient colourist who could hope to depict but a hundredth part of the minute and manifold beauties of that nearest rock-wall on the other side of the brawling stream, where every little mossy ledge is crowned with coronals of ferns, and gemmed with the varied hues of heather and wild flowers, while ivy clings to the grey rock, and trailing creepers hang in luxuriant festoons from the shrubs that fringe the edge of the downs. So I plod on with my pencil in the hot

glare of the mid-day sun, pleased at seeing the rude counterpart of the beautiful scene gradually assuming shape and colour upon the virgin leaf of my sketching-block; yet (if it must be confessed) sad at heart at my inability to represent with patient toil of brush the wondrous minutiæ painted by one glance on the retina of the eye; so I plod on, till eye and brain become confused, and demand a few moments' rest. Let me leave my drawing materials upon this seat, secured by this rude paper-weight of rock; they will be safe; for there is no pic-nic party here to-day from Campbelton, or elsewhere, as is frequently the case during the summer season.* So I take my pannikin, in order that I may fill it with clean water for painting, and I make my way down to the river's edge, by a very circuitous course, however; and I am half way towards the bridge, before I can clamber down the broken rocks sufficiently near to the water to fill my pannikin.

In accomplishing this feat, and endeavouring to regain the path by a less steep and slippery road, I am brought in full view of that portion of the river which, by making a sudden turn from right to left, had been concealed from me by the steep rocky wall. A moment ago, I said that there were spots in this Barr river where Nereids might love to sport. But, in these rail-

* Mr. Macalister liberally grants permission to such parties to make use of his grounds.

way days, romance yields to reality; and the only Nereids who now honour the stream by their presence, are some of the neighbouring cottagers, who, by an old custom, which they have come to regard as their pre-

SCOTCH WASHING.

scriptive right, make use of a certain shallow spot on the left bank of the river for the purpose of a laundry, and thus convert Barr river into a wash-tub for foul

linen. This takes place at regularly-recurring periods, opposite to that detached rock, which may be noted in my sketch, upon the right bank of the river towards the bridge. The sketcher, therefore, who goes to that spot to fill his pannikin with water, may, if he time his visit aright, glean materials for a picture of "Scotch washing," which, if it be not quite so pretty as that well-known print after Mr. Harvey's painting, may at least be a little more true to the ordinary type of the Highland lassie and her various attitudes during her sanitary proceeding.

Edward Waverley, as you may remember, when he approached the Baron of Bradwardine's manor-house, saw, upon the green, two bare-legged damsels, each standing in a spacious tub, and performing with their feet the office of a patent washing machine. "These did not, however," says his biographer, "like the maidens of Armida, remain to greet with their harmony the approaching guest; but, alarmed at the appearance of a handsome stranger on the opposite side, dropped their garments (I should say garment to be quite correct), over their limbs, which their occupation exposed somewhat too freely, and with a shrill exclamation of 'Eh, sirs!' uttered with an accent between modesty and coquetry, sprung off like deer in different directions."*

This tub-washing seems to have been an old custom;

* Waverley, vol. i. chap. ix.

for, in those "curious letters," as Sir Walter Scott calls them, which were written from the Highlands in 1754, the author* takes notice of "what is commonly seen by the side of rivers, that is, women with their coats tucked up, stamping, in tubs, upon linen by way of washing; and this, not only in summer, but in the hardest frosty weather, when their legs and feet are almost literally as red as blood with the cold; and often two of these wenches stamp in one tub supporting themselves by their arms thrown over each other's shoulders."†

The modern process in Barr river dispenses with the tub, and is extremely simple, though, I should think, not very efficacious for the proper "getting-up" of fine linen. The clothes are placed in a shallow part of the river, and the women and girls stamp upon them with their naked feet, their petticoats (of very scanty longitude in the first instance,) being tucked up for that purpose. Occasionally a stout cudgel is also brought into play to thump the linen. A little hand-washing is added, and the garments are then wrung out, and spread upon the river's bank to be dried by the sun. Starching and ironing are deemed vain superfluities.

After all, this is a very ancient custom, and dates back to those old-world days when even princesses were their own shepherdesses and laundresses. Homer, for

* Who is understood to have been Captain Burt.

† Letters from a gentleman in the North of Scotland, &c., Letter III.

example, tells us, that when the Princess Nausicaa, daughter of King Alcinous, was going to be married, the Goddess of Wisdom justified her claim to that title by bidding her get all her clothes washed. With that, the young lady borrowed her papa's chariot, and in addition to her own *trousseau*, also took the greater part of the wardrobe of her three brothers*, and drove off at dawn of day, with her maids, to the river, which appears to have been at a considerable distance. Like

* As the *Deus ex machinâ*, probably, which should enable her to clothe the naked Ulysses, with whom, she holds a long conversation before she gives him the clothes. ("Odyssey," book vi.) This, however, was in the free-and-easy days of "The Golden Age," when a young lady would attend a young gentleman to the bath. So in the case of Telemachus; he pays a visit to Nestor, and a princess of his house, whom he had the pleasure of meeting for the first time, performs for him this "pleasing rite," quite as a matter of course and ordinary compliment.

> "Sweet Polycaste took the pleasing toil
> To bathe the prince, and pour the fragrant oil."

See "Odyssey," book iii.; see also "Iliad," book xxii. 153, for the washing of garments in river cisterns by the feet; and "Odyssey," book vi. 40, 86. The bason, or cistern, was called *Plunos*, from the Greek *Pluno*, to wash or clean. Aristophanes ("Acharnians," 381) applies this verb exactly in the slang way in which we now use it when we say, Such a man has been *wiped down* handsomely; *i. e.* has had "a good dressing." Sir Robert Ker Porter, in his "Eastern Travels," describes a visit that he paid, with a male friend, to the ladies' baths at Tiflis, where the Georgian Venuses continued to bathe before them with the same unblushing coolness that was displayed by Nausicaa and her young ladies in the presence of Ulysses.

as in the Barr river, the place for washing was close to the sea-shore; and they then, as in modern days, preferred the pure river stream to the rough salt sea-water. In the river were certain basons or cisterns, which were either made of marble, or wood; and in these the Phæacian damsels of twenty-seven centuries ago were wont to wash their garments, by trampling them with their feet, just in the same way that the Highland lassies do up to the present hour.

Tempora mutantur: but it seems that we don't always change in them.

CHAP. XIII.

GLENCREGGAN.

Situation of Glencreggan. — A View of one Hundred Miles. — The Southern Hebrides. — A Glass for a Toper of the Picturesque. — Conversing Mirrors. — An imaginary Waterfall. — The Mare's Tail, and a Mare's Nest. — Atlantic Blue. — Harvest in the Highlands. — The lady Reapers. — Bare Feet and Stubble. — The Artist's ideal Gleaner. — Stern Reality. — Clouts. — Little Monkeys. — What educated Feet can be made to do. — Singular Instances. — The walking of Cloth. — Novel way of scouring a Room. — Broth withal. — Cleanliness and Picturesqueness. — A naked Foot saved Scotland. — Nemo me impune lacessit.

RATHER more than a mile beyond Glenbarr Abbey is Glencreggan House, the property of Captain Smollett M. Eddington, but now let on a lease to William Hancocks, Esq., of Blakeshall House, Worcestershire, who occupies it as a shooting-box during the greater part of August, September, and October, and has the shooting on these and the adjacent moors. This shooting extends over about sixteen thousand acres, and the house is conveniently situated in being equi-distant from the extreme points of the property. It is well and sub-

GLENCREGGAN, CANTIRE:

From the Atlantic.

stantially built, though outwardly a plain structure; but within, it has been comfortably arranged for all modern requirements, and, in short, comprehends all those items that go to make up what is usually meant by the phrase "a gentleman's house."

The situation of Glencreggan is most commanding. It stands on a plateau of high ground, about a quarter of a mile from the verge of the line of sea-cliffs, and with no intervening object to intercept or interrupt the seaward view. The house lies on the land side of the public road, but on a higher elevation; plantations are behind, and on each side; and close in the rear the ground rises sharply, and so continues to ascend, until it gains an altitude of some fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, and is merged in that range of hills that forms the back bone of Cantire. The sea-view from Glencreggan is magnificent. The drawing-room windows command an uninterrupted view from left to right, of nearly one hundred miles, quite that in fact, for it begins on the left with the Irish coast, and terminates in the misty distance to the right with Ben More, in the island of Mull, which, as the crow flies, is just one hundred miles from Ireland, a tolerably extensive sweep of sea and landscape. The portion of the Irish coast seen from Glencreggan, is that from Fair Head to the Giant's Causeway, in the front of which Rathlin Isle is plainly visible. Its lighthouse

was to us as a nightly star. Then, passing on in our view towards the right, is the open Atlantic, with nothing but that waste of waters between us and America. Then come Islay and Jura, their rugged outlines forming one long bold line against the sky, the Paps of Jura being its most conspicuous feature. Between us and them lie the pretty islets of Cara and Gigha. The western coast of Cantire stretches in long perspective to the

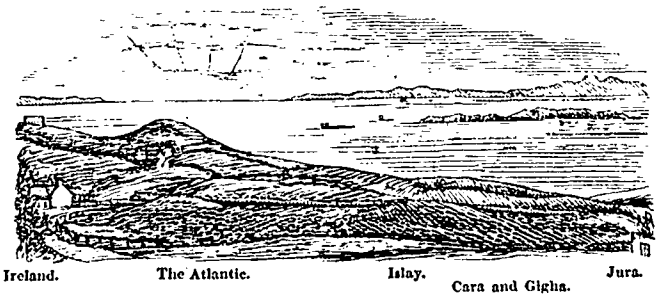


DIAGRAM OF VIEW FROM GLENCREGGAN.

right; and the misty mountain beyond points out to us the spot where

"On high Ben More green mosses grow."

Islay is about twenty-eight miles, and Jura thirty-four; but from Islay overlapping Jura, the two, at first sight, seem to form one long island. These four islands of the Southern Hebrides, Islay, Jura, Cara, and Gigha (pronounced "Geera,") are a lovely feature in the view, more especially when seen from the moors on the hills behind Glencreggan, when the higher elevation enables

us to see the silvery thread of water dividing the two larger islands, and the boundless sweep of the Atlantic on the farther side of them. From the hills too we see another portion of the Hebridean group, the islands of Colonsay and Oransay; and still further to the right the island of Scarba, with the dreadful Gulf of Corrivrekin; while shadowy Mull fills in the background.

On a clear day, it was "mighty agreeable," as Pepys would say, to lie among the fragrant heather on the summit of one of the softly-rounded hills, in the shade of one of those great rocky fragments that are thickly sprinkled over the moors, and by the side of a little stream falling over a stony ledge into a mossy basin overhung with ferns, — pleasant to lie there in the shade "by the burnie 'mid the brackens," and drink in the scenery, glass in hand. With such scenery, and with a good glass, one may well be a toper! and as for those lovely islands of this western Archipelago, I warrant that each will "prove an excuse for the glass," with a result that will cheer, but not inebriate. It was, indeed, agreeable, on a clear day, thus, telescope in hand, to obtain a view more distinct than could be gained by the naked eye, of those distant Hebridean beauties rising like so many Aphrodites from the waves. But without the glass, we could make out most of the leading features of the islands even in tolerably fair weather; and

on clear sunny days, the houses at Port Ellen *, in Islay, were very apparent, more especially when their glazed windows flashed back the rays of the sun. The distance was a little more than twenty miles. The distinguished traveller, Mr. Galton, has lately utilised, by a clever invention, this flashing of the sun's rays in glass. It can be seen at an almost fabulous distance, and at the interval of twelve miles, travellers may telegraph to each other with perfect ease, and converse according to a prescribed code of signals. The Ordnance Survey have in this way often made good use of small mirrors; nor have savage tribes been ignorant of so simple but valuable a plan of communication.

Indeed, by the aid of imagination and a good glass, we saw more than could be seen. There was a patch of light, like sea-sand, only in a perpendicular position, plainly visible on the dark line of coast, and extending for a considerable height up the face of the rock. When the telescope had been brought to bear upon it, we made out (to our great satisfaction) a lofty and wide waterfall, fed by a stream that we could discern threading its way down the side of the hill. We could see

* Port Ellen is in Londinas Bay, in the Mull of Oe. It is not marked in Johnston's large map. It has its place, however, in the valuable map in Black's "Guide," with the track of the steamers. These steamers, whose route from Glasgow to Oban is round the Mull of Cantire, usually touch at Port Ellen.

the movement of the water as it meandered down the mountain side, and then leapt over the face of the precipice. Each one of the party made it out distinctly, and for several days this waterfall was a frequent object to which the telescope was directed. Alas! it was but an optical delusion. In a few days we had discovered that there was no such stream or waterfall, and that the patch of light was nothing more than a sand-bank, composed of sand of such whiteness, that it glistened and glimmered like pulverised chalk. And yet, even when we knew this, we could still make out the waterfall as distinctly as before; for the play of the sunlight on the particles of shining sand — which was pounded over with fractured shells — produced a similar effect to that of falling water. So much for imagination; and if it had not been for the timely discovery of the mistake, I might have here added to the number of waterfalls in the Highlands, by an account of this Hebridean one, of whose existence we one and all (as we thought) had repeated ocular proof. "The Mare's Tail," is by no means an uncommon name for a cascade, and in the Highlands, when they see the white streams threading their way at flood-time down the dark cavities of the mountain, they say, "the grey mare's tail begins to grow!" but, in the present instance, we must have named our waterfall, not "the Mare's Tail," but "The Mare's Nest."

But we were near enough to these islands of the Southern Hebrides, to view them with sufficient distinctness; and as seen from Glencreggan, this portion of the Scottish Archipelago, with its picturesque groupings, and accidental effects of light and shade, was at all times an object of interest. On bright days, the sunlight strongly defined all the rocky irregularities of the coast; while here and there, in the cultivated portions, could be discerned the strips of green, and the blaze of golden corn, with the houses and the tiny shipping, their sails now white, and now a dusky red, and the larger vessels slowly sliding along the dark blue line of the horizon, and now and then a steamer, with its long, thin level cloud of smoke, streaming like a mighty pennant in its wake.

There is a description of Mr. Kingsley's which might be well applied to this spot. "How clear and brilliant everything shows through this Atlantic atmosphere. The intensity of colouring may vie with that of the shores of the Mediterranean. The very raininess of the climate, by condensing the moisture into an ever-changing phantasmagoria of clouds, leaves the clear air and sunshine, when we do get a glimpse of them, all the more pure and transparent. One does not regret or even feel the want of trees here, while the eye ranges down from that dappled cloud-world above, over that vast sheet of purple heather, those dells bedded with

dark velvet green ferns, of a depth and richness of hue which I never saw before, over those bright grey granite rocks, spangled with black glittering mica and golden lichens, to rest at last on that sea below. This is real Atlantic blue here beneath us. No more glass-green bay water, but real ocean sapphire — dark, deep, intense, Homeric purple, it spreads away, away, there before us, without a break or islet, to the shores of America. You are sitting on one of the last points of Europe, and therefore all things round you are stern and strange with a barbaric pomp, such as befits the boundary of a world. Does it not raise strange longings in you, to gaze out yonder over the infinite calm, and then to remember, that, beyond it lies America! the new world; the future world; the great Titan baby!" *

It was harvest time when we were in Cantire; and the following beautiful bit of description by Hugh Miller, of a Highland landscape further north, will strengthen the foregoing word-painting of Mr. Kingsley's, and will also well describe many of the days and scenes that we encountered at Glencreggan:— "The keen morning improved into a brilliant day, with an atmosphere transparent as if there had been no atmosphere at all, through which the distant objects looked

* "Miscellanies," by the Rev. C. Kingsley, vol. ii. pp. 298, 300.

out as sharp of outline, and in as well-defined light and shadow as if they had occupied the background, not of a Scotch, but of an Italian landscape. A few speck-like sails far away on the intensely blue sea, which opened upon us in a stretch of many leagues, gleamed to the sun with a radiance bright as that of the sparks of a furnace blown to white heat. The land uneven of surface, and open, and abutting in bold promontories, still bore the sunny hue of harvest, and seemed as if stippled over with shocks from the ridgy hill summits, to where ranges of giddy cliffs flung their shadows across the beach."

I esteemed myself fortunate to visit Glencreggan at such a season. When we had left England the harvest was well-nigh over, but here it was barely begun. It is always a picturesque time; but harvest in the Highlands exceeds an English harvest in the elements of the picturesque,—chiefly from the scenery, but partly from the abundant presence of women in the national dress. A loose cotton jacket is commonly worn by them, and, for this, pink was the all-prevailing colour: beneath appeared a short petticoat, similar in colour (and perhaps in texture) to that dark blue stuff of which bathing dresses are made. In many cases the girls wore nothing upon their heads but their own luxuriant hair: where they adopted any covering, it was a loose white cotton bonnet, or a wide-awake. They used the sickle as

dexterously as did the men; even as Wordsworth describes the

> "Solitary Highland lass
> Reaping and singing by herself;"

(which is somewhat tautological, seeing that she could not be solitary without being by herself). But the Highland lassies that I saw reaping and singing, and

> "Breaking the silence of the seas
> Among the farthest Hebrides,"

were never solitary, but were altogether gregarious in their habits. The women, as usual, wore their large white caps, or "mutches;" and, together with the girls, had coverings for their feet and ankles,—which is almost the only occasion on which they wear anything on their legs, Sundays excepted. The rule seems to be, go barefoot everywhere but into a kirk; but when you work in a stubbly barley-field, protect your legs.

And a very wise rule it is. It is, however, the custom with those artists who paint from indoor models instead of outdoor realities, to invariably represent "the gleaner" (with an especial preference for the Highland specimen) as an impossible specimen of agricultural humanity, with delicately-chiselled nude feet, or else with clean tight-fitting white stockings and dancing-pumps. I am conscious of a long acquaintance with many bucolical myths and pastoral goddesses, created by artists for the delectation of society, who have fas-

cinated the beholder by a display of their pedal pieces, or by the harmonious tones produced by white stockings or rosy flesh. I have a pleasing memory of a lovely picture by Mr. Frith, a Highland "Gleaner" (who has

HIGHLAND REAPERS.

since figured in the print-shops), dressed like these Glencreggan girls, in short petticoat and loose pink jacket, with a complexion like the famous

"Mulberry smother'd in cream,"

suggesting that she must have fed upon strawberries

and milk all her life, or that some one must have held a gig umbrella over her while she was at work, and thus have preserved the pearly delicacy of her cheek and bust. Her rose-leaf arms (the blush rose, and not the cabbage) elegantly balanced upon her head a sheaf of gleanings, while from beneath her short dark petticoat appeared a pair of delicate little legs and feet tramping through "the histie stibble" — stubble, be it remembered, that will cut like a knife — without so much as a scratch or a scar to disfigure the excessive cleanliness and pearly hue of her exquisitely-turned foot and

"About the loveliest little ankle in the world."

This fair creation of Mr. Frith's brain I duly admired; my admiration being tempered with astonishment, because in real life I had always found that when any lovely young Lavinias went to glean the corn in rich Palæmon's field, they very wisely put on their oldest and strongest shoes (*Nota bene*, boots preferred), and wrapped their feet and legs in any protective material on which they could lay their hands, which armour of defence was technically termed "clouts," and bade defiance to the sharpest stubble; and that no Lavinia was insane enough to subject herself to the unheard-of penance of promenading with bare feet and legs in a field whose sword-like stubble would speedily lame her with countless bleeding wounds. I was not,

therefore, surprised to see the Glencreggan gleaners, whose normal state was that of naked legs, sensibly attired for their occupation, and greatly adding to the picturesqueness of the landscape; though this enforced wearing of shoes and stockings is "a sair burden" to them. Even when they walk to kirk on the Sabbath-day, they frequently carry their shoes and stockings, and do not put them on until within a short distance of the building; a circumstance which made a Turkish tourist in the Highlands remark that, in his country, religion enjoined them to put off their slippers when entering a sacred building, whereas in Scotland religion made them put on their shoes.

It is this general absence in the Highlands of shoes and stockings on the part of women and children (for you never see a barefooted man), that is so striking to the English eye, which does not readily become accustomed to the novelty. Except in the severest weather, I was assured that the children, and their elder sisters and mothers, greatly prefer the freedom of bare feet to the restraint of shoes and stockings. A very little child may be sometimes seen to whimper if it steps upon a sharp pebble, over which its mother, and its elder brothers and sisters will walk without flinching.*

* "Their infants are no sooner brought into the world than they are pretty roughly handled, wrapt up in a Highland blanket, and nursed in a very homely and masculine manner, not bound and painted up in their trinkets like so many dolls, but are often carried in and

The fences in the neighbourhood of Glencreggan were, for the most part, similar to those throughout the

TRAINING THE FEET.

Western Highlands, and were composed of large stones roughly piled together, and cemented with mud, the

about the house as naked as when they were born, and nourished with good and substantial cheer, not with dates and sugar plums; and, once they can use their legs they don't spare them, but will run up hills and down dales, many of them without any clothing, and that in the middle of winter." — Dr. J. CAMPBELL'S *Description of the Highlands of Scotland* (1752), p. 17.

upper surface not being brought to a level, but following the inequalities of the stones. I often noticed the little barelegged children amusing themselves by walking along the rugged tops of these stone fences, their toes clasping the stones as though with a prehensile power. They ran along the wall like monkeys, and, as Dibdin says: —

"Daintily handled their feet,"

with the craft of a rope-dancer. Children brought up in this way literally kick at the restraint of shoe-leather; and, as I was informed, can scarcely be prevailed upon to wear shoes even in the depth of winter. The feet of such are necessarily far more supple than the feet of those who have bowed to the customs of civilisation by wearing corn-producing boots.

"It has been observed," says Mawman, "that were it the fashion to go naked, the face would be hardly noticed: certain it is that the bare feet very much attracted our attention. The conspicuously-active spring of the ball of the foot, and the powerful grasp of the toes, increased our knowledge by exhibiting the beauty and utility of that member. All the Highlanders walk with firmness and agility. We saw not a single instance even of a female turning in her toes, or stepping with a stiff bent knee. We remarked that, north of Glasgow, we had not beheld one individual,

man, woman, or child, crooked; and that, though their feet were freely applied to rugged roads and gravelly shores, they did not appear to have received any injury. Their general ability proved that they could

"'Foot it featly here and there.'" *

In which opinion my own observation leads me to cordially agree.

Who can tell to what uses the feet and toes might be put, if the necessity arose for the full development of their powers? There is a way of educating the foot as well as the hand or the eye; and it is astonishing what an educated foot can be made to do. We know that, in the time of Alexander, the Indians were taught to draw their bows with their feet as well as with their hands; and Sir James Emerson Tennent tells us that that this is done up to the present time by the Rock Veddahs of Ceylon. And nearly all savage tribes can turn their toes not only to good but also to bad account; like the aborigines of Australia, who, while they are cunningly diverting your attention with their hands, are busily engaged in committing robberies with their toes, with which they can pick up articles as an elephant would with his trunk. So also the Hindoo makes his toes work at the loom, and weaves with them with almost as much dexterity as with his fingers. The

* Excursion to the Highlands of Scotland (1804), p. 151.

Chinese carpenter will hold the bit of wood he is planing by his foot like a parrot, and will work a grindstone with his feet.* The Banaka tribe, who are the most famous canoe-men on the west African coast, will impel their light canoes (weighing only from eight to ten pounds) with great velocity over the waves, and at the same time will use their one foot to bale out the water; and "when they would rest their arms, one leg is thrown out on either side of the canoe, and it is propelled with the feet almost as fast as with a paddle."† In the case too of Miss Biffin, the miniature-painter, who died but eleven years since, and who was patronised by our present Queen and her three predecessors on the throne, we know how her toes took the place of fingers, and guided the pencil with equal delicacy and skill. There was also Monsieur Ducornet, who died only four years ago, who, although he was born without hands, was brought up as an artist, and who annually exhibited at the Louvre pictures painted by his feet.‡ Then there was Thomas Roberts, the armless huntsman to Sir George Barlow, whose feet were made to perform the duties of his hands. And there was William King-

* See Albert Smith's "To China and Back," pp. 8, 19.

† Rev. J. L. Wilson's "Western Africa."

‡ A large painting (11 feet by 9 feet) by this artist, representing a "Vision of the Virgin and Child appearing to St. Philomene," is in the choir of the church of St. Ricquier. See Musgrave's "Bye-Roads and Battle-Fields," p. 87.

stone, who with his toes wrote out his accounts, shaved and dressed himself, saddled and bridled his horse, threw sledge-hammers, and fought a stout battle in which he came off victorious. And there was Kleyser, the German, who with his toes shaved, dressed, wrote, threaded needles, fired pistols, and fenced with a rapier. And there was also Matthew Buckinger, who was also born without arms, and could do these things and many more; and like his fellow-countryman, Kleyser, gained his livelihood by the dexterity of his toes.

The linen-washers in Barr River have already shown us one use of the naked feet that is very popular in Scotland. Pennant mentions another, that is now probably out of date. As a substitute for the fulling-

CLOTH WAUKING. (After Pennant.)

mill, about a dozen women, divided into two equal numbers, and all in full song, would sit down on each side of a long board, ribbed lengthways, with the cloth placed upon it. When they were tired of working it backwards and forwards with their hands, "every

female," says Pennant, "uses her feet for the same purpose, and six or seven pair of naked feet are in the most violent agitation, working one against the other; as by this time they grow very earnest in their labours, the fury of the song rises; at length it arrives at such a pitch, that without breach of charity you would imagine a troop of female demoniacs to have assembled." * This was called the Luaghadh, or "Walking (wauking) of Cloth." Pennant gives an illustration of the remarkable scene; though, in his sketch (which is here copied) the ladies are very orderly and quaker-like.

Captain Burt, the author of those old and curious "Letters," to which I referred in the last chapter, thus describes the washing of a room, "which," he very suggestively adds, "the English lodgers require to be sometimes done." It was done with the feet. "First, they spread a wet cloth upon part of the floor; then,

* Hebrides, p. 286. It is also mentioned in the "Letters from the North of Scotland" (cf. Letter XX.), and by Macculloch (vol. ii. p. 314), who came suddenly on "the bare-legged nymphs in the very orgasm and fury of inspiration, kicking and singing, and hallooing as if they had been possessed by twelve devils." Mr. Campbell says, "There are songs composed in a particular rhythm for washing clothes by dancing on them, songs which are nearly all chorus, and which are composed as they are sung. The composer gives out a single line, applicable to anything then present, and the chorus fills up the time by singing and clapping hands, till the second line is prepared. I have known such lines fired at a sportsman by a bevy of girls who were waulking blankets in a byre, and who made the gun and the dog the theme of several stanzas."—CAMPBELL'S *West Highland Tales*, vol. i. p. xliv.

with their coats tucked up, they stand upon the cloth and shuffle it backward and forward with their feet; then they go to another part and do the same, till they have gone all over the room." He ordered a mop to be made, and showed them how to use it; but he could not persuade them to use it instead of their feet.* "I have seen women by the river-side," he says, "washing parsnips, turnips, and herbs, in tubs with their feet. An English lieutenant-colonel told me, that about a mile from the the town, he saw, at some little distance, a wench turning and twisting herself about as she stood in a little tub; and, as he could perceive, being on horseback, that there was no water in it, he rode up close to her, and found that she was grinding off the beards and hulls of barley with her naked feet, which barley, she said, was to make broth withal; and, since that, upon inquiry, I have been told it is a common thing. They hardly ever wear shoes but on a Sunday;

* Bare legs were to be met with in town as well as in country, a century ago. Dr. Somerville, in his "Life and Times," says:—"Before the year 1760 none of the poor, or only a small proportion of them, wore stockings. Even in the houses of gentlemen of high rank, the maid-servants seldom used them in the earlier part of the day, while employed in servile work. The celebrated Charles Townshend used to give a ludicrous description of his being received by a 'female porter' without stockings or shoes, when he paid his respects to Lord President Craigie, in the Lawnmarket, Edinburgh, in 1758 or 1759; and also of the practice, at that time general in the country, of the women treading their dirty linen, instead of washing it with their hands" (p. 326).

and then, being unused to them, when they go to church, they walk very awkwardly; or, as we say, like a cat shod with walnut-shells." The state of "their legs covered up to the calf with dried dirt," is then touched upon with a far different pencil to that used by Mr. Frith in his dainty-limbed gleaner. But, although this charge may be true in too many cases, yet they might retort, that the cleanliness of their feet was better cared for when they paddled barefoot through burns and puddles, than when encased in heat-producing shoes.

"In respect to dress, shoes, stockings and bonnets are not much worn, and the fashions for this month are white muslin caps, dark cotton gowns, made short and scanty in the skirt, and neither leather nor prunella for shoes; but I always maintain, that for hard-working people, the custom is both wholesome and cleanly, of having their bare feet washed daily, or perhaps hourly, in every stream they pass. A woman respectably clothed in shoes and stockings, was heard saying once to a friend, 'I must hurry home and wash, for I've negleckit my feet for three weeks.'" So says Miss Sinclair. But, so far as my own observation goes, I must say, that the Highland lassie, however picturesque an object, would be made a much more wholesome and inviting character by a little more attention to tidiness and cleanliness. Sir Walter Scott has

pierced the mark, in the following description: — "Three or four village girls, returning from the village well or brook with pitchers and pails upon their heads, formed pleasing objects, and, with their thin short gowns and single petticoats, bare arms, legs, and feet, uncovered heads and braided hair, somewhat resembled Italian forms of landscape. Nor could a lover of the picturesque have challenged either the elegance of their costume, or the symmetry of their shape; although, to say the truth, a mere Englishman, in search of the *comfortable*, a word peculiar to his native tongue, might have wished the clothes less scanty, the feet and legs somewhat protected from the weather, the head and complexion shrouded from the sun, or, perhaps, might even have thought the whole person and dress considerably improved by a plentiful application of spring water, with a *quantum sufficit* of soap." * This is the more to be lamented when found among a people, of whose peasantry, as Sir Walter elsewhere says, "from among the young women, an

* The author of the "Old Church Architecture of Scotland" (1861), describes the landing of himself and friends at St. Kilda, and going through their morning's purification "in the hollow of a small stream up a little way from the shore, to the infinite amusement of the people, who, probably having never seen their water turned to such account before, or men rubbing and scrubbing themselves so unmercifully, must needs have believed that they were witnessing some pagan rite, or act of pious mortification" (p. 213).

artist might have chosen more than one model whose features and form resembled those of Minerva."

And while the naked foot may be accepted as a national characteristic, we may remember that it was through a naked foot that Scotland was saved. If that bare-footed Dane, who, in the darkness of the night, trod upon the rough prickles of the thistle (thenceforth to become the national emblem), and, yelling with the suddenness of the pain, aroused the garrison and put them on their defence; if he had worn boots, or even one of those pairs of rough-skinned Scottish "brogues" that were constructed with slits at the heel, so that the water might run out of them, then, who can tell the sequence of events that may have followed? As it is, there — to remind us of the great events accruing from the misplaced confidence of a naked foot, — there is the thistle for Scotland's badge, with its prickly Dane-and-enemy-defying motto *Nemo me impune lacessit*, which, being interpreted into good broad Scotch, means (according to the song)

"Wha daur meddle wi' me!"

So much for the legs of the lassies at Glencreggan, and elsewhere in the Highlands. But they are deserving of notice; for (as Macculloch has remarked) they

are full of symmetry, and are not like the legs of the Welsh girls, which look as though they had been turned in a lathe, although

"Stockings and shoon
To them are no boon."

CHAP. XIV.

HALF A DOZEN OF THE HEBRIDES.

The Hebrides. — Cara. — Gigulum. — Gigha. — The squirting Cave. — The Watch-Cairn. — Keefie's Hill. — The miraculous Well of Toubir-more. — The Brownie. — Islay. — Antiquities. — Milo outdone. — Dinners and Deserts. — Traces of the Lords of the Isles. — Kernes and Gallowglasses. — A Wife upon Trial. — Macdonald's Feud. — Jura. — Corpachs. — The Island of Deer. — The Paps of Jura. — Their Altitude and Character. — The Mountain of Gold. — The Slide of the old Hag. — Corryvraken. — The Legend of the Whirlpool. — The grey Dog's Slap. — A Tub for a Whale. — The Mermaid. — The Song of Colonsay. — Oransay. — A Hebridean Alsatia.

Of the three hundred and odd islands that lie along the western coast of Scotland, and are known as the Hebrides, the most southern * constitute that group of which Islay and Jura are the monarchs, and which form such a leading object in the seaward view from Glencreggan. The half dozen that are most noticeable are Cara, Gigha, Islay, Jura, Colonsay, and Oransay; though

* According to the present reckoning; for Cantire itself, Rathlin Island, and the Isles of Arran and Man were formerly included among the *Æbudæ*.

Cara is very small, and only worthy of notice from its nearness to the shore of Cantire, from which it makes a very pretty object. But all these islands have outlying rocks and islets, to most of which there is a name, and some of which are peopled; so that the half dozen of the Hebrides seen from Glencreggan might really be multiplied to more than six times six. Let us notice a few of their salient features, with their legends and superstitions. Their agricultural and commercial statistics we will leave to the Gazetteers.

First of all come Cara and Gigha (pronounced *Geera*), only three miles and a half from the shore, and but slightly divided from each other. Cara is about a mile in length by half a mile in breadth; Gigha is seven miles long by two and a half wide. In the sound which divides them is the islet of Gigulum, near to which is good anchoring ground for the largest vessels. The navigation on the eastern coast of these islands is rendered dangerous by sunken rocks; but there are many safe bays and harbours. The Mull of Cara is a precipitous rock of iron-stone 167 feet high, having large caves in its base. This is the highest ground in the island. This rock is much frequented by sea-fowl, and the real game hawk is said to nestle here. The highest ground in Gigha is called *Creag bhian* or "the White Rock," and does not exceed 400 feet above the level of the sea. On the western coast, which is

very bold and rocky, are two caves, called the Great Cave, and the Pigeon's Cave. There is also a curious cave called *Sloc-an-leim*, "the Squirting Cave," at the south-west end of Gigha, on the farm of Leim. Here there is a subterraneous passage, 133 feet long, into which the sea flows. About the middle of it is an aperture 8 feet long and 2 broad; and near the end is another, 20 feet long and 4 broad. When there is a surf a perpetual mist issues from these apertures, accompanied with a great noise, caused by the rolling of large stones, which are carried backward and forward by the agitation of the water. A storm from the west causes the sea to rush in with such violence as to discharge itself with a thundering noise, in the form of intermitting jets. Hence its name of *Sloc-an-leim*, "the Squirting Cave," or, literally, the jumping, or springing pit.

The coast of Gigha is so sinuous, that it is not less than 25 miles in extent. On the eastern shore are fine sandy bays, admirably adapted for sea-bathing, and valuable for the fine white sand which they afford for the manufacture of glass. The Bay of Ardminish is about the centre of the eastern coast, and has a good anchorage in six or seven fathoms of water; it is protected by rocks and the headland called Ardminish Point. At the head of the bay are the church and manse. Drimyconbeg Bay is a little farther north; and Tarbert Bay

still higher up, both bays affording good anchorage. There is a ferry across to Tayinloan on the Cantire coast, and communication also with Tarbert by means of a steamer. When it is wished for the Islay steamer to touch at Gigha, a signal is made from a signal-post erected on an old cairn, called *Carn-na-faire*, or "the Watch-cairn," on a hill commanding an extensive view, and, no doubt, greatly used as a watch-tower in the stirring times of the Lords of the Isles.

There is but little heather in the island; but juniper abounds on the east coast, and is made to give a gin flavour to whiskey. Illicit distillation is believed still to exist in the island. Its fishery chiefly consists of cod, ling, and haddocks, which, with potatoes and oat-meal, constitute the chief food of the inhabitants.* The moss-rose grows wild in the island.

About the middle of Gigha is *Dun Chifie*, or Keefie's Hill, which appears to have been a strong fortification. Keefie was the son of the King of Lochlin, and occupied this stronghold, where (according to tradition), he was slain by Diarmid, one of Fingal's heroes, with whose wife he had run away. We shall hear more about Diarmid when we come to the eighteenth chapter. In Cara are the remains of a chapel, 29 feet by 12, with a

* The geology of these islands is fully illustrated in the "Statistical Accounts," and Macculloch's "Western Islands," vol. ii. p. 278; also map, p. 86.

Gothic arched door; and in Gigha are also the remains of an old church (about a mile from the present church), which are described by Martin and Pennant *, as well as some monumental stones and a cross. The most noticeable modern monuments are those to the memory of the Rev. Dr. Curdie, of the West Indies, who died, aged eighty, at the residence of his nephew, the Rev. James Curdie, minister of Gigha, — and to Captain M'Neill (proprietor of the island), his wife, and two daughters, who were all drowned in the *Orion*, June 18th, 1850.

Pennant also speaks of "a little well of most miraculous quality; for, in old times, if ever the chieftain lay here wind-bound, he had nothing more to do than cause the well to be cleared, and instantly a favourable gale arose."† Martin, who visited it at an earlier period than Pennant did, says, "There is a well at the north end of this isle, called *Toubir-more*, that is, 'a great well,' because of its effects, for which it is famous among the islanders; who, together with the inhabitants, use it as a catholicon for diseases. It is covered with stone and clay, because the natives fancy that the stream that flows from it might overflow the isle; and it is always opened by a *Diroch*, that is, 'an inmate,' else they think it would not exert its virtues. They ascribe one

* See also Macculloch's "Highlands," vol. iv. p. 425.

† Hebrides, p. 198; see also Campbell's "Popular Tales."

very extraordinary effect to it, and it is this; that when any foreign boats are wind-bound here, which often happens, the master of the boat ordinarily gives the native that lets the water run, a piece of money; and they say, that immediately afterwards the wind changes in favour of those that are thus detained by contrary winds. Every stranger that goes to drink of the water of this well, is accustomed to leave on its stone cover a piece of money, needle, pin, or one of the prettiest variegated stones they can find." At the present day, the superstition regarding this miraculous well of *Toubirmore*, is, that if any of the stones that are in the well be taken out of it, a great storm will arise. Some men declared that they had caused a dreadful tempest by these means. In Cara, the *brunie* or brownie is believed in.

Islay (the stronghold of whiskey, enriching the government to more than thirty thousand a year, and bringing more practical results to the exchequer of the present Lord of the Isle, than did all the sovereignty of his predecessors), is about twenty-eight miles long; Jura, thirty-four, the two being divided by the narrow sound of Islay; but as Islay overlaps Jura on the south-west, the two islands, as seen from Cantire, appear to form but one—

Green Islay's fertile shore"

gently sliding behind the rugged coast of Jura. Danish

forts, and Danish-named places, are evidences that Islay was once under the government of the Danes, before it became the possession of the Lords of the Isles. There are many interesting ruins of churches, together with monuments and crosses, which are fully described and figured in Pennant*, and need not be further referred to here. The ruins of as many as fourteen churches have been found in the island, together with many strongholds and castles. Traces of the once powerful Macdonalds, the Lords of the Isles, abound; and many are the legendary tales told of them.

In one legend, Milo is altogether outdone. Five hundred chosen followers formed the body-guard of Macdonald, King of the Isles; and out of these 500 sixteen picked men attended him wherever he went. They had great privileges, and they consequently met with great enemies. One Macphail is said to have destroyed the last sixteen in the following highly ingenious way. He was engaged in splitting an oak-tree, when they came up with the king. Macphail asked them to lend a helping hand; to which they consented. Eight of them took hold of the split on the one side of the tree, and eight on the other. When they were all tugging, Macphail drew out the wedges, when the severed sides of the oak fled to, and clasped the thirty-two hands with a "sense of touch" that was "something

* See also Lord Teignmouth's "Scotland," vol. ii. p. 332.

coarse." The sixteen picked men of the king's body-guard of five hundred were Macphail's prisoners; and their monarch's head might have been cleft by Macphail's axe, before their very eyes. Macphail, however, had too great a regard for the King of the Isles, than to lay violent hands upon him; and he sent him safely home. He then gave his sixteen prisoners a good dinner, feeding them, it may be presumed, as Mrs. Whackford Squeers fed the pupils of Dotheboys Hall; and then, with the aid of his three sons, cut off their heads; a proceeding which he might perhaps term giving them their deserts after their dinners.

At Loch Finlagan, in Islay, on a small island in the midst of a three-mile bay, are the ruins of a castle, a pier*, and a chapel, dedicated to St. Columba; and here was the large stone, seven feet square, on which Macdonald stood when he was crowned, and presented with the sword and the white wand of power. In the Sound of Islay is a small island, called Freughilein, where may be seen the ruins of the square fort of Claig Castle, where the Macdonalds protected the entrance of the Sound, and also kept their prisoners.

The Lords of the Isles found burial-places at Iona,

* "Pass by two deep channels, at present dry. These had been the harbour of the great Macdonald; had once piers, with doors to secure his shipping, a great iron hook, one of the hinges, having lately been found there." (Pennant's "Hebrides," p. 221.) It was founded in the reign of Æneas II., see p. 227.

but their wives and children were buried in the island of Finlagan, in Loch Finlagan; where was another small island, called *Ilan-na-Corlle*, "the Island of Council," where thirteen judges (the *Armin* or *Tierna*, heads of the principal families) constantly sat to decide differences among Macdonald's subjects, receiving for their trouble the eleventh part of the value of the affair tried before them. At the south of the island is a harbour guarded by two rocks, called *Creig-a-nairgid*, "the Rock of the Silver Rent;" and *Craig-a-nione*, "the Rock of Rents in kind;" these rocks being the places where the rents of the Isle of Man were paid to the King of the Isles. On the shores of Loch Finlagan were the quarters of his soldiers, the *Carnauch* and *Gilli-glasses*, the first word signifying "strong men," who fought with darts and daggers; the latter word signifying "grim-looking fellows," who fought with axes, and were defended by coats of mail. These are the Kernes and Gallowglasses to whom Shakspeare refers in 2 Henry VI., act iv. scene 9; and in Macbeth, act i. scene 2: —

> "The merciless Macdonald
> . . . from the western isles
> Of kernes and gallowglasses is supplied."

One of the Macdonald feuds arose curiously enough, and is characteristic of the customs of those rude though chivalrous times. It seems, that when a High-

land gentleman wished for a wife, he was allowed to take to himself a young lady upon trial. If, after living a year as husband and wife, he did not feel inclined to cement the relationship by marriage, he was permitted to return her to her friends. He could thus have a fresh young lady every year, and not encumber himself by converting his annual into a perennial. This custom was perfectly *ēn règle*, and obtained in the highest circles. The chieftain of the Macdonalds had, in this way, taken upon a twelvemonth's trial the daughter of the chieftain of the Macleods; and, at the termination of her period of probation, had returned her to her parents. The father was indignant, and considered that a slur had been cast upon his family. He vowed vengeance, not only with sword, but also with fire; saying, that, as there had been no wedding bonfire, there should be a fire to celebrate the divorce. He carried his threat into execution, and devastated Islay; and, from that day, a bloody feud arose between the Macdonalds and Macleods, which it took centuries to quell.

The readers of "The Lord of the Isles" will remember that an Islay minstrel was among those who were met to celebrate the feast in the halls of Artornish; and when Lord Ronald ("the heir of mighty Somerled," the sovereign of Cantire, who was slain in 1164) gave his signal of "high command,"

"Verdant Islay call'd her host,
And the clans of Jura's rugged coast
Lord Ronald's call obey."

Sir Walter Scott's adjectives are here (as always) most correctly applied. The coast of Jura is indeed *rugged*, and the scenery of the island is both bold and bald, and a contrast to *green* and *verdant* Islay. The eastern shore towards Cantire is cultivated; but on the western shore the mountains, in many places, are precipices over the sea, their bases hollowed into vast caves by the action of the water. Here rested the bodies of those who were being conveyed to their last resting-places at Oransay and Iona; and, in stormy weather, the bodies of the dead must necessarily have been detained many weeks in these natural caverns, which are called *corpachs* from this circumstance. Similar caverns are met with at Saneymore, on the western coast of Islay, where, on April 27th, 1847, the Exmouth was wrecked with 240 Irish emigrants on board, only three of whom were saved; many of the others finding their *corpach* in Saneymore Cave.

Jura is connected with the mainland by the ferry of Lagg, about midway on its eastern shore; and from this point a road runs in a southwardly direction, beneath the Paps to Feoline, on the Sound of Islay, where a ferry-boat conveys the passengers to Portaskaig in Islay. While Islay is supposed (by some) to mean in

Gaelic, *An Eilean Ileach*, "the fine, diversified, variegated island," Jura signifies "the dark, bleak isle," or "the waste steep." * These meanings certainly well express the leading characteristics of the two islands; but Macculloch would derive Jura from the Scandinavian *Duir-a*, "the Island of Deer." † But whatever may be the etymology, there is no doubt about the fact; Jura is an island of deer to the present day; and on its mountains, abounding in grouse and black game, the red deer is the lord of the isle. Gordon Cumming tells us that his famous German rifle, that did such deadly work on tigers, lions, hippopotami, elephants, giraffes, and such small deer, had, ten years

"The spelling Duira and Diurath, for the island of Jura, does not change the sound, but seems to indicate a reasonable derivation for the name which is common to the "Jura" mountains, and may well be an old Celtic name preserved, AN DIU RATH, the waste steep, the Jura. There is a local rhyme in support of this view, said to have been composed by a poetess who was a native of some other island.

'Diu Rath an domhain,
I' diu dath an domhain ann,
Buidhe Dugh a's Riabhach.'

'Waste steep of the world,
And waste hue of the world in it,
Yellow, black, and brindled.'

These three colours being the most common family names, until very lately, in the island, as well as the distinguishing colours of the landscape, according to the eye of the discontented lady." — CAMPBELL'S *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, vol. ii. p. 353.

† Highlands, vol. iii. p. 148.

before, brought down his first stag on the Paps of Jura.

The Paps are Jura's leading feature. They are the three chief eminences on the southern portion of that mountain ridge which extends from one end of the island to the other, and are named *Beinn-an-Chaolois*, "the Mountain of the Sound" (*i. e.* the Sound of Islay), *Beinn-an-Oir*, "the Mountain of Gold," and *Bienn-sheunta*, "the Consecrated Mountain." The next peak is called *Corra-bhien*, "the Steep Mountain." The highest of the Paps is the central one of the three, *Beinn-an-Oir*, or *Benanoir*, "the Mountain of Gold;" so called "from its metallic appearance," says Lord Teignmouth, but more probably from its summit being the first part of the island to be "tipped with gold" by the rays of the rising sun. *Oir* signifies the east (*Oriens*), or the rising sun. In the Arabian tale, the man who turned his back upon his companions who were looking out for the sunrise, was ridiculed by them for looking towards the west when the sun rose in the east; nevertheless he was the first to hail the sunrise, by pointing out its rosy glow on the summit of a minaret.

The height of *Benanoir* is variously stated. Pennant makes it to be 2420 feet above the sea-level; Lord Teignmouth, 2240; the late Professor Walker, of Edinburgh, 2340; Mr. Wallace Fyfe (in MacPhun's "Guide"),

"about 2700 feet;" Black's "Guide" (p. 569), 2565; Collins's "Atlas," 2470; while Macculloch says that the two chief Paps have a medium height of "about 25,000 feet,"—which, of course, is a misprint for 2500.* Sir Joseph Banks ascended *Bienn-sheunta*, and by actual measurement found it to be 2359 feet above the sea-level, "but it was far out-topped by Benanoir."† The Paps are quite mammillary in their formation and their geology, and the peculiar stratification of Jura will be found fully described and mapped in Macculloch's *dry* book. He says that on the summit of the Paps he found the heat very great, the thermometer standing at 72° and being 82° on the shore. Professor Walker boiled water on the summit with six degrees of heat less than he found necessary for the purpose on the plain below. The Professor describes the view from the summit, which includes in its wide circle at once the Isle of Skye and the Isle of Man, as singularly noble and imposing: two such prospects more, he says, would bring under the eye the whole island of Great Britain, from the Pentland Frith to the English Channel.‡ Pennant also describes the extensive view

* But not corrected in the table of *errata*. "Highlands," vol. iv. p. 419.

† Recorded in the eightieth volume of the "Philosophical Transactions."

‡ See Hugh Miller's "Cruise of the Betsey," p. 3.

from the summit. Lord Teignmouth conversed with Mr. Campbell of Jura, who accompanied Pennant in his ascent; and was assured by him that, although Pennant expressed a great dislike to whiskey, he had descended the Paps much more happily than he had ascended them, on the strength of a glass of Glenlivat, of which he had been prevailed to taste on the summit. A strip of rock, running from the western side of *Bena-noir* into the sea, is called Sariob na Cailich*, "the slide of the old hag." The old hag is also supposed to have knocked off the summit of the southernmost hill of the chain in her haste to get to Mr. MacKarter, of Islay. On the north of Jura, between it and the island of Scarba, is the famous gulf, or whirlpool, of Corry-vraken, occasioned, it is supposed, by the confluence of the currents of the flood-tide, the stream being opposed (as in the Maelström), by a pyramidal rock that shoots up from a depth of about a hundred fathoms to within fifteen fathoms of the surface. Its roar can be heard at a prodigious distance: its sound being like "the sound of innumerable chariots," says the poet Campbell, in his notes to "Gertrude of Wyoming," where he speaks of the

"Distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan roar."

* For the legend of this old hag, Chaileah Bheine Mhore, and her adventure with MacPhie of Colonsay (which led to her "slide"), see Mr. Campbell's "West Highland Tales," vol. ii. p. 351. Many curious legends of Islay and Jura will be found in these interesting volumes.

Dr. Macleod, of Glasgow, explains Corryvraken — or more properly *Corrie-bhreacan* — to signify "the Cauldron of the foaming tide," — from *corrie*, a cauldron; *breac*, foaming; and *ain*, a tide or rapid stream. The popular derivation, however, makes it to be the cauldron of Bhreacan, or, as Campbell says, "the whirlpool of the Prince of Denmark; and there is a tradition that a Danish prince once undertook, for a wager, to cast anchor in it. He is said to have used woollen instead of hempen ropes for greater strength, but perished in the attempt." Much to the same effect, but with a little more romance and amplitude, Lord Teignmouth tells the legend. But the compiler of the "Statistical Account" of the island gives a different and much fuller and more poetical version of the legend, thus: —

"According to a tradition still believed in the Hebrides, Corryvreachkan, or the cauldron of Breachkan, received its name from a Scandinavian prince, who, during a visit to Scotland, became enamoured of a princess of the Isles, and sought her for his bride. Her wily father, dreading the consequences of the connection, but fearful to offend the King of Lochlin, gave his consent to their marriage, on condition that Breachkan should prove his skill and prowess by anchoring his bark for three days and three nights in the whirlpool. Too fond or too proud to shrink from the danger, he proceeded to Lochlin to make prepara-

tions for the enterprise. Having consulted the sages of his native land, he was directed to provide himself with three cables, one of hemp, one of wool, and one of woman's hair. The first two were easily procured; and the beauty of his person, his renown as a warrior, and the courtesy of his manners, had so endeared him to the damsels of his country, that they cut off their own hair to make the third, on which his safety was ultimately to depend; for the purity of female innocence gave it power to resist even the force of the waves. Thus provided, the prince set sail from Lochlin, and anchored in the gulf. The first day the hempen cable broke. The second day the woollen cable parted. There still remained the gift of the daughters of Lochlin. The third day came, the time had nearly expired, his hopes were high, his triumph was almost achieved, but some frail fair one had contributed her flaxen locks, the last hope failed, and the bark was overwhelmed. The prince's body was dragged ashore by a faithful dog, and carried to a cave that still bears his name, in which the old men point out a little cairn, where tradition says the body of Breachkan was interred. From that time, as the legend tells, the whirlpool was called Corryvreachkan."

Lord Teignmouth says that the "faithful grey dog followed his master overboard and reached Scarba, but perished in the lesser Corryvraken, between that island

and Lunga." The Sound which separates these islands is still called "the Grey Dog's Slap" (or passage). A story was told me of a vessel having drifted into the Sound, and being deserted instantly by its crew, with the exception of a boy who was asleep, and did not perceive the absence of his companions or the peril of his situation, till he had arrived on the verge of the gulf. With much presence of mind he cast a tub to the raging monster, which was swallowed up, and satisfied the cravings of his appetite. The waves closed upon it, and afforded a smooth passage to the vessel.

According to the old Gaelic legend, versified by Dr. Leyden, mermaids dwell beneath the waves at Corryvraken; and MacPhail, the chief of Colonsay, was seven months their captive in a coral cave before he was able to outwit them. The moral, therefore, of Corryvraken would seem to be, that its waves are as dangerously beautiful and engrossing as a woman who would allure to destruction, whose "house inclineth unto death, and her paths unto the dead." No wonder then that "the song of Colonsay" should take the form of these words of warning, —

> "As you pass through Jura's sound,
> Bend your course by Scarba's shore;
> Shun, oh shun, the gulf profound,
> Where Corrivreckin's surges roar."

Colonsay lies to the west of Jura: it is about ten

miles long, and has the small island of Oransay at its feet, from which it is separated by a narrow strait, which is dry at low water. The smaller island bears away the palm of interest, both from its having been the spot where St. Columba landed (and from whence he rapidly retired to Iona on finding that Oransay commanded a view of his foresworn Ireland), and also from the ruins of its priory for the canons of St. Augustine, which are inferior in interest only to those of Iona. An illustrated description of the ruins and antiquities of these two islands will be found in Pennant; and Lord Teignmouth's book may also be consulted with advantage.

So much for our half dozen of the Hebrides forming that beautiful group of the Highland Archipelago visible from Glencreggan. I trust that no one of them was included among those western isles that were at that time proving an Alsatia for certain English debtors, who, by a sojourn of forty days, were enabled to qualify themselves as residents in the island, and, by the facilities afforded by the Scotch law, go through the operation known as "white-washing," in a very easy and expeditious manner. Mr. Smith, of London, would scarcely recognise in the Mr. Jones of (say) Tobermory, Isle of Mull, that individual Jones to whom he had so confidingly supplied goods upon credit; and even if he did, the journey to Tobermory,

and the uncertainty of making good his claim, would be sufficient to deter him from taking any active steps in the matter. This is certainly one use to which the Hebrides may be put, which is *not* recommended for imitation.

CHAP. XV.

SHADE AND SHINE.

Geology of the Coast. — Old Scotland. — Mont Blanc an Upstart. — Procopius and his wonderful Descriptions. — How to write contemporary History. — Barr School. — The Scholars and their System. — *Rouge et Noir.* — A Cantire Winter. — The Climate. — "Coorse" Weather. — Storms and Mist. — Tempests. — Sunrise *versus* Sunset. — Much to be said on both Sides. — The Sunset on the Atlantic. — The Painter and the Poet both at fault.

HUGH MILLER, in sailing from Islay northwards, made the following general observations on the coast on which Glencreggan is situated, which will explain its geological character and formation.

"The disposition of land and water on this coast suggests the idea that the Western Highlands, from the line in the interior whence the rivers descend to the Atlantic, with the islands beyond to the outer Hebrides, are all parts of one great mountainous plain, inclined slantways into the sea. First, the long-withdrawing valleys of the mainland, with their brown mossy streams, change their character as they dip beneath the sea-level,

and become salt-water lochs. The lines of hills that rise over them jut out as promontories, till cut off by some transverse valley, lowered still more deeply into the brine, and that exists as a kyle, minch, or sound, swept twice every tide by powerful currents. The sea deepens as the plain slopes downward; mountain-chains stand up out of the water as larger islands, single mountains as smaller ones, lower eminences as mere groups of pointed rocks; till at length, as we pass outwards, all trace of the submerged land disappears, and the wide ocean stretches out and away its unfathomable depths. The model of some Alpine country raised in plaster on a flat board, and tilted slantways at a low angle into a basin of water, would exhibit on a minute scale an appearance exactly similar to that presented by the western coast of Scotland and the Hebrides. The water would rise along the hollows, longitudinal and transverse, forming sounds and lochs, and surround, island-like, the more deeply-submerged eminences."

And he sums up its geology thus: — "The idea imparted of *old* Scotland to the geologist here — of Scotland proudly, aristocratically, supereminently old — for it can call Mont Blanc a mere upstart, and Dhawalagheri, with its 28,000 feet of elevation, a heady fellow of yesterday, — is not that of a land settling down by the head like a foundering vessel, but of a land whose

hills and islands, like its great aristocratic families, have arisen from the level in very various ages, and under the operation of circumstances essentially diverse." *

As I have quoted this for the reader's instruction, I may here quote for his amusement that fictitious description of the Scottish Highlands written by Procopius, a legal gentleman at Constantinople, who died just 1300 years ago, after being high in favour with Anastasius and Justinian, and Secretary-of-War to Belisarius. He set up to be the Macaulay of his age, and to judge from the following specimen of his writings (as translated by Gibbon) must have been the founder of the Society for the Confusion of Useless Knowledge. "Great Britain," he says, "is divided into eastern and western parts, by an antique wall, the boundary of life and death. The east is a fair country, inhabited by civilised people; the air is healthy, the water is pure and plentiful, and the earth yields her regular and fruitful increase. In the west, beyond the wall, the air is infectious and mortal; the ground is covered with serpents; and this dreary solitude is the region of departed spirits, who are transported from the opposite shores in substantial boats, and by living rowers. Some families of fishermen, the subjects of the Franks, are excused from tribute, in consideration of the mysterious

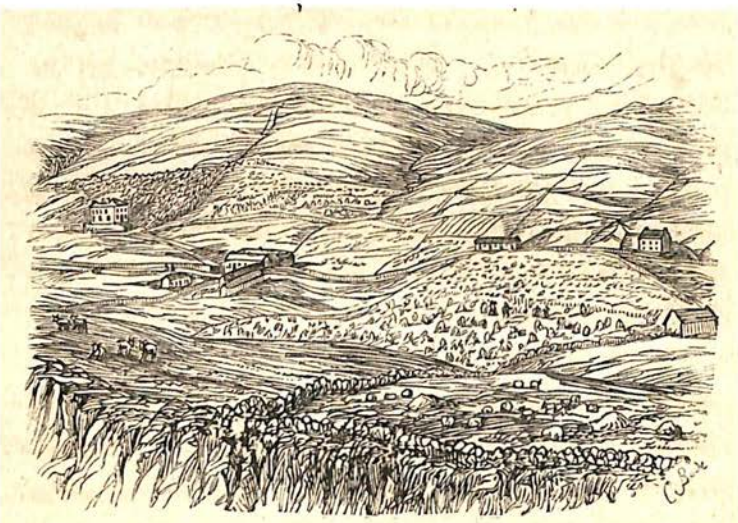
* Cruise of the Betsey, pp. 3, 4. For the geology of Cantire, see Appendix.

office which is performed by these Charons of the ocean. Each, in his turn, is summoned at the hour of midnight, to hear the voices, and even the names of the ghosts; he is sensible of their weight, and he feels himself impelled by an unknown but irresistible power." In this way was contemporary history written thirteen centuries ago. But such reports as these afforded the civilised and luxurious southern nations an excuse for not interfering with the savage wilds of a northern clime. "How," asks the historian, "could the masters of the fairest and most wealthy climates of the globe refrain from turning with contempt from gloomy hills assailed by the winter tempest, from lakes covered with a blue mist, and from cold and lonely heaths, over which the deer of the forest were chased by a troop of naked barbarians?" So much for ancient history; now let us turn to modern times and personal experiences.

On the upper side of the high road, about half-way between Glencreggan and Barr Village, is the parochial school; it has been built within these few years, and is a commodious building.* The ground-floor is occupied

* It is a subject equally delicate and unsavoury even to hint at in the semi-obscurity of a foot-note; but, when I say that there is not a single outbuilding of any description attached to the school premises, for the use either of the inmates or the scholars (and, *à fortiori*, the cottages are without such accommodations), I am mentioning a fact which makes itself known to the tourist in the Highlands in various

by the school-room, approached from the back, and lighted by three western windows. The upper part of



FROM GLENCREGGAN HOUSE TO BARR SCHOOL.

the house is apportioned to the master and mistress, and is approached by an exterior flight of steps. The

disagreeable ways, and which is an evidence of a *trait* of national character that is most repulsive and disgusting, both to the moral and physical senses. Coleridge's enumeration of the seventy-two stenches in the town of Cologne could easily be paralleled in Scotland; although the forcible reasons no longer exist, which not more than a century ago obliged the visitor to an Edinburgh or Glasgow wynd or close, after ten o'clock at night, to be preceded by a guide shouting, "Haud yer hand!" to those who were emptying unclean vessels from the windows into the street, and were permitted to commit this filthy act by civic permission, and by sound of city drum. For which any one who is curious on such a revolting subject may find a verification in "Letters

present master is Mr. William Conner, who was trained in the Normal Seminary. His wife is the school-mistress, and they appeared very efficient, and well adapted for their situation. The school is supported by the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, with a salary to the master of 17*l.* a year, a residence, and two and a half acres of "mortified" land. It has no help from the Government, but the Committee of General Assembly endow a school in this same united parish of Killean and Kilchenzie, in which Barr School is placed. During the last quarter of a century the people have manifested a laudable desire to give their children an education; and the advantages resulting from this wise step have produced a sensible change on the morals of the community. The girls are taught to mend and make clothes, a novelty of the present day that is of no slight significance in a Highland village. The school was tolerably well supplied with maps and books and the usual paraphernalia, and the proficiency of many of the pupils was very satisfactory. For their schooling they paid various sums, ranging from two

from Scotland" (*e. g.* Letter II.), and Pennant's "Scotland," vol. i. p. 63. I was informed, on good authority, that there is almost a total absence of necessary outbuildings throughout the whole of the cottage accommodation in Cantire, and (I believe) in the islands and the other portions of the Western Highlands. The Highland tourist who wishes to botanise on a dyke side, is therefore strongly recommended to choose his dyke at a considerable distance from a human habitation. *Experientia docet.*

shillings per quarter, according to the means of their parents; and although, at the period of my visit, it was the harvest season, it did not appear to sensibly affect the school attendance, as is the case in agricultural parishes in England. The children were about seventy in number, from mere "infants," up to those who had reached their fifteenth year; and boys and girls occupied the same room. With a very few exceptions of those of the better sort, all the children were bare-footed and bare-legged, to an English eye a peculiar feature in a parish school. Personal cleanliness was insisted on, and the children, for the most part, looked clean and tidy. The school presented an illustration of *Rouge et Noir;* for, among the scholars was a private pupil of the master's, a respectably-born black boy, who a fortnight before had arrived from the West Indies, and whose tawny countenance and woolly head looked very remarkable among the red-haired and fair-visaged Highlanders. He had now to look forward to the rigours of a Scotch winter, one, as it happened, which was unusually severe and protracted. Indeed, many of the Cantire people say that the winter of 1859 could not be paralleled since that of 1816. Many cattle and sheep in the neighbourhood of Glencreggan and Glenbarr died from the severity of the weather and the scarcity of fodder; and, according to the reports of the Registrar-General, the number of

deaths of all classes of the community was unusually great.

Generally speaking, however, the winter in the neighbourhood of Glencreggan, and along the western coast of Cantire, is mild; more especially in comparison with many other districts in Scotland. Snow rarely lies upon the ground many days together, and frosts are not of long continuance. The climate of Cantire is mild, and rather humid; and though productive of asthma and rheumatic affections during the spring and latter part of the autumn, from the sudden changes in the weather, yet instances of longevity are not uncommon. The latest case was that of a woman, who died not far from Glencreggan, early in April last (1860), aged one hundred years, having retained full possession of her faculties up to the last. On the whole, the climate is considered a particularly healthy one *, and has been found so by those English visitors who have now, for several years, made this neighbourhood their summer home.

The great feature in the climate is the rain. At certain portions of the year the general aspect of the weather is what the natives term "coorse;" and the epigram said to have been written by Aaron Hill upon

* "When we consider the variableness of our temperature," says the Rev. J. MacArthur, speaking of this western coast of Cantire, "it may be surprising that the climate should be so healthy as it in general is." — *Statistical Account.*

the pane of an inn window at Berwick-upon-Tweed, is very applicable to the western coast of Cantire: —

> "Scotland! thy weather s like a modish wife,
> Thy winds and rains for ever are at strife;
> The termagant, awhile, her bluster tries,
> And when she can no longer scold — she cries."

"It rains whiles," and when it does not rain "it blaws," at any rate, during a great portion of the year. From the want of shelter, the west coast of Cantire is very subject to stormy weather and sudden changes of climate. A mild day, especially at the equinoctial seasons, is frequently succeeded by furious and tremendous tempests of north or north-west winds. The high range of hills in Cantire attract the storm-clouds, conducting them over the low lying islands of Gigha and Cara, and the strait, which is but three and a half miles in breadth; so that the fall of rain is very much less in these islands than in Cantire, or mountainous Jura. The cloud-capped Paps of Jura afford to the inhabitants of Cantire a sure prognostic of rain, or, if the clouds are of a whitish appearance, of a heavy gale of wind; and, when the wind sets in from the west, the exhalations of the Atlantic are attracted to the Highlands of Cantire. These floating vapours are constantly carried about by the prevailing winds, and impregnate the atmosphere. To these are added the humid exhalations which arise from the lochs and marshes in the interior; and although these are counteracted to a great extent

by the dry east winds, yet the atmosphere is naturally moist.

Our visit to Glencreggan was made during the latter part of August and the beginning of September (1859), the most favourable part of the year for fine weather; and we were fortunate in having many consecutive days of glorious sunshine, when an out-of-door life was full of exquisite delight. But the shine was varied by shade; and we had our share of Scotch mists as well as our days of driving rain. On the two or three days that succeeded our arrival at Glencreggan, although it was tolerably fine and clear for a distance of several miles, yet there was not the slightest trace of Islay and Jura, which were obscured by local mists; and our friend's description of the view that we *ought* to have seen from Glencreggan was somewhat on a par with that of the London gentleman who showed his French visitor the view of the great metropolis from Waterloo Bridge, during a November fog. On such mornings, when—

"The blinding mist came down and hid the land—"

when Jura and Islay had entirely disappeared from our view, and when Gigha and Cara would seem to have floated many miles out to sea, then, as the vapours would begin to disperse, the Paps of Jura would lift themselves out of the mysterious ocean of mist, and, presently, through the ragged rents of drift, portions of

Islay would sail into sight; till, at length, sky and sea would seem to suck up the vapours, and the sun would clearly reveal the long line of island, that, perchance, had been hidden from us for two or three days.

Grand, too, was it to watch from Glencreggan a storm sweeping across the Atlantic from Jura, blotting out the lofty Paps, suddenly building a wall of rain between us and Islay, lashing the sea into fury, hurrying the brown-sailed fishing-boats over galloping billows, driving the screaming gulls before its face, and then, with a mighty roar of wind, dashing itself against the opposing cliffs, sweeping over our house-top with a mad swishing shriek, until it swirled away over the hills and heather, and sobbed out its rage on the heart of distant mountains. Very grand were these sudden storms, especially when accompanied by the lightning and thunder, the peals buffeting about among the hills, and dying in sullen echoes. Professor Wilson has, in more than one place, both powerfully and faithfully described these Highland mists and tempests. He speaks of the mist overtaking him on the moor, and holding him prisoner for many hours within its shifting walls, frail indeed, and opposing no resistance to the hand, yet impenetrable to the feet of fear as the stone dungeon's thraldom. "If the mist had remained, that would have been nothing; only a still, cold, wet seat on a stone; but, as "a trot becomes a gallop soon, in spite of curb and rein," so a Scotch

mist becomes a shower, and a shower a flood, and a flood a storm, and a storm a tempest, and a tempest thunder and lightning, and thunder and lightning heavenquake and earthquake." * And, in the following fine passage, he describes an abundance of rain after a season of great drought: — "The windows of heaven were opened, and like giants refreshed with mountain-dew, the rivers flung themselves over the hills with roars of thunder. Like people that have hidden themselves in caves when their native land was oppressed, out gush the torrents, and descend with songs to the plain. The hill country is itself again when it hears the voice of streams. Magnificent army of mists! whose array encompasses islands of the sea, and who still, as thy glorious vanguard keeps deploying among the glens, rollest on in silence more sublime than the trampling of the feet of horses, or the sound of the wheels of chariots to the heath-covered mountains of Scotland, we bid thee hail."†

The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo; and quotations like the foregoing are as plums in a workhouse pudding, seriously endangering the author's narrative by their strong poetic contrast to his simple prose, which, in too many cases, may be continued into prosiness. Let my reader, then, credit me with much benevolence of heart, when I endeavour

* Recreations of Christopher North, vol. i. p. 83.

† *Idem*, vol. ii. p. 39.

to make him a sharer in the pleasure that these, and the like, quoted passages have already afforded me; at the same time, let him ascribe to me great reticence in forbearing to extract many other choice fragments which are equally ready to hand, and which would greatly adorn and swell out this present narrative. I wish only to insert such quotations as shall help the reader to a better understanding of the subject under treatment, and bring it before him in a more lively manner.

I have already spoken of the view from Glencreggan, under the varied effects of storm, and mist, and sunshine: but it remains for me to say a few words on its grandly beautiful aspect at sunset, although the beauty was all too short and evanescent. It has been a subject of close debate, whether to see the sun rising from the sea, or the sun setting into the sea, is the more entrancing sight. The early risers have the best of the debate, in that they can watch both effects, and are therefore better able to form a decision than are those who can only judge of the aspect of sunrise from an enforced acquaintance with it some few times in their lives, when they have had to rise betimes to catch an early train, and are, perhaps, not half awake, and not at all in a placid state of mind. Then, too, so much depends upon position. Scarborough would probably decide for the sunrise; Aberystwith for the sunset; while Llandudno would remain neutral. As Sir Roger

de Coverley sagely observed, "There is much to be said on both sides;" but, all things considered, the majority of votes would probably be given for the setting sun, with its adjunct of the "soft hour that wakes the wish and melts the heart." At Glencreggan we should certainly have voted with the majority. We were, as I have said, on high ground over the sea, directly facing "the sumptuous west," the Hebridean group being to the right of the wide-stretching view, the coast of Ireland to the left, and, immediately in front of us, the expanse of ocean, with nothing but the Atlantic billows between us and America. It was at this open point of view, midway between the Irish coast and the Mull of Islay, that, during the time of our visit, the setting sun dipped into the waves.

I cannot remember seeing more beautiful sea-sunsets, even at Aberystwith. But at Glencreggan the islands added greatly to the loveliness of the scene; the long stretch of Islay and Jura, with their purple peaks standing out so sharply against the broad bars of molten gold, and the nearer islets floating in a sea whose hue changed from bright emerald to deepest violet with countless sparkles at every throb. There was one sunset in particular, that "burnt into my brain," and which I vainly essayed to represent with paint and brush; with very poor success, as I need not say. For even a Turner and a Danby can only indicate the fleeting glories of the

pageantry of heaven; and the most consummate art must necessarily come short of success in the futile endeavour to depict what it is impossible adequately to represent. A summer's sunset on the Atlantic is a scene which may not be delineated by pen or pencil so as to convey a full sense of the glorious and unapproachable original. Both painter and poet are at fault here. Danby has painted it; and Ayrshire's second poet, Alexander Smith, has expended upon it a wealth of expression and a world of imagery; and after all that has been so well said and painted, how much preferable is a five minutes' view of such a fleeting reality, than the enduring records of it on canvas or in verse.

Truly those were gratifying moments when we looked from Glencreggan over the wide Atlantic, and

> "Watched
> The sunset build a city, frail as dreams,
> With bridges, streets of splendour, towers; and saw
> The fabrics crumble into rosy ruins,
> And then grow grey as heath."

CHAP. XVI.

HIGHLANDERS AND HIGHLAND DRESS.

Preparations for the Moors. — The Shooting-cart. — Highland Roads and Carriages. — Ossian's Chariots. — The Head-Keeper. — The Dogs. — Old Viscount. — A teetotal Highlander. — Old Rudd. — Our little Weaknesses. — A Whiskey Formula. — A Cross-examination. — Old Rudd offended. — Ditto the Scotch Cook. — Archie. — Barley-sheaves and Whiskey. — The Shooters' Departure. — Rarity of the national Dress. — Scotch'd but not kilt. — The Poetical and Practical. — The Scotch Bonnet. — A royal Example. — A kilted Morning-caller. — Detractors of the Dress. — Age of the Kilt. — An extravagant Bishop! — Mr. Pinkerton's Modesty shocked. — Royal Toleration. — The ancient Briton and modern Highlander. — Heraldic Tartans. — The Cantire Farmer and his Wardrobe.

IT is a fine morning at Glencreggan; and, as we look from our bedroom window across the Atlantic, the sails of the distant vessels turn to us their sunlit sides. Below us, in the garden, the two peacocks are taking an airing with their wives, and no longer scream to us prophecies of rain. By the time that we have assembled for breakfast, it is apparent that the shooters must have made up their minds about the

weather; for their dress shows that they must have made their morning toilette with thoughts intent on grouse. The keeper and beaters are also seen about the house, and there is a commotion at the kennels. The gun-room is visited, and its murderous weapons critically examined. John Macallum, the head-keeper, makes his appearance clad in Highland costume, which of itself is a clear proof that he has made up *his* mind about the weather, for, if it had been a wet or unfavourable morning, he would have been in an ordinary English dress. The two beaters, Rudd and Archie, do not aspire to the Highland costume.

The acreage of moors rented by our host was somewhere about sixteen thousand, more or less, for it is impossible to be precise in a case where the owners of the property themselves cannot tell you the extent of their estates to a few hundred acres; and the shooting consequently extended for so many miles behind, and on either side of Glencreggan, that a vehicle is necessary to help on such of the shooters as do not ride on ponyback, together with their paraphernalia, towards the spot from whence it has been determined to commence the day's beat. Now, as no gingerbread vehicle on delicate springs would have the slightest chance of returning alive from those moorland "roads," which are in a complete state of nature, and worn and washed into mighty ruts that form so many water-courses for

the mountain streams; therefore it of necessity follows that although an omnibus-carriage may be found very useful to convey our host and his guests along the high road, yet the shooting-cart must be a strongly-built machine on wheels, put together for use and not for show, and with a hanging-seat for "the gentlefolks," made as comfortable as may be by the aid of plaids and rugs.

In the argument whether the Ossian poems belong to Celtic Ireland or Celtic Scotland, a strong point has been made against their Highland parentage from their frequent mention of chariots and of battles wherein chariots were largely used in a way utterly at variance with the mountainous nature of the country, and which would have necessitated the existence of roads, of which not the slightest evidence or trace remains. Indeed, among the miracles performed by St. Columba, it is expressly mentioned by his early biographer Adamnan, that he travelled for a whole day in a chariot without a linch-pin! and, although this remarkable and miraculous feat was performed in a plain, it sufficiently demonstrates the impracticability of any chariots up to the period of the sixth century being able to career over the road-less territories of the mountainous Highlands.*

* This "miracle" happened on *Irish* ground (says St. Adamnan), during a visit of a few days that the saint paid to Ireland. His servant

As there is no Columba to act as charioteer to the Glencreggan shooting-cart, you may be sure that the linch-pins have been properly attended to, and that the cart is warranted to bump and plunge and jolt in a resolute and not-go-to-pieces way, that may perchance dislocate the limbs of its riders, but will do no damage to its own. It comes round from the stable-yard, drawn by a Roman-nosed steed that has seen better days, and managed by a light-weight jockey of a lad. John Macallum and his satellites group around; and, while guns are being looked up and examined, game-bags brought out, the prog-basket packed for luncheon, and flasks and sandwich-cases filled, I wander forth pencil in hand and sketch the out-door preparations.

First, in order and importance, comes John Macallum in his Highland dress and kilt of light grey tartan, well suited to the moors. He is girt with powder-flasks, and will presently be further laden with a game-bag and gun. His dog-whip is in his hand, and before him are the dogs, all impatient for the fray, but controlled by voice, and eye, and sight of whip. There is Alba, the beautiful white setter, with a coat

Columbanus, or Colmanus, had neglected to furnish the chariot with the linch-pins (*necessariis obicibus*). Macculloch twice refers to this "miracle" (vol. i. p. 86; vol. ii. p. 203), but appears to have quoted from Adamnan at second-hand; for he says it does not "follow that this was in the Highlands. If it was not in Ireland, it must have been in the low country, and in the Pictish dominions."

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First, in order and importance, comes John Macallum in his Highland dress and kilt of light grey tartan, well suited to the moors. He is girt with powder-flasks, and will presently be further laden with a game-bag and gun. His dog-whip is in his hand, and before him are the dogs, all impatient for the fray, but controlled by voice, and eye, and sight of whip. There is Alba, the beautiful white setter, with a coat

Columbanus, or Colmanus, had neglected to furnish the chariot with the linch-pins (*necessariis obicibus*). Macculloch twice refers to this "miracle" (vol. i. p. 86; vol. ii. p. 203), but appears to have quoted from Adamnan at second-hand; for he says it does not "follow that this was in the Highlands. If it was not in Ireland, it must have been in the low country, and in the Pictish dominions."

like satin; and old Viscount, sitting sedately upon his haunches, but ready for action, and uncommonly reminding one of another old Viscount in his seat in the House of Commons; like him, too, juvenile in spite of years, game and plucky to the last, with more work in him than many of his more frolicksome and thoughtless youngsters; a fine old dog and handsome, and, alas! his last season on these moors. That his biped

GLENCREGGAN HOUSE. — (OFF TO THE MOORS.)

alter ego may be preserved for many seasons yet to come, to sport over his Commons with unflagging tact and powers, is the hope of many a one (like the writer) whose difference of politics cannot quench their admiration and respect for the man. And there is Bacchus, betraying all the restless impatience of youth; while

land gamekeeper who never touches whiskey. The Total Abstinence Society might do worse than engage him as a "deputation," for, in his Highland costume, he would be much more picturesque and healthy-looking than Messrs. Gough and Co.; and though he might not be able to compete with the transatlantic teetotallers in astounding narratives and Yankee yarns, yet his experience would be much more serviceable to the cause of truth and temperance. Like the prisoner at the treadmill, John Macallum's turning was the result of conviction: he saw so much abuse of whiskey going on around him, that he determined to dispense with the use of the spirit, if possible, and drink instead the real mountain-dew that flowed from the hill-side. He did not take any unnecessary "pledge" imposed by man, but followed out his own reading of the Word of God, and acted upon its precepts. It is now three years since he abstained from everything in the shape of malt liquor and spirits, and he finds himself none the less fitted for those arduous duties that his profession demands. All honour to a man like this, who, without making a parade of his tem-

John Campbell, in his "Description of the Highlands of Scotland" (1752), says: "It is commonly said of the Venetians that they are all noble; but it can without the least deviation of truth be said of the Highlanders that they are all gentlemen, seeing that they are entire strangers to every mean and dishonourable action" (p. 7).

perance, can preserve himself victorious amid perpetual temptations.*

Would that I could say the same for old Rudd, who is grinning over my shoulder. Like Mr. Colquhoun's Sandy†, old Rudd "likes his whiskey raw, but is very fond o' a drap water after 't;" and an uncommonly homœopathic modicum of water is sufficient for him. His formula is, — as much whiskey as you like; and every drop of water after will spoil it. To parody the language of Baillie Macwheeble, old Rudd was as sober as a saint if you only kept whiskey from him and him from whiskey. Most people have their little weaknesses: Napoleon the Great inclined to a profusion of snuff, and the great Johnson to an immoderate use of tea; the cruel and ferocious Charles IX. of France, the hero of St. Bartholomew, delighted in working a forge, shoeing horses, snaring hares, and chopping live animals to pieces with a sharp sword; the great Condé, as a boy, loved to bore out the eyes of a pet canary with red-hot needles; Mr. Carlyle's hero, Frederick the Great, was attached to drink, wooden furniture, gigantic

* Mr. Weld, in his work on "The Highlands," pronounces "tea, without milk or sugar," to be "the most refreshing beverage during a long and fatiguing day's shooting;" an opinion which I have heard confirmed by experienced shooters. A pound of tea at 3*s.* 6*d.* goes as far as a gallon of whiskey at 16*s.*

† "Rocks and Rivers; or, Highland Wanderings," by J. Colquhoun, p. 22.

grenadiers, and greens and bacon; and Peter the Great was devoted to dram-drinking. Old Rudd's devotion resembled that of Peter the Great. His passion was for a glass of whiskey, made according to that formula which forbids the intermixture of any other element. When he was out on the moors, he had a habit of lagging behind when he ought to have been to the fore; and his punishment for this neglect was, at luncheon time, to mix his whiskey with water instead of supplying it to him neat. Old Rudd didn't at all like this. His invariable excuse for lagging behind and not being up to the birds when he was wanted, was that "he had been took bad;" which meant that he had stopped to enjoy a quiet smoke, though it suggested that a modicum of whiskey to relieve his imaginary qualms would be esteemed a favour.

By this time I have turned from sketching John Macallum, and am engaged on old Rudd himself, who is by no means picturesque or national in his costume, save a pair of blue trousers very much the worse for wear; but what can you expect from a gentleman who spends all his pocket-money in whiskey? He leans upon a gun, and looks at me with a cunning twinkle.

"D' ye do that when ye 're at hame?" he says, as he watches the movements of my pencil. For Mister Rudd is by no means troubled with bashfulness, and loses nothing for the want of asking.

I assure him that I do so.

"D' ye get yer bread by it?" he asks.

"Well, — not exactly."

But Mister Rudd is not to be put off with half answers, and follows me up with all the persistency of an old Bailey practitioner cross-examining a reluctant witness. "Then what d' ye get yer bread by?"

I satisfy him on this point.

"Aye, aye! the best trade of all!" is his commentary on my answer.

Just before I had commenced sketching him there came a message from the kitchen that the cook wanted him to skin a hare. "Skin a hare, indeed!" cried the indignant gentleman; "does she tek me for a flesher!" meaning a butcher. And he was so hurt by the supposition that he refused to go; and Archie (who was glad to abscond from the sketching through motives of bashfulness) was sent in his place. Archie forthwith carries the news of the portrait-painting into the domains of the kitchen, and so arouses the interest of the Scotch cook, that she wishes me to introduce her portrait into the group; and, on my declining to do so (on the ground of inappropriateness, no less than inability to do full justice to her charms), goes off in a huff; which I sadly call to mind afterwards when taking a turn on the sea-shore, where my memory, like an insane bee flitting over poisoned blooms, touches

upon the many dreadful stories that I have read, in which offended cooks have wreaked their vengeance by placing poison in the soup. I therefore make up my mind to avert any such impending calamity, by politely requesting the cook, at the first opportunity, to sit for her portrait as a present to her "gude mon."

Archie has come back red-handed, and takes his turn to be sketched, which he does sheepishly, and places his profile to me, as though he were Cardinal Wolsey himself. He stands by the head of Roman-nose; his bonnet, white jacket, and blue bathing-dress trousers being the most salient points in his attire. Both he and old Rudd will have to strap on the game-baskets presently, and get themselves into full marching order. The harness, like the cart itself, is not made for show but for rough work. The rugs and plaids are spread over the swinging-seat, and will partly protect the two gentlemen who will ride thereupon from any abrasions that might have been received from the mad plunges that the cart will make when it comes to the pitfalls and ruts of the moorland roads. There is room in the cart for the prog-baskets, and for the dogs, if they will lie close. The barefooted gillie, in his white jacket and blue bonnet and trousers, has taken his station on the cart, and will get a lift on the shafts.

So much for the figures in the near view. As for

the landscape, — before us is an uneven stretch of meadow-land, with the rock cropping up every here and there: a stone wall divides it from the high road. Then come two more fields with their stone fences, and their sheep, and Highland cattle feeding up to the edge of the cliffs, the Atlantic tumbling in below. The ground dips to the right, where the high road descends to the sea-shore in the direction of Muasdale, and the meadow-land rises sharply up the hills towards the moors at our back. There are many corn-fields that chequer the green with bright patches of gold, where the reapers are at work, with the women in their white caps, and pink jackets, and short petticoats, looking very picturesque amid the barley-sheaves. Ten to one but those sheaves will be converted into whiskey ere another twelvemonth. Campbell, with a touch of truth and national knowledge of the subject, even makes "poor Caledonia's mountaineer," among the Indian hills of Wyoming, not forget the Highland use of a barley-sheaf: —

> "And plied the beverage from his own fair sheaf,
> That fired his Highland blood with mickle glee."

And no small proportion of these Cantire sheaves will be transformed into "fire-water." We are on too high ground, and too far back from the face of the cliff, to have a peep at the shore and the shingle; but we look

over the blue width of waters, flecked by gulls or the ruddy sails of fishing-boats, and there are Gigha and Cara, with the long range of Islay and Jura for a mountainous background. Highest of all the hills rise the Paps of Jura, and, from this point, their shape directs us to the origin of their name.

By the time the sketch is made the preparations for the departure of the shooters have also come to an end; and after much difficulty in repressing the too buoyant spirits of Lady and Bacchus, and compelling them to an unwilling ride in the cart, where the intelligent head of old Viscount is seen resting against his master's knee, the old Roman-nose has collared to his work, and the cart, and the keeper, and the beaters, and the dogs, have vanished "over the hills and far awa'," and are already disturbing the grouse ere they have arrived at the scene of action. As I see the last of John Macallum striding through the purple heather, I agree with Mr. Rudd (and the more readily as I don't quite know what he means) in pronouncing his appearance to be "varra snug," taking that expression in a general sense to be a high commendation, although its precise meaning is hid from me. And I wonder why Macallum should so rarely wear the dress, and why Highlanders should shirk the Highland costume.

Indeed, one of the things that especially struck me during my stay in Scotland, was the prevalence, among

the men, of the English dress. With the exception of the bonnet there was little to mark the nationality of the Scotch dress. During a tour of many hundred miles, including a sojourn in the two great cities of Scotland, and a visit to other spots where men most do congregate, I saw the full Highland costume of plaid, philabeg, sporan, naked knees, and stockings, only six or eight times.* The first was the Glencreggan game-keeper, who simply wore the dress as a livery, and on Sundays, and when off duty was clad in common English costume; two others were bagpipers who, of course, sported the dress as a portion of their stock-in-trade; and the others were gentlemen, to the manor, as well as "to the manner, bred," and who wore the costume, perhaps, because they were lairds, and perhaps because they had well-made legs and figures, and thought they looked particularly captivating in the costume; which undoubtedly they did; and why so picturesque a dress, and one which harmonises so well with the surrounding scenery, should be discarded in favour of the tasteless costume of an Englishman, is to me a problem difficult of solution. I am told that the dress is more common in the Northern than in the

* "Even among the children we did not see a single *kilt*, though, indeed, *where* is it to be seen, except in picture-shop windows, or at a 'gathering,' or other-like got-up affair." — *Old Church Architecture of Scotland* (1861), p. 218.

Western Highlands, which it certainly may be, and yet not be quite so common as heather-bells on a moor, or the flocks and herds upon the hills, or the herring-shoals in Loch Fyne; and I am also told that every Highland laird has his Highland dress, more or less bejewelled and cairngormed, and laid up in lavender for state occasions. But it is this habitual laying aside the dress by those who have every right to wear it, and the assumption in its place of those "troublesome disguises that we wear," as Milton calls clothes (surely with a prophetic eye to nineteenth century fashions), that, to me, betrays both a want of taste as well as national spirit. The Highland snake of the present day may be scotch'd, but it is certainly not kilt; and one would suppose that the act of 1747 was still in force, and that no man or boy, under any pretence whatever, was "to appear in the clothes commonly called the Highland clothes, viz. the plaid, philabeg or little kilt, trowse, shoulder-belts, or any part whatsoever of what peculiarly belongs to the Highland garb; and that no tartan or parti-coloured plaid or stuff should be used for great-coats or for upper coats."

This habitual modern disuse of the national dress may be a sinking of the poetical in the practical and commercial, and may partly proceed from a dim consciousness that a man of business has no business with

the Highland costume, unless his profession be that of arms, and he an unit in the 42nd, or 92nd, or one of those three seventies, where he can serve his queen and country, and cock his bonnet, and wear his kilt, and show the naked development of his knee-pan, and be considered by the strictest man of business as quite *en règle*, and not a mere "amateur Highlander, white as to the legs and sensitive as to the cuticle."* Yet one misses — or at any rate *I* very much missed — this picturesque garb, which artists have done their best to instil into our minds as a necessary part and parcel of Scottish scenery †, for from its variety of folds, and its sparkles, and diagonal lines, and above all from its brilliant "strife of colours," ‡ it is certainly a most becoming, convenient, and picturesque costume. As for the Highland bonnet being worn with an English costume, it is a thing as incongruous as a plaided and kilted Highlander would be in a chimney-pot hat with a tasselled stick in his hand, or, worse still, with an umbrella. This dreadful apparition, however, of a Highlander with an umbrella has been already imagined by poetic fancy, — an English poet, as we may

* See "Blackwood's Magazine," Oct. 1822, p. 493.

† Thus, in a page wood-cut of "Edinburgh Castle from the Grass-market," in the "Illustrated News" for August 18, 1860, the artist has introduced at least twelve kilted figures.

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readily conjecture, for no Scotch bard could conjure up such a monstrosity. Wordsworth, in one of his sonnets, has spoken of —

"The umbrella spread
To weather-fend the Celtic herdsman's head."

Highlanders and umbrellas also caused a theme for the English satirist on the occasion of her Majesty's first visit to Inverness-shire. She landed, said the cor-

WHAT IT MAY COME TO.

respondent of the "Morning Chronicle," "under cover of a goodly umbrella, carried by her own royal hands. There was a tolerable muster of the men of Lochaber, with plaids, kilts, claymores, and *cotton umbrellas*, who waved glittering blades and dripping ginghams, and shouted Gaelic salutations to 'the wife of the King.'" On this was founded a parody of the song "Cam' ye by Athole, lad wi' the philabeg?" which commenced thus: —

"Cam' ye by Badenoch, lad wi' the paletôt?
Saw ye the Highlanders, loyal, good fellows?
Wrapp'd in their dripping plaids, wiping their rusting blades,
'Waiting their Queen under cotton umbrellas!"

and ended with —

"Wet Caledonia! who wouldn't drown for thee?
Are not your sons loyal brave-hearted fellows?
Keeping their powder dry, while with a smother'd cry,
Comes a damp welcome from under umbrellas!"

The Scotch "bonnet," we may remember, was once adopted in England, in order to encourage the woollen manufacture; and, in the thirteenth year of Elizabeth's reign, an act was passed that all above the age of six (nobility excepted) should, on Sundays and holidays, wear these woollen caps or Scotch bonnets. Hence they are called "statute caps;" and, as such, are mentioned by Shakspeare: "Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps!" says Rosaline, in "Love's Labour Lost." Major-General Stewart says, that "the Basque wear a blue bonnet of the same form, texture, and colour, as that worn by the Scottish Highlanders; and, in their erect air, elastic step, and general appearance, bear a remarkable resemblance to the ancient race of Highlanders." * By themselves, however, these Scotch bonnets are the reverse of ornamental, if worn in conjunction with an English dress; but "the Highland

* Sketches, vol. i. p. 13.

garb," says Mr. Logan, "when worn by one who knows how to dress properly in it, is undoubtedly one of the most picturesque in the world."* Now that the male members of the royal family have done their best to popularise the Highland costume, it is somewhat singular that the example so worthily set should not be more generally followed, and not localised, or assumed only at certain times,—for a gathering, or for Highland games, for instance, just as an English gentleman would put on a scarlet coat, with its *et cæteras*, when he appears in the hunting-field.

To a Southron eye it is certainly a striking sight, when one is making a morning call at a Highland home to see another gentleman also bent on discharging the like social civility, — a gentleman who as *Punch* says, is not only entitled to bear arms, but also to bare legs, — it is a sight, I repeat, "gude for sore e'en," but still a striking sight to a Southron's eye, to see this morning caller walk into the room in his full Highland dress †,

* History of the Highlanders.

† By "full dress" I do not, of course, include the celebrated brace of pistols, like to those worn by the last Glengarry at the coronation of George IV., which excited such a rumpus, occasioned by the nervous lady's belief that he had come to shoot the King. To allay the excitement he was obliged to suffer himself to be disarmed by the Garter-King-at-Arms; and the only remedy that he had for this public disgrace, after travelling six hundred miles (no joke in those days) to do honour to his sovereign, was that still existing safety-valve for wounded dignity, — a letter to "The Times." The anecdote is narrated in Mr.

the sunlight glancing from his cairngorms, and the silver tips of his sporran tassels. The knowledge that this gentleman is not dressed for a charade, or *bal masque*, but is wearing his ordinary clothes, and the costume to which he is entitled both by birth and position, this knowledge soon checks our surprise, and leaves us only the delightful task to admire. The

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accompanying illustration is a sketch from life, of a brother of the present Earl of Morton, and shows the Douglas tartan, one of the most ancient and famous in Scotland. But black and white give but a poor idea of the "strife of colours," and fail to represent the reds,

Weld's "Two Months in the Highlands," pp. 306, 398; and more fully in "Blackwood's Magazine" for August, 1821, pp. 22, 24, where Glengarry's letter is given entire.

and blues, and greens, which make the costume so showy and attractive.

And yet, as with everything else, the dress has had its detractors. Some, like Sir John Sinclair and Mr. Pinkerton, have sought to pass it off as a novelty. The former (and Macculloch takes up the wondrous tale) declares that the kilt was invented only a century and a quarter ago by an Englishman, who thought that it would be more decent for the workmen employed in cutting down the Lochaber woods, to wear a short petticoat than nothing at all; from which we may draw the inference that Pope may have looked nearer at home for his "naked savage" of the woods. It is certainly a most remarkable fact (as has been pointed out by Mr. Planché,) that the dress was not mentioned by any writer, either native or foreign, for the space of a thousand years; and it was not until the time of Leslie and Buchanan, about three centuries since, that any particular attention was directed to the costume of "*Messieurs les sauvages Ecossois*, dat is, gentilmans savàges," as Monsieur le Beaujeu termed those who wore "the garb of old Gaul." But, even without dubbing the kilt of the Celtic (*i. e.* kilted) nation with the antiquity of the Roman tunic, and thus making

"The chiefs that lead old Scotia's ranks,
Of Roman garb, and more than Roman fire;" *

* Campbell.

and without viewing

> "The Roman kilt, degraded to a toy
> Of quaint apparel for a half-spoilt boy,"

as Wordsworth says, yet it appears to have been referred to rather more than six hundred years ago, in some canons of the Scottish Church, which prohibited the ecclesiastics from wearing red, green, and striped clothing, and garments that were shorter than the middle of the leg.* What would they have said to our modern Church dignitaries, and to the Bishop of Barchester with his apron? Indeed, an anecdote is told of one of our English bishops, whose out-of-door episcopal costume was so little understood in the Highlands, that the natives censured him for extravagance in wearing the trews and the kilt at the same time.

Captain Burt, the author of those curious "Letters from Scotland" (from which I have already quoted) written in 1754, describes what he terms the *quelt* as being "a small part of the plaid, set in folds and girt round the waist to make of it a short petticoat that reaches half way down the thigh . . . so that they make pretty near the appearance of the poor women in London, when they bring their gowns over their heads to shelter them from the rain." This *quelt* (he says) is adopted for various reasons; it is very convenient

* Dalyell's "Remarks on the Chartularies of Aberdeen."

for travelling; "they would not be so free to skip over the rocks and bogs with breeches, as they are in the short petticoat;" also "it would be greatly incommodious to those who are frequently to wade through waters, to wear breeches, which must be taken off upon every such occurrence, or would not only gall the wearer, but render it very unhealthful and dangerous to their limbs to be constantly wet in that part of the body, especially in winter time, when they might be frozen;" but, above all, the *quelt* commends itself for its cheapness.* This high recommendation is accepted by those cavillers of the Sinclair-cum-Pinkerton *genus*, who assert that the Highland costume was invented by the natives, because they could only clothe themselves in a patchwork of rags, and that it exhibits the nakedness of the land and the people. There certainly must be occasional personal discomforts attendant upon the wearing of the kilt; for, what says the poet?

"There was a short-kilted North Briton
Who promiscuously sat on a kitten;
The kitten had claws —
The immediate cause
Of much pain to the short-kilted Briton."

The excessive modesty of Mr. Pinkerton appears to

* Some curious anecdotes about the *quelt* are related by him in Letters xix. and xxii.

have received a severe shock* by his unfortunate meeting with a full-dressed Highlander, whom he regarded as equally as much *un*-dressed as a modern ball-room belle would be by Mrs. Beecher Stowe†, or by a young lady of any period between the times of the

* "A story is told," says Mons. Esquiros, "that when the 84th Highlanders were quartered in Nova Scotia, a ball was given to the ladies in the neighbourhood; some of them, on entering the room and seeing the naked legs of the Scotchmen, protested against it in the name of modesty. 'She must be a very indelicate woman to have such thoughts,' said a young Indian squaw (!) present, 'for are not her own arms naked to the elbows?' The truth is, that the dress of the Highlanders does not at all diverge from the laws of masculine and severe decency." (*English at Home*, vol. ii. p. 268.) "During the last war in India, the 93rd regiment consented to exchange the kilt for trews, which defended them better against the stings of the mosquitoes; but, at the moment they advanced on Cawnpore, they asked as a favour to have the kilt given them again, as they could not fight so well in any other garb." (Vol. ii. p. 270.) Dr. John Campbell, in his "Description of the Highlands" (1752), after giving a very minute account of "their native dress, called kiltine," says, "it is an active dress, seeing they have nothing to do when entering action but to throw off their plaids and draw their swords and pistols; and, as they wear no breeches, and tie their garters below their knees, they are much more alert than those who are bound up like so many dolls." (P. 9.) The "thraldom of the breeks" is ludicrously shown in Serjeant Archy Stewart's adventures and mishaps when first placed in his regimentals and bid to "step out." See Sir T. D. Lauder's "Legendary Tales of the Highlands," vol. i. p. 40. For many particulars of the Highland garb, see Stewart's "Sketches," vol. i. part i. § 5; and, for its suppression, vol. i. part i. § x.

† See her remarks on the full-dress of ladies in "Sunny Memories," Letter xiii.

ancient Britons and those of Henry VIII., during which long interval it would have been the height of impropriety for any lady to appear in public with bare arms, while the display of any portion of the neck was a breach of decency that none probably even dreamed of committing. The sensitive but virulent Mr. Pinkerton, at the sight of that full-dressed or undressed Highlander, felt his modesty so outraged, that he bespattered the costume with such epithets as "grossly indecent, filthy, absurd, effeminate*, beggarly, tasteless, vulgar," &c. The bare knees impressed him "with an unconquerable idea of poverty and nakedness;" so that a "noble Roman" in his tunic, would have appeared anything but dignified to this highly sensitive critic.

But Mr. Pinkerton and his outraged modesty have met with gross imitators even so recently as in January 1860, when, at a meeting of the London Scottish Volunteer Corps, when "the kilt question" was again brought forward, it was found necessary that "the charge of indecency" which had been adduced against the costume, should be "indignantly rebutted;" and it was stated by some wiseacre, that "the Queen allowed her children to wear the dress *even in her own presence!*" a wonderful instance of Royal toleration. And even this astounding piece of information, which

* When the Highland regiments marched into Lucknow, the natives imagined them to be the ghosts of the murdered women.

ought at once to have carried conviction to the heart even of a Cockney, could scarcely silence some would-be purists; who, if they had had their eyes as widely dilated as their grievance, must, on their way to the meeting, have seen in all the print-shop windows, the then-recently-published portrait of the Prince Consort (from the picture by Philip — "of Spain"), attired in a full Highland costume, which it is highly probable was worn by him even in the presence of the Queen.*

But, of the antiquity of the Highland dress there is no doubt, however much the question of the kilt is obscured. Sir Samuel Meyrick shows us, that the ancient Gauls and Britons were dressed in chequered tartans at the time of the Roman invasion, and that their coats were not merely coats of paint, as is generally imagined. And, "indeed," says Mr. Planché, "with the exception of the plumed bonnet, and the tasseled sporan or purse, a Highland chief in his full costume, with tunic, plaid, dirk, and target, affords as good an illustration of the appearance of an ancient Briton of distinction as can well be imagined." Mr. Timbs should add this example to his "Things not

* "Matters have changed for the better. Celt and Saxon are no longer deadly foes. There still exists, as I am informed, an anti-Celtic society, whose president, on state occasions, wears three pairs of trousers; but it is no longer penal to dispense with these garments, and there are Southerns who discard them altogether when they go north." — CAMPBELL'S *West Highland Tales*, vol. i. p. 39.

generally known." And—only think of this, Mr. civilised Pinkerton! the Romans called us "breeched barbarians," because our rude ancestors wore tartan breeches *, and did not follow their custom of wearing tunics at such times when "the nation of the gown" did not use the toga for its "toggery"—*id est* toga-ry.

Colonel Stewart, a very good authority on the subject, says, that, "as far back as they have any tradition, the truis, *breachan-na-feal* (the kilted plaid), and philabeg, have been the dress of the Highlanders." †

As early as the eleventh century (according to "The Annals of the Iona Club") the "bare-legged and red-shankled Scottes" are described as delighting in "marled clothes, especially that have long stripes of sundry colours." And Martin, in his "Western Islands," published in 1703, mentions the prevalence of clan patterns, and the varieties of plaids in different islands. The colours of the tartans are said to be heraldic,—as, for example, red for the Stuarts, and black for the Bruces; and fresh colours were introduced on intermarriage with other families.‡ Descent is also

* *Bracæ*, or *braccæ;* Celtic, *breac*, "anything parti-coloured or striped." Whence we get the Gaelic *brakes*, or *breeks*, and the English *breeches*.

† Sketches of the Character, Manners, and present State of the Highlanders of Scotland; with details of the Military Service of the Highland Regiments (1822), vol. ii. Appendix L.

‡ On this subject the following works may be consulted with advantage: "The Costume and History of the Clans," by John Sobieski

believed to be marked in the tartans; the green for those claiming descent from the Irish Celts; the red,

S. Stuart, and Charles Edward Stuart; also the similarly illustrated work of MacIan; Logan's "History of the Highlanders;" and Sir S. Meyrick's "Costumes." Professor Heideloff, in "The Art Journal" for 1851 (p. 281), gives a very remarkable drawing and description of "a Scottish costume of the *eighth* or *ninth* century, after a drawing on parchment extracted from an old book, which, according to the characters on the back, appears to have been written in Gaelic, or Erse." If this account were correct in its statement, the MS. would be contemporaneous with the priceless "Book of Deir," lately discovered by Mr. Bradshaw, and infinitely more valuable than King Duncan's charter of 1095, which is not in Gaelic, but which, prior to the discovery of the "Book of Deir," was the most ancient piece of Scottish writing extant. The drawing of the costume would of course greatly increase the value of this remarkable MS. Professor Heideloff claims the distinction of an antiquary as well as an artist; but, in this case, he has either been terribly gulled, or has simulated one of Homer's nods. His description of the costume of his Scotchman of "the eighth or ninth century," is worth quoting, and may afford amusement blended with instruction. "Our figure represents a Highland chief whose dress is picturesque and extremely beautiful. The Scottish tunic or blouse, checkered or striped in light and dark green, with violet intermixed, and bordered with violet stripes, is covered with a steel breastplate, accompanied by a back-piece, judging from the iron brassarts, positively a bequest of the Romans, by whom the Scots were once subjugated; this, indeed, is also attested by the offensive weapon, the javelin; the sword, however, must be excepted, for it is national, and like that of the present time. The strong shield may also have descended from the Romans, as well as the helmet, which is decorated with the eagle's wing: these, together with the hunting-horn, give to the figure a very imposing appearance. The national plaid is wanting; this was borne by the attendants or squires."

Mr. Worsae, in his work on the Danes and Norwegians in England and Ireland, says of the account given (in the thirteenth century) by

from the pure British Celt; and the yellow from the Danes. But, in this present day, when, by "stating your name and county," and paying five shillings "for fee and search," you can obtain "your family arms" by return of post, the heraldic difficulties of the tartan are not considered insurmountable; and new tartans are manufactured for new lairds, with as much ease as "your family arms" are discovered for you "as per advertisement," — *novi homines* who have no more right to assume the dress and bearing of a Highland chieftain, than those "pawky Lowland lairds," who were denounced by Glengarry, and the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*: —

"Fat Teil hae you to do wi' kilts? gae wa' and get your claes on!
Get out, ye nasty Lowland poys, and put your preeks and stays on;
Ye shanna wear your claes like me, I look on you as fermin;
Ye hae nae mair o' Highland pluid than if ye were a Cherman." *

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the Icelandic historian Snorro Sturleson, of Magnus Barefoot's carrying back to Norway the fashionable costume of Cantire and the Western Isles: "It is remarkable enough that this is the oldest account extant of the well-known Scotch Highland dress, whose antiquity is thus proved." The costume consisted of "short coats or cloaks" and "bare legs." This is also mentioned by Skene ("Highlanders of Scotland"), who adduces the circumstance in proof of the antiquity of the dress. He says that it also may be proved from sculptured representations on early tombstones; and, that after their date, "there is a complete chain of authorities for the dress of the Highlanders, from the fourteenth to the seventeenth century." See vol. i. chap. ix. of his work, where numerous authorities are quoted.

* Quoted in Mr. Weld's "Two Months in the Highlands," p. 396.

Since the introduction of steam and the increased facilities of conveyance and intercourse, the private looms in cottages,—of which Pennant gives an illustration, and which were common in his day *,—have disappeared, or are only to be met with very rarely. At one time they were very prevalent throughout Cantire, and the Western Highlands and Islands; but now the cottage-looms have taken flight to Glasgow, although the spinning-wheel and flax-carding may still be seen. There is a Cantire legend to the effect that "once upon a time," when the great Macallum More was in Campbelton, he called a meeting of the farmers, and, among other things, stated that he had been told that they were now wearing English cloth. He hoped this serious accusation had no foundation in facts. Up jumps a farmer, not indigent but indignant, and replies, "All the clothes that I have on my back at this present moment were made by my wife, except my shoes, which I made myself." Argyle asked him how many shirts he had? whereupon the farmer answered, "I am sure that I have two, for, when I put off one, my wife always gives me a clean one to put on." Which was convincing as to the satisfactory state of his wardrobe.

But enough of these reminiscences of Highland cos-

* See his "Voyage to the Hebrides," p. 229; see also Lord Teignmouth's "Scotland," vol. ii. chap. xxii; see also "Report of the Commissioners on the Condition of the Hand-loom Weavers, 1841."

tume, and regrets that, in tartan-land, the tartan is so rarely seen. But if we cannot get as much of the true Highland dress as we would desire, yonder are the Highland hills and the Highland heather. There is no mistake about them or their beauty; let us go and make a closer acquaintance with them. The moor where the sportsmen are to finish their day's shooting is away over that glen. Suppose we take a walk there! As Tamora says, in "Titus Andronicus," *

"Now will I hence to seek my lovely moor!"

* Act ii. Scene 3.

CHAP. XVII.

HEATHER-LAND.

Awa' to the Moors! — Heather-land. — Beauty of Heather. — Foreign and native Heaths. — Uses of Heather. — Food and Shelter to Bird and Beast. — Heather Honey. — The Humble-bee. — Heather Beds. — Heather Fuel. — Heather Ale. — Heather Tobacco. — Heather Tracks. — Highland botanical Heraldry. — Heather Heraldry. — Heather pictorially considered. — A Sketcher's Gun and Bag. — An extensive View. — Memories of Heather-land.

SAYS the old Jacobite song, with its *mots à double entente*, —

"If ye dinna come fast,
The blackcock will flee past,
And nae sport will be left us at a';
Then awa' to the moors, hilliho,
hilliho!"

One could easily obey this order at Glencreggan, for the house was built on the very boundary of the moors, and on the verge of heather-land. Immediately behind the building there was a rock of "old red sandstone," covered with heather, and the land arose, with a sharp

pitch, to a sufficient height to shelter the house from the east winds, in which kindly office the young plantations of larch were intended to assist. These plantations, and the corn-fields and meadow-land on either side of them, were bounded by walls of great stones, rudely piled together, and cemented with mud. For the first few hundred yards above the plantations the heather was but scanty, it was mere grazing-ground for cattle, with, here and there, white boulders cropping out from amid the soft herbage, and seeming like a scattered flock of sheep. The rude stone walls were continued here, but at very wide intervals, and soon ceased altogether. Then we began to tread ankle-deep, and more than ankle-deep, in the fragrant heather, its beautiful blossoms dusting our boots and legs with a pinky powder. And soon we were in heather-land, literally knee-deep in heather, and could discover that it was not such very easy walking, and could think of the toil of the grouse-shooters, and Leech's sketch of poor Mr. Briggs prostrate on his back with fatigue, after an hour's exertion on the moors.

We were fortunate in seeing the heather in full blossom and in uncommon luxuriance, and were never wearied of admiring its pleasing harmonies of colour, and its graceful beauties of form. The Highland natives could not understand our foreign ecstacies on such a common subject,—just as the English villagers

could not see what there was in their gorse-bloomed common that could bring Linnæus upon his knees with a thanksgiving to Him who could make flowers so beautiful. But to many an English eye, the first sight of a Highland moor, with the heather in full bloom, would be as novel and beautiful an object as an expanse of green meadows would be to a dweller in the Arctic regions or a snow-storm to a West Indian.

One cannot wonder that so much has been sung and said about the heather, and that poets have decked out "the rustic blushing heath" with so many pretty epithets –

> "The flower of the wild,
> The hardy mountaineer,
> The lonely mountain child."

Mr. Ruskin has written some wonderful prose on the beauty of grass, and moss, and lichens; how he would handle the heather! A sprig of heather seems to me to be one of the most graceful and beautiful of God's earth-ornaments. In Scotland it appears to flourish with as much luxuriance as it does at the Cape of Good Hope, though not with equal variety; but in England the Cape and exotic heaths owe half their luxuriance to the ashes of their hardy Highland brethren; because the turfy peat which is so requisite for their propagation is, doubtless, composed of the decayed leaves, and flowers, and stems of the heather,

decomposed by years, and mingled with the natural sandy soil: and it is in this sense that Miss Louisa Twamley, one of the muses attached to Flora's court, has represented Erica, the hardy Highlander, jeering his tender exotic cousin. We read that the great Lord Bacon loved to have the flowers in season set upon his table: if he had been in the Highlands during August and September he would certainly have had, not far from his elbow, a vaseful of heather, with a blue-bell or two for variety.

The fragrance of the heather is particularly pleasing, — a refreshing and aromatic scent, — though its peculiarity is not precisely of that kind indicated in the Scotch songs, where the poet asks —

> "O why do those heath-bells, so fresh, and so blooming,
> Give fragrance that heath-bells could ne'er give before?"

and explains, that a zephyr having found a young lady asleep in "a bower," — which would seem to be the resort (in poetry) of all somnolent damsels, — had performed the difficult chemical experiment of "loading his wings with the balm of her breath," and then, beating retreat by a flight over the moor, had shaken off some of the superfluous balm upon the heather, and thus endued it with a new attraction. But, without going to poetic fiction for this added charm, we may discover it in the scent of those herbs that grow so

profusely among the heather, by which they are overtopped and smothered. The old author of the "Letters from Scotland," tells us how to produce the extra fragrance without any resort to zephyrs and somnolent young ladies. Speaking of a moor he says, "Hither we sometimes retire on a summer evening, and sitting down on the heath we beat with our hands upon the ground, and raise a most fragrant smell of wild thyme, penny-royal, and other aromatic herbs that grow among the heath."

"The heather-balm is fragrant, the heather-bloom is fair,"

says Professor Wilson. But the heather has its use as well as its beauty and fragrance; and, now that we are in heather-land, we may very appropriately call to mind some of the offices that art and nature have combined to make it fulfil. *Imprimis*, — for in the time of grouse this is the leading association connected with the heather, — it is the natural cover for the winged denizens of the moors. The Scotch poet, Grahame, makes a touching application of this in his poem of "The Sabbath," though his lines will not diminish the number of game certificates.

"Over their souls
His accents soothing came, as to her young
The heath-fowl's plumes, when, at the close of eve,
She gathers in, mournful, her brood dispersed
By murderous sport, and o'er the remnant spreads

Fondly her wings; close nestling 'neath her breast
They cherish'd cower amid the purple bloom."

And not only is the heather the natural cover for the winged denizens of the moors, but it is their food also: —

"Flower of the waste! the heath-fowl shuns
For thee the brake and tangled wood;
To thy protecting shade she runs,
Thy tender buds supply her food;
Her young forsake her downy plumes
To rest upon thy opening blooms."

The grouse and black-game feed upon the heather berries and blossoms, and from this derive that peculiar bitter flavour that distinguishes them; and when the berries and bloom are scarce, they will feed upon the tops of the heather. In winter, the young shoots of the heather are found very serviceable for the food of sheep and cattle. The wild deer makes its bed among the heather, —

"Fit couch of repose for a pilgrim like thee!"

The deer also browse upon it, and, indeed, derive half their subsistence from the heather: —

"Flower of the desert, though thou art!
The deer that range the mountain free,
The graceful doe, the stately hart,
Their food and shelter seek from thee."

The heather is also "a bed for the hare" no less than

for the wild deer. The caterpillar of the oak-egger moth feeds upon the heather leaves, and —

> "The bee thy earliest blossom greets,
> And draws from thee her choicest sweets."

The honey, however, thus prepared is darker than the ordinary honey, and derives a peculiar flavour from the heather blossom. Heather-honey mixed with mountain-dew makes Athole-brose; at least so says Christopher North *, whom I take to be a good practical authority on the manufacture and taste of Highland drinks. The same writer thus sings a pœan to the producer of the heather-honey: — "True to thy time, even to a balmy minute, art thou, with thy velvet tunic of black striped with yellow, as thou windest thy small but not sullen horn †, by us called in our pride

* Recreations, vol. ii. p. 137.

† Professor Wilson would seem to be quoting from Collins's "Ode to Evening," —

> "Or where the beetle winds
> His small but sullen horn,"

Clare, in his "Summer Morning," also speaks of the beetle sounding "his horn;" and Milton, in his "Lycidas," makes the grey-fly "wind her sultry horn." The Rev. W. Faber, in his poem of "The Contrast," says: —

> "And by the tiny trumpet of the bees
> Was I well soothed."

And Spenser speaks of the "murmuring small trumpets" of gnats. The expressive word "booming," which Professor Wilson uses for the

humble-bee; but not, methinks, so very humble, while booming high in air in oft-repeated circles, as if the smell of some far-off darling heather-bed had touched thy finest instinct; away thou fliest straight southward to that rich flower-store, unerringly as the carrier-pigeon wafting to distant lands some love-message on its wings. Yet humble after all thou art; for, all day long, making thy industry thy delight, thou returnest at shut of day, cheerful even in thy weariness, to thy ground-cell within the knoll, where, as fancy dreams, the fairies dwell, a silent people in the land of peace." * This is poetry in prose; here follows, on the same subject, by the same author, a scrap of poetry in rhyme: —

"'Mid the flowers of the heath, not more bright than himself,
The wild bee is busy, a musical elf—
Then starts from his labour, unwearied and gay,
And, circling the antlers, booms far, far away." †

Thus the heather provides sustenance to bird, beast, and insect.

Of course, too, many winged diners-out beside the grouse tribe find food, as well as shelter, from the heather; while, as for the Highlander's bothie, what would it be without the heather? Mixed with earth,

humble-bee, has been applied by Howitt to the cockchafer; and by Scott, Crabbe, and Ebenezer Elliott to the bittern.

* Recreations, vol. ii. p. 48.

† Address to a Wild Deer.

it forms its walls; it also helps to thatch the bothie, and a dry heap of it makes the beds. This is an old custom of heather-land. Dr. Johnson speaks of it; and Martyn, a century and a half ago, says of the Highlanders: "They lie for the most part on beds of straw, and some on beds of heath, which latter, being made after their way, with the tops uppermost, are almost as soft as a feather-bed. It yields a pleasant scent after lying on it once, and is very refreshing after a fatigue of any kind." * Lord Somers had made an earlier mention of it: "In their houses they lye upon the ground, laying betwixt them and it, *brakens*, or *hadder*, the roots thereof downe, and the tops up, so prettily layed together, that they are as soft as feather-beds, and much more wholesome; for the tops themselves are drye of nature, whereby it dryes the weake humours and restores againe the strength of the sinewes troubled before; and that so evidently, that they who at evening go to rest sore and weary, rise in the morning whole and able." † So that "the bed of health" is, after all, a bed of heath.

Mixed with peat, the heather makes excellent fuel for boiling the gudewife's kettle in many a mountain shieling: and this custom also may be traced to a considerable antiquity. The Highland hunting-feasts

* Western Highlands, p. 196.

† Lord Somers's "Tracts," vol. iii. p. 388.

in olden time were thus prepared. The venison, or meat to be cooked, was laid in a pit lined with stones heated by *heath*. The venison was laid on this, then more hot stones, then more venison, and so on, in alternate layers, until the pit was full. The whole was then covered over with heath to confine the steam.

The weaver of plaids extracts a yellow dye from the heather, and the drinker brews from it a liquid called heather-ale. Here again we are taken back to ancient days; for Boece's "Chronicles" tell us that heather-ale was known to the Picts. The legend runs that Kenneth MacAlpine slew all the Picts but two, a father and his son, who possessed the recipe for brewing the heather nectar, and were spared on condition that they should disclose the secret. The father promised to do so if he were granted one boon. This was agreed to. The boon was, that his son should be killed! his head was accordingly struck off. "Now," said the father, "I am satisfied. My son might have taught you the art, but I never will." And he carried it to his grave: and the ballad tells us, —

> "The Picts were undone, cut off, mother's son,
> For not teaching the Scots to brew heather-ale!"

another of those historical points which may be classed among the things not generally known. Mr. Weld, who tells the foregoing legend, adds: "I have read, however, that although the art of brewing the Pictish

heather-ale is lost, old grouse shooters have tasted a beverage prepared by shepherds on the moors, principally from heather flowers, though honey or sugar, to produce fermentation, was added."* Was it Atholebrose?

Garnett, in his "Tour," † tells us of the heath-peasling (*Orobus tuberosus*), which grows in great abundance among the heather, and says: "It has purple papilionaceous flowers, succeeded by a pod containing about twelve dark-coloured seeds resembling small shot. The roots of this plant, when boiled, are very savoury and nutritious; and when dried and ground into powder, may be made into bread. The Highlanders frequently chew the root like tobacco, asserting that a small quantity prevents the uneasy sensations of hunger."

And, while thus writing on the various uses of the heather, I must not forget a remarkable instance where it was made the first step in the ladder to fame. Well

* Two Months in the Highlands, p. 83. Macculloch denies that there ever was such a beverage as heather-ale; though he says that the flowers of the heath may have been added to the malt for the purpose of giving it flavour. (Vol. iii. p. 333.) Osiris is said to have taught the Britons the art of making beer. Pennant, in his "Voyage to the Hebrides," p. 229, mentions the heather-ale, and says that the proportions were two-thirds of the plant to one of malt, hops being sometimes added.

† Garnett's "Tour," vol. i. p. 337.

nigh a century ago an old shepherd in Galloway taught one of his lads his letters by scoring them with *a burnt heather stem* on the back of a wool card. That boy lived to be Dr. Alexander Murray, the celebrated linguist, Professor of Oriental Literature in the University of Edinburgh, and was applied to by the Marquis of Wellesley as the only person in the British dominions who could translate a letter written by an Eastern potentate to the King of England.

Thus the heather has many uses, and has had still more. For, when pressed by the foot, it retains the impression for a considerable time before it rises again to its former position; so that when a *creach*, or great expedition was made against a neighbour's cattle, their owner, on the discovery of the raid, would track his stolen kyloes through the heather with all the skill of a Red Indian on a trail. We are told that they could thus track them for scores of miles, and, with surprising skill, discriminate between the tracks of their own cattle and those that were casually wandering or being driven upon the hills. The foe and the runaway were in the same manner tracked by their footsteps upon the heather. Thus the heather provides food and shelter for bird, beast, and insect; and is of assistance to man for food and drink, for fuel, for architecture, for bedding, and for many useful purposes. Well, therefore, does this friend to the Highlander merit all

the honours that could be paid to it. Accordingly we find that there is a heraldry of heather, and that this humble plant figures as the badge of many a family proud of their high lineage.

Scotch heraldry largely draws upon botany. Many of the Highland clans adopted badges from flowers, shrubs, and trees, commonly from evergreens, selected probably on the "*sans changer*" principle. The royal Stuarts, however, were an exception to this: they wore the oak, which, from its being deciduous, was regarded by many as a fatal emblem of the decay of their family and name. The Camerons also "sported the oak," and sometimes the crowberry. The Macgregors adopted the pine as their badge; the Buchanans, the birch; the Frasers, the yew; the Macdougalls, the cypress; the Maclachlans, the mountain-ash; the Lamonds, the crab-apple tree; the Macphersons and Mackintoshes, the boxwood; the Campbells, the myrtle, or fir-club moss; the Robertsons, the fern, or "brackens;" the Macfarlanes, the cloudberry bush; the Drummonds, the plain holly, or wild thyme; the Mackenzies, the variegated holly, or deer-grass *; the Macleods, the red whortleberry; the Forbes, the broom; the Mackays,

* The deer-grass was in allusion to their armorial bearings, a deer's head and horns. The reason for this crest being assumed will be found by referring to Stewart's "Sketches of Highland Regiments," vol. ii. p. 196.

the bullrush; the Gordons, the ivy; the Cummins, the cummin-wood; the Rosses, the wild rosemary; the Sinclairs, the clover; the Macleans, the crowberry; the Macneills (of Barra and Gigha), the sea-ware; the Grahams and Stewarts, the thistle.

As this was the case, we might be sure that in heather-land the heath would receive due heraldic honours. Thus, the Macdonells chose as their badge the common heath (*Calluna vulgaris*); the Macdonalds, the cross-leaved heath (*Erica tetralix*); the Macallisters, the three-belled, or the fine-leaved heath (*Erica cinerea*); the Macleans, the blackberry heath; and the Grants, the cranberry heath.*

But many a leal Scot who cannot boast of clanship with Macdonalds or Macallisters, is proud to place in his bonnet a sprig of mountain heather, as a fair emblem of the charms of his native land, and a badge of himself, "the hardy mountaineer."

How we prize our little clumps of heath in our gardens and conservatories! and when one sees the full-blossomed heather stretching for miles and miles on every side, and can stand in it, and walk through it, and inhale its delicious fragrance, and note its various tints, from a dim purple, through all the shades of lilac, to a creamy pink and brightest crimson, —

* The two last badges are mentioned in Skene's "Highlanders," vol. ii. p. 118.

"Sometimes with bells like amethysts, and then
Paler, and shaded like the maiden's cheek
With gradual blushes; other while as white
As rime that hangs upon the frozen spray," —

these varied hues spread over the wide landscape, varying according to distance or slope of the ground; a dull purple in the shade, a bright pink or flesh-colour in the sun, and mingled with the cooler shades of green, from the dark hue of the feathery heather stem, to the lighter brackens and emerald-green patches of grass, — Oh! how rich a treat it is to see all this, with the bright sky overhead, and the pure keen mountain air and sea-breeze invigorating the frame and bracing the mind to a healthier enjoyment and keener perception of the beautiful. Beautiful indeed it is:

"Oh there is sweetness in the mountain air!"

says Byron. Let us rest here awhile on the summit of this hill,

"Stained with heather like bloody foot-prints;" *

and, leaning back against this great boulder, look out from its grateful shade upon heather-land, the

"Land struck with brightest sun-tints;"

its "dark purple moors," and "sleek ocean-floors," and all the varied beauty of this Western Highland scene.

* Alexander Smith.

The view is very varied, and embraces land and water. From this Glencreggan moor we have not only Gonzalo's "thousand furlongs of sea," but we have also the "long heath and brown furze" for which he longed in vain. There is the broad Atlantic, yonder is the Irish coast, and here are the Southern Hebrides clustering so gracefully; our lofty position enables us now to overlook them, and to see the ocean upon their further side. Away to the right are the shadowy mountains of Mull, where

> "Through his thin scarf of mist,
> Ben More to the sun heaves his wet shining shoulders;"

and the height to which he heaves them is 3170 feet above the Atlantic level. Then, turning our backs upon the Atlantic, we look over the rugged peaks of Arran, and the island of Bute, and towards that tumultuous sea of mountains whose highest wave is Ben Lomond.

But, looking nearer afield, here are abundant objects for seeing and admiring. To begin with the heather, what says "Nature's sternest painter, yet her best?"

> "This gay ling, with all its purple flowers,
> A man at leisure might admire for hours;
> And then, how fine this herbage! Man may say
> A heath is barren; nothing is so gay!"

Gay indeed it is. Burns speaks of

"Auld Coila's plain and fells,
Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells;"

and, on this bright August day, this "red-brown" is varied with numberless tints of pink and purple, in a manner which I quickly discover to be by no means easy to represent with the paint-brush. For I have wandered out upon these Glencreggan moors to bag other game than those whose slaughter is limited to the interval between the twelfth of August and the tenth of December. I am no shot, and have a woman-like antipathy to slay "the pretty birdies." (N.B. not the slightest objection to eat them when killed by others!) So my gun is my pencil, and my bag my sketch-book, and while the other Glencreggan guests are enjoying their sport, I, within hearing of their guns, enjoy myself more quietly after my own fashion, and say with Iago,

"Myself the while will draw the Moor apart." *

The while I draw this moor, a broken sprig of heather blossom has been blown upon my moist-colour box, and lies embedded on the cake of emerald green which the hot sun has softened. Since then a twelvemonth has elapsed, and the heather blossom is still there; and as I open the colour box and see those pretty pink and

* Othello, Act ii. Scene 3.

white bells hung upon their delicate spray, they ring out to me pleasant memories of heather-land, and I am tempted to address them in the words of Campbell: —

"I love you for lulling me back into dreams
Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing streams,
And of birchen glades breathing their balm."

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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CANTIRE

Map of

ATLANTIC OCEAN

SOUND OF JURA

NISHAXNAN SOUND

LOCH

Scale

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